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GOLF

By Henry E. Howland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

THE origin of the royal and ancient game of Golf is lost in obscurity. Whether it was an evolution from the kindred games of Kolf, Hockey, or Jeu de Mail, whether developed in Scotland or carried thither from Holland, may never be definitely ascertained.

Its record is woven into Scottish history, legislation, and literature from the beginning of recorded time. More than four hundred years ago it was a popular game in Scotland, and archery, the necessary training for the soldier, so languished in competition with it that, by the stern ordinance of Parliament and royal decree, it was proclaimed "that the fut ball and golf be utterly cryit doun and nocht usit." But although forbidden to the people, it was a favorite royal pastime. King James played it with Bothwell in 1553, and the royal accounts show that he had money on the game; Queen Mary played it after the death of Darnley, perhaps as a solace in her widowhood; James VI., an early protectionist, laid a heavy tariff on golf balls from Holland, and gave a monopoly of ball-making at four shillings each ball to a favorite. The great Marquis of Montrose played at St. Andrews and Leith Links, and was lavish in his expenditure for golf-balls, clubs, and caddies. The news of the Irish Rebellion came to Charles I. while playing a match at Leith. James II., when Duke of York, won a foursome, with an Edinburgh shoemaker as a partner, against two Englishmen; the shoemaker built a house in the Canongate with his share of the stakes, and, in order to commemorate the origin of his fortunes, placed on its walls as escutcheon a hand dexter grasping a club, with the motto, "Far and Sure." John Porteous, of the "Heart of Midlothian," Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, who turned the tide of Prince Charlie's fortunes in 1745, were adepts at the game, and Covenanters in their sermons, poets, philosophers, and novelists have paid their tribute to the royal sport.

With lingering feet it crossed the Grampian Hills in the wake of his somewhat sportive Majesty James VI. of Scotland, and made its home at Blackheath, where it maintained a precarious existence under the care of Scottish Londoners, until the establishment of the famous clubs of Banbury, Westward Ho, Wimbledon, and Hoylake, when, with a suddenness unexplainable, and an unparalleled popular favor, it extended all over England; since then it has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The nurseries for golf in the United States are many and varied, and are increasing so fast that the tale outruns the telling. The first one, established at Yonkers on the Hudson, some five years ago, by Mr. John Reid (of course a Scotchman), bears the name of St. Andrews, in honor of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of the East Neuk of Fife, in

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Stymie or not stymie?

the shadow of "Auld Reekie," the clustering point for the great mass of golfing history and tradition. It is an inland course of stone-wall hazards, rocky pastures bordered by ploughed fields and woods, and is prolific in those little hollows known as cuppy lies; the Saw Mill River meanders in its front, and a fine view of the Palisades from its highest teeing ground makes it an attractive spot for tired city men to whom it is accessible for an afternoon's sport.

The links of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, established three years since by Mr. Edward S. Mead, with Willie Dunn as its keeper, is a golfing Eden. The great rolling sand-hills, covered with short stiff grass, lying between Peconic Bay on the north and Shinnecock Bay on the south, with the ocean beyond, are picturesque in their beauty, and since the resolution of matter from chaos have been waiting for the spiked shoe of the golfer. The hazards are mainly artificial; there are some stretches of sand, railroad embankment, and deep roads, that are tests of skill and temper; the breezy freshness of the air, the glory of the boundless expanse of downs and water, and the splendor of the sunsets, make a perfect setting for the beauty of good golfing.

Newport is a well-to-do club with a large investment in land and a tasteful club-house now in course of construction. From its site the whole course is visible, and the panorama of Narragansett Bay, with the fleet of yachts lying at anchor on one side, and of the ocean on the other, is most pleasing. It is a course of nine holes, with turf of the true golfing quality, stone wall, and artificial hazards — and a tricky

The St. Andrews Club, Yonkers, N. Y.

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Leg Wrappings.

quality to its putting greens which require careful approaches to save many extra strokes. Its members are enthusiastic sportsmen, who are not diverted by the giddy attractions of that favorite resort from the serious work required of a good golfer

The Tuxedo Club has its links partly in Tuxedo Park and partly outside of it, about ten minutes' walk from the club-house. The Ramapo Hills rise abruptly a few hundred yards on either side of the course, the curve of the valley at either end making a beautiful nest, which is traversed by the Ramapo River and its tributary, the Tuxedo Brook.

There are nine holes in the course, which crosses Tuxedo Brook four times and furnishes great variety in its hazards of hills, stone walls, railroad embankments lined with blast furnace slag, apple-trees, and a combination of terrors in front of what is known as Devil's Hole, consisting of brook, bowlders, and road, which has spoiled many a score. The course is known as a "sporting links," where straight, long drives are the only hope for preserving the temper, and the hazards are such that they make glad the heart of man when surmounted, but to the beginner, are outer darkness where is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The game was first introduced into New England by the Messrs. Hunnewell, who laid out a course on their estate at Wellesley. Since then golf clubs have sprung up as if by magic in the neighborhood of the modern Athens, a full list of which, with their characteristics, would exceed the limits of this article.

A player who has done a round at the Country Club of Brookline will have passed over various points of

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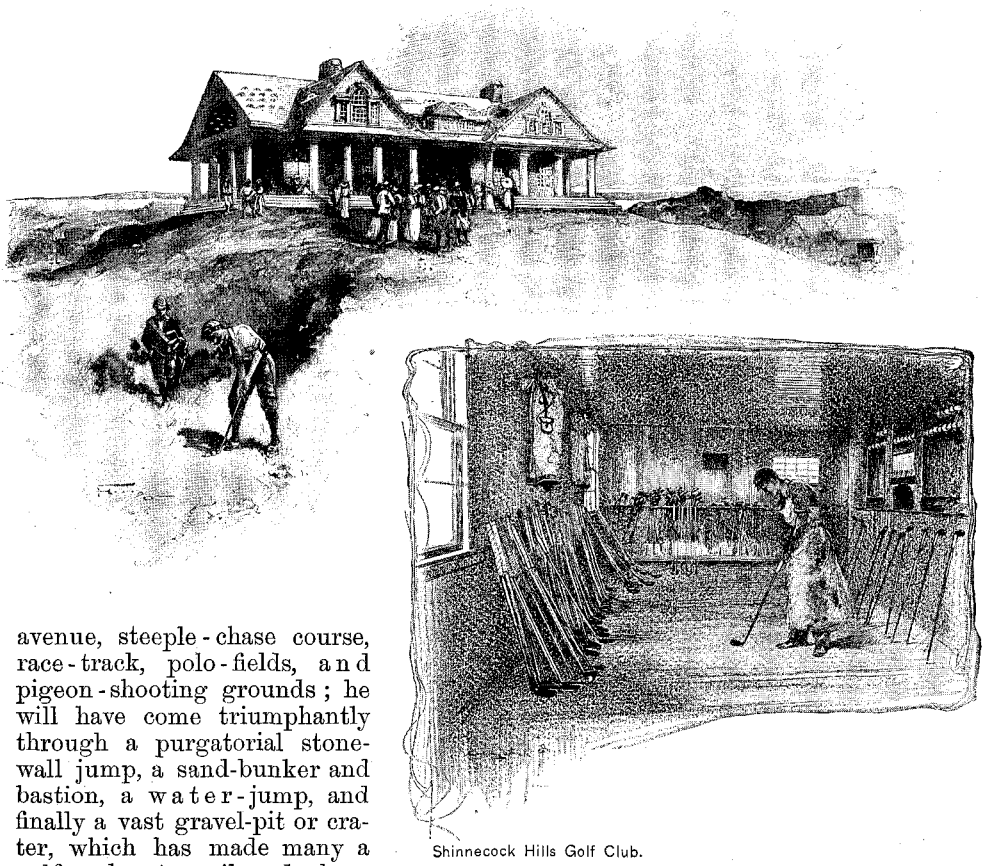

Shinnecock Hills Golf Club.

Willie Dunn's Shop at Shinnecock.

avenue, steeple-chase course, race-track, polo-fields, and pigeon-shooting grounds; he will have come triumphantly through a purgatorial stone-wall jump, a sand-bunker and bastion, a water-jump, and finally a vast gravel-pit or crater, which has made many a golfing heart quail, and whose depths the great Campbell himself (the Scotch professional keeper) has not disdained to explore. As in the case of the embankments at Shinnecock, it requires but a true drive or a fair cleek shot to negotiate it; but the moral effect of these hazards is such that the true drive or the fair cleek is problematical. Stone walls, trees, ploughed fields, fences, and chasms, however, present excellent sporting requirements on a course, for variety is the spice of golf. It is difficult to picture a prettier sight on a fine golfing morning, than this course with its red-coated players, the shepherd, his dog, and his flock, in a lovely setting of undulating land, fine trees, old-fashioned colonial club-house, race-track and polo-field.

The course at the Essex County Club of Manchester-by-the-Sea, consists of eleven holes, all visible from the piazza of its pretty club-house. The hazards are nearly all natural, consisting of fences, barns, roadways, a broad valley of cleared land filled in with sand and traversed by a winding brook, which is also met and crossed at other points. The teeing-grounds and putting-greens have been made with great care, and the course will always be a popular one.

At Pride's Crossing is a private course of nine holes, laid out over the estates of several of its members. The green is mostly lawn and pleasure grounds, extending along the front of handsome summer-houses, the whole by the gifts of nature exceedingly attractive, with nothing formidable save the impossibility of driving a ball accurately through parlors and kitchens—some amateurs, however, have essayed it to the discomfiture of the ladies and servants—and a

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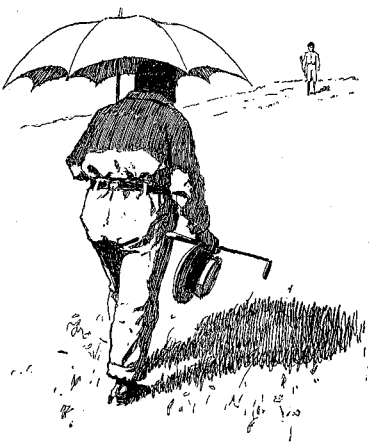
trying bit of corn-field, which yielded a far more valuable crop of lost golf balls in the harvest-time of 1894, than of corn.

The Myopia Hunt Club of Wenham, famous in polo and hunting annals, is an admirable golfing land, with good distances, natural hazards, commanding extensive views of the adjoining country, which is dotted with fine residences and covers, where the whistle of the quail tickles the sportsman's ear, and the music of the kennelled hounds testifies to the varied sports of its members. At the last hole is a pond in whose depths lies a hidden treasure of golf-balls, and over whose surface has been wafted many a smothered and unsmothered curse. The story is told of one enthusiastic tyro who drove two or three balls into the water, and sent his caddie to the club-house for a fresh supply; then, opening the box, he drove the whole dozen into the placid pond. Such exhibitions are common to the game, and a great relief to the surcharged heart.

The Weston Golf Club has among its officers General C. J. Paine, who, when not holding the tiller of an unconquered yacht, does not disdain the cleek and the mashie, and ex-Governor William E. Russell, an enthusiastic golfer, who has laid aside the cares of state to compete in tournaments.

The Rockaway Hunting Club, of Cedarhurst, Long Island, is a prominent club, and has a fine seaside links of nine holes. The members are enthusiastic golfers and the play is constant through the year. The hazards are sunken roads, high cedar-tree hedges and ravines. The tasteful club-house, recently completed, is well patronized both in winter and summer.

A good lie.



Enthusiasm.

In addition to these may be mentioned the Nahant Club, which has received less than all others of the gifts of nature and art, but is frequented by players who make up for its defects by their enthusiasm; the Dedham Polo Club, the Cambridge Golf Club, and the Kebo Valley Club at Bar Harbor, the Warren Farm Golf Club, the Westchester Country Club, the Staten Island, Meadowbrook, Philadelphia Country Club, Morristown, Morris County,

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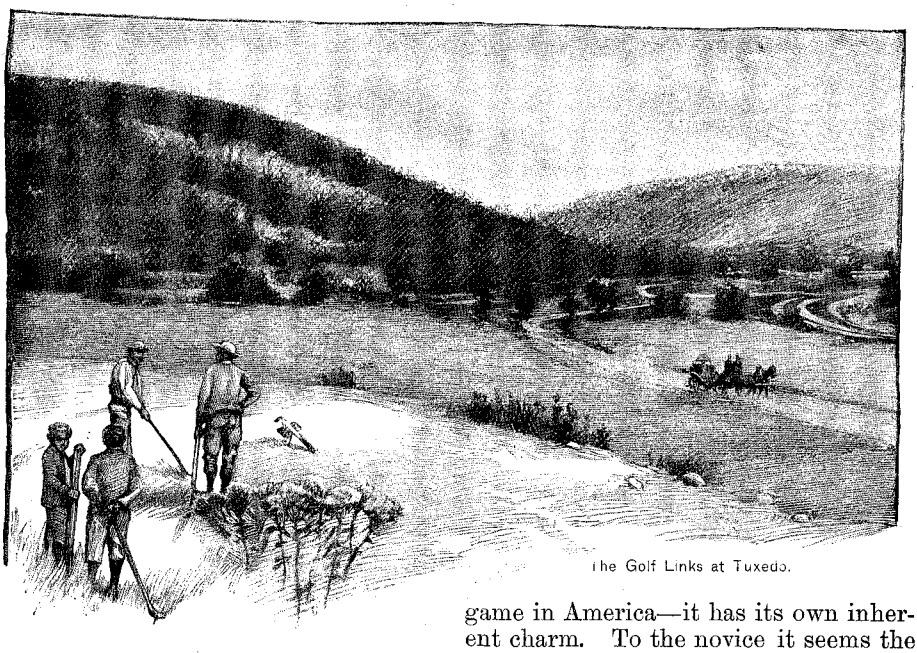

The Golf Links at Tuxedo.

Tacoma Golf Club, Tacoma, Wash., and Chicago Clubs, all of which have fostered the interests of the game.

It has been played for twenty years in Canada, the Royal Montreal Golf Club being the pioneer. The course commands a fine view of the city and the St. Lawrence with the Belœil Mountain and the Vermont hills in the distance.

The course of the Quebec Golf Club is over the Plains of Abraham, and is full of historic interest. The scenery is unequalled in its grandeur, the St. Lawrence lying far below and the beautiful Isle of Orleans not far distant.

There are important and well-established clubs also at Toronto, Kingston, and Ottawa, and the number is rapidly increasing throughout the Dominion.

To prevent the friction and the uncertain results which necessarily follow from having a number of clubs each offer prizes for so-called championships, a National Association has been formed to give authority to certain meetings where, each year, the amateur and professional championships shall be played for, as in England and Scotland, the amateur championship being well guarded from professional play, while the "open" events will admit amateurs and professionals alike.

There is no Anglomania about this game in America—it has its own inherent charm. To the novice it seems the simplest of all sports, but to the expert the most complicated; to him it is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The scoffer who speaks with a contempt not born of familiarity, or views it with assumed indifference, may assert that the game, with its system of strokes and score, will restore the unhealthy atmosphere of the croquet ground; that it will try the souls of the clergy and become the undoing of parishioners. "It is simply driving a quinine pill over a cow pasture." He may watch with a pitying and ill-disguised contempt the frantic efforts of stout elderly gentlemen to extricate a ball from a hazard, and say, as an old farmer did, who leaned over the fence and smiled placidly at a perspiring banker, "Don't you think you are pretty big for that little marble?"—yet he cannot stay its triumphant progress.

Jeers at the paraphernalia of the game have some justification. Red coats are not becoming to the American landscape, and on a warm July day are fairly distressing; the various wrappings with which some men adorn their legs, as for defence against whin gorse and "fog," which we have not, are suggestive of ornament rather than utility, and excite laughter in the cynical observer; but such criticism is the veriest dalliance. From the moment one of the Phil-

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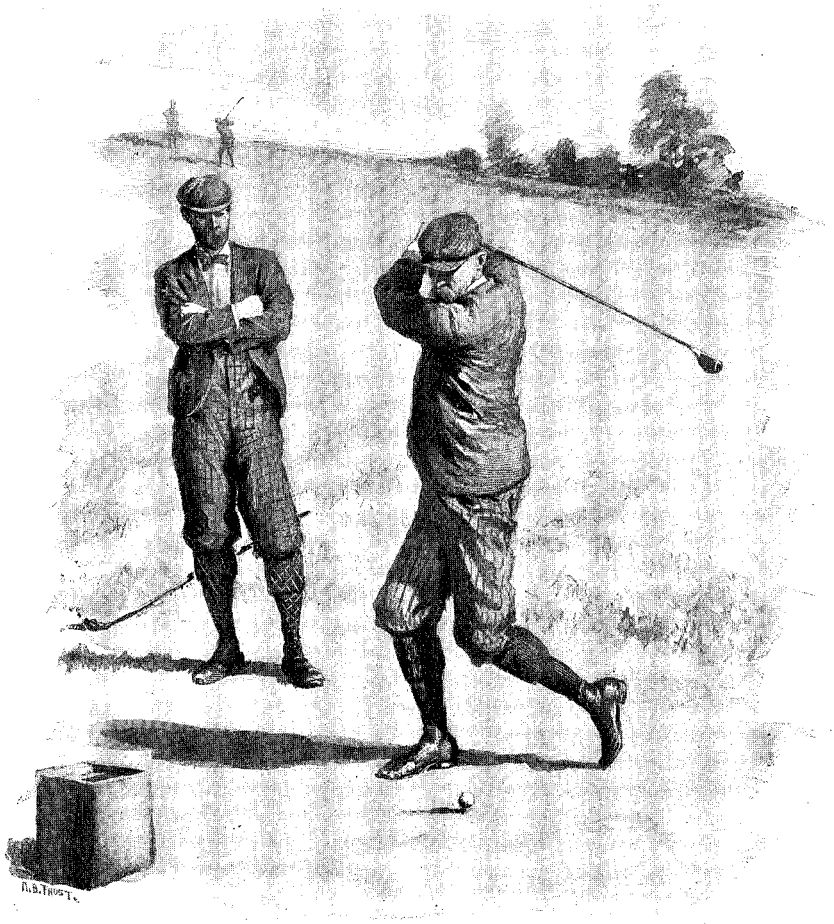

The Drive.

istines essays a stroke, and by accident makes a fair drive from a tee, his conversion is assured, he has gone through all the phases, and learned "to endure, then pity, then embrace;" the game then becomes dangerously near being interesting; henceforth he will strive persistently, in season and out of season, to show "the golf that is in him;" he will regret the neglected opportunities of his youth, and the disease which has no microbe and no cure is chronic and seated on him for life. Henceforward he will adopt the motto of the Hittormissit Club, "Drive it if you can, club it if you will, kick it if you must."

The game illustrates the analytical and philosophical character of the Scotch mind. In it muscle and mind, hand, ball and eye, each play a part, and all must be in perfect accord. Some of its fascinations lie in its difficulties—there are twenty-two different rules to remember in making a drive; some golfers write them on their wristbands, others have them repeated by their caddies at the beginning of their stroke; one enthusiast, after painfully obtaining the proper position, had himself built into a frame, which thereafter was carried about to each teeing ground, that he might be sure of his form. The loose, slashing style known as the St. Andrew's swing, in which the player seems to twist his body into an imitation of the Laocoön, and then suddenly to uncoil, is the perfection of art. It is a swing and not a hit; the ball is met

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Uncertain Arithmetic.

at a certain point and swept away with apparent abandon, the driver following the ball, and finishing with a swing over the shoulder in what is almost a complete circle. A jerk is an abomination; the true motion requires a gradual acceleration of speed, with muscles flexible, save that the lower hand should have a tight grip on the stick—a swing like "an auld wife cutting hay;" if this does not convey the idea, "Eh, man, just take and throw your club at the ba'." Oh! the careless ease of that swing and the beautiful far-reaching results that follow! But be not deceived, over-confident beginner, wise in your own conceit; a topped ball that rolls harmlessly a few yards, or some practical agriculture with perhaps a broken driver, or a wrench that follows a fruitless blow, will be your reward, if you venture to imitate that dashing, insolent, fearless stroke, which seems so easy because it is the very perfection of art and crown of skill. It is but the fruit of a life spent club in hand, for the best golfer, like the oyster, is caught young.

The recognized styles of the drive are as varied as the players, a fact attributed by golfers to the errors of greatness, easy to imitate, but dangerous without the genius to turn them to good account. An admirer of a famous Scotch champion declared, as a result of patient and anxious observation at the end of a round, that the great player had every fault at golf that he himself had been taught to avoid; genius, however, is not trammelled by rules, and the greatest

The Brookline, Mass., Country Club.

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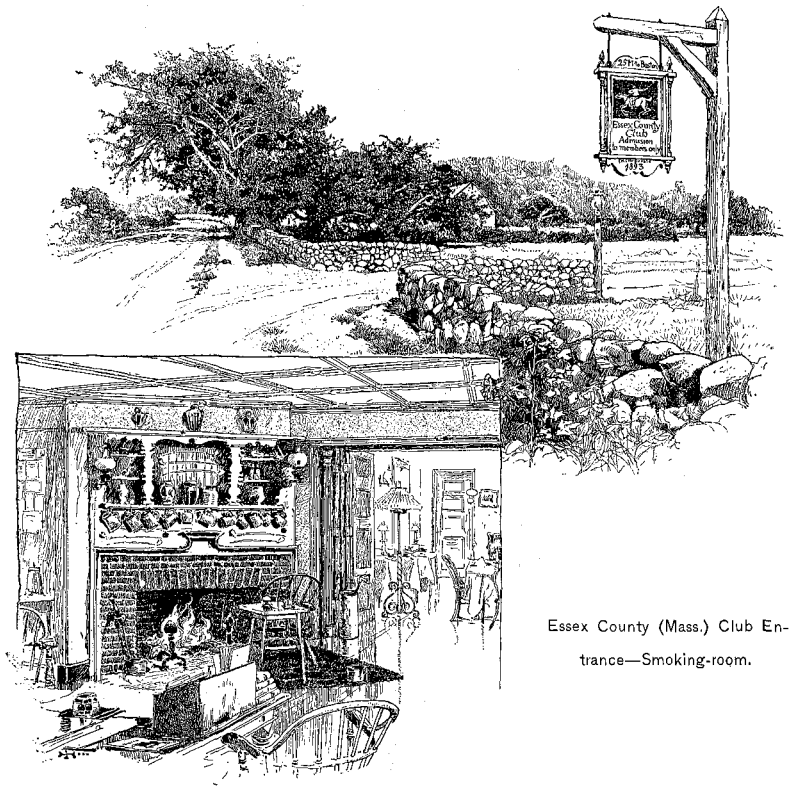

Essex County (Mass.) Club Entrance—Smoking-room.

players have always adapted their game to their anatomical configuration.

In addition to the recognized styles of famous golfers there are swings of diverse and wonderful grotesqueness—the "Pig-tail" style, the "Headsman," the "Pendulum," the "Recoil," the "Hammerhurling," the "Double-jointed," the "Surprise," and the "Disappointment"—whose respective names are in a measure their explanation, the last-named not being applicable to the state of mind of the player, as one might suppose, but to that of the spectator, who finds that a faulty style in the beginning of a swing may often result in as clean a stroke as one could wish. These styles have been characteristic of famous golfers, and with all of them the ball starts low-flying from the club, skims like a swallow's rise as the initial velocity begins to diminish, continues in its career for two hundred yards, and drops to the ground as gently as a bird alights.

But who shall tell of the unrecognized styles, the hooking, slicing, heeling, toeing, foozling of the would-be golfer in his game of eternal hope and everlasting despair, of bright anticipation tempered by experience, playing as if he owned the green instead of using it, cutting out divots of turf, ploughing the waste places, larding the lean earth as he walks along, plunging down the escarpments of a hazard, and keeping the recording angel busy during his sojourn there, driving into those in front, and passed on the green by succeeding players—

"While those behind cry forward
And those before cry back."

Let kindly forgetfulness draw a veil over this stage of his career.

The drive, however, as many insist, is but the prelude, and, therefore, the least important of the shots. It passes

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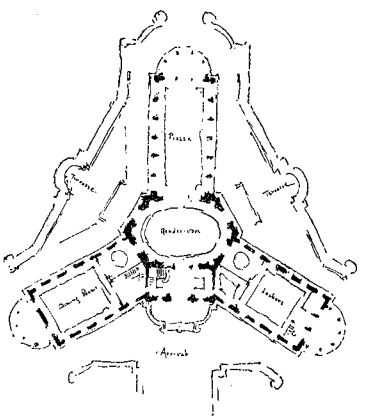
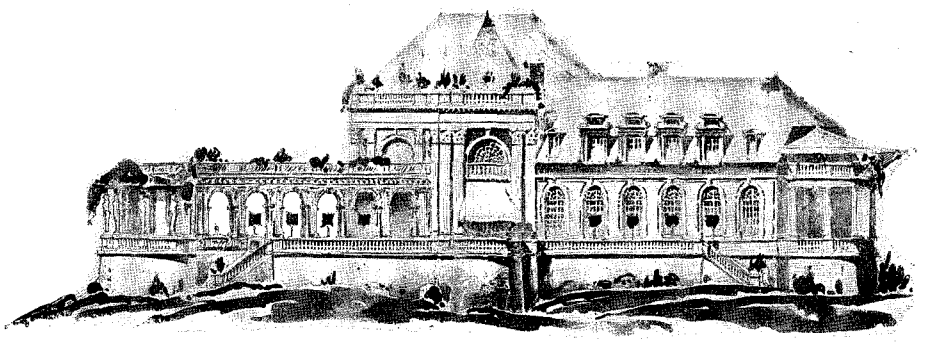


of these ; then must you choose whether to run the ball up along the ground and risk the irregularities of turf and soil, or loft with accurate judgment, and pitch the ball dead on to the elevation, so reaching the putting-green where you would be. To see a finished artist at this work is a sight that lingers long in the memory—his glance to measure the distance and assure himself of the direction, the momentary rest of the club behind the ball, the knuckling over of the body toward the hole, the cross-cutting downward stroke with its clean blow, and then the tri-



WHITNEY WARREN, ARCH.

One of the Façades of the Newport Golf Club-house.

The distinctive feature of this Club-house, as shown by the plan, is that it is divided into three parts. One is given over to the dining-room, kitchen, and servants' quarters ; another to dressing and locker-rooms ; and the third to the social or general club features—the three wings being joined by an elliptical hall—the rendezvous.

many a pitfall, reduces the dangers that lurk in cuppy lies, bastion bunkers, pit bunkers, and hazards, but the approach shots in playing "through the green" are a test of skill, nerve, and temper, and cut a greater figure in the score than the drive from the teeing-ground. The term "approach shot," in its common acceptation, conveys the idea of a stroke played with the iron with something less than the full swing, and involves differences in distance, elevation, and style. Then comes in the nice judgment as to three-quarter shots, half-shots, and wrist shots to cover the distance, the straight forward stroke, or the cut in making any umph as the ball pitches with its reverse "English" on to the ground far short of the distance the unpractised eye would have measured, and grips into the earth as if with inanimate intent to save the player any unnecessary trouble in holeing out. Even though one may know nothing of its difficulties by experience, he grasps intuitively an enlarged idea of the merits of the game ; but to a player the success of such a shot, made with a clear purpose, gives the same exquisite thrill of ecstasy as a two-lengths lead in a boat-race or the strike of a three-pound trout. On the putting-green the work seems easier—indeed, a scoffing onlooker once

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said he could hole the ball with his umbrella, and did; but there is as much nicety of judgment, accuracy of eye, and delicacy of execution in this stage as in any other part of the game. The approach putt brings you near the hole; then should come a careful survey of the ground with objects to guide the eye on the line, which will be facilitated by diligent practice on the drawing-room carpet; a rest of the putter for a moment behind the ball, near the right foot, the forearm resting against the leg, a following pendulum-like swing of the club, without a jerk, and the ball will roll as if in a groove to its appointed resting-place.

It would be wise for a tyro not to watch a professional match until he has made a trial himself. "Can you play the violin?" a boy was asked. "I don't know," he replied, "I never tried;" and the novice at golf, to whom it all looks so easy, would probably make the same answer. When from actual experience he has learned its difficulties, when modesty and humility have entered into his soul, when he has tired his brain with diagrams and rules in books of instruction, with their nice distinction between an upward swing and a lift, and a downward swing and a hit, and complicated formulæ for every kind of club or iron in every kind of lie on the course, when he has had burned into his memory, as with a red-hot cleek, the five injunctions of the golfer's Koran, "Slow back;" "Keep your eye on the ball;" "Don't aim too long;" "Aim to pitch to the left of the hole," and "Be up"—then let him with meek heart and due reverence follow Willie Dunn and Willie Campbell in a match-play over a round of eigh-

On the green.

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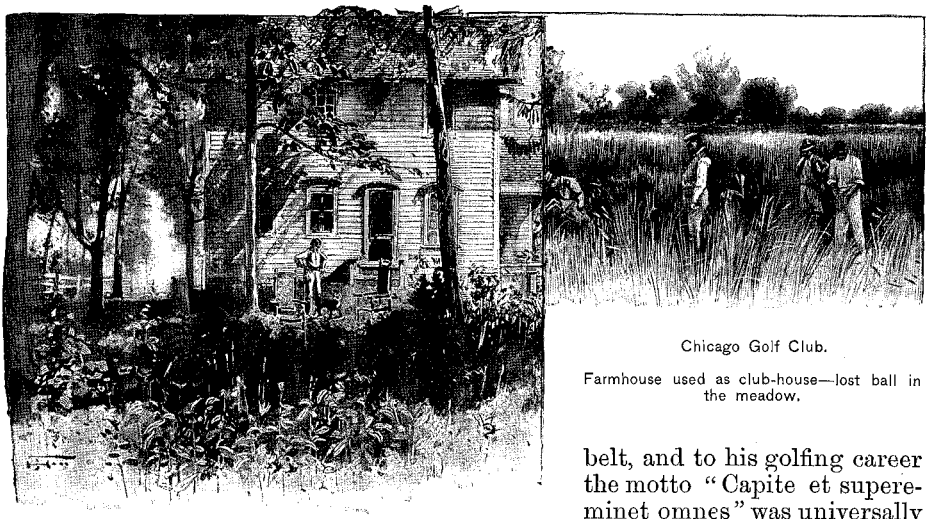


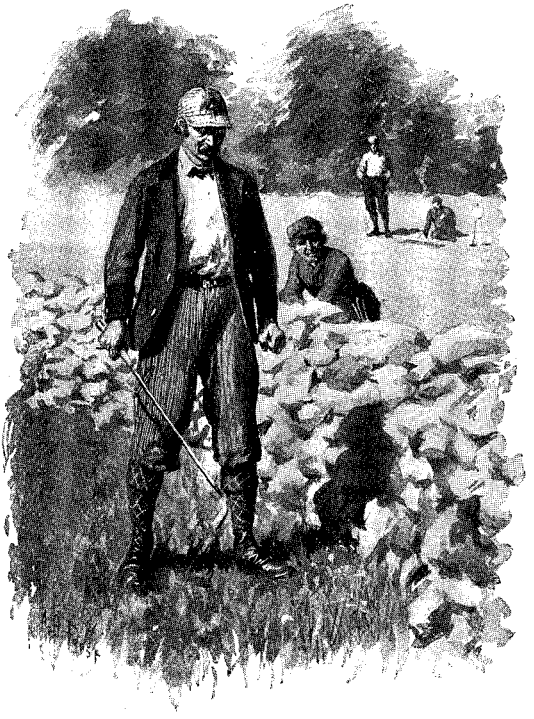
Chicago Golf Club.

Farmhouse used as club-house—lost ball in the meadow.

teen holes, and take an object-lesson in the art which he has labored so painfully and fruitlessly to acquire; then will his respect for skill, patience in play, judgment in the selection of the proper club, and nerve in critical moments, rise proportionately to the descent of his own self-conceit; and his vaulting ambition for a record as a golfer will receive a spur that may help him to acquire it.

The game is too young in America to have developed players of remarkable note, though creditable records have been made; but coming years may cast the halo of championships on heads now young that shall link their names with Allan Robertson, old Tom Morris, Anderson, the Parks, Dunns, Piries, Straths, and Kirks of a previous generation who made history in the golfing world, and with that of "poor young Tommy," as he is always affectionately called, the son of the famous old keeper at St. Andrews, whose play was so incomparable that, although he died at the early age of twenty-four, he was the most formidable golfer of his time. At twenty he had three times won in succession the championship belt, and to his golfing career the motto "Capite et supereminet omnes" was universally accorded.

It is one of the traditions of these great players at St. Andrews, that it was their guiding principle never to make a bad shot, an easy theory to enunciate, but the great army of amateurs who with heart-breaking efforts have striven to



"Four strokes at the bunker and not over yet."

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rise to that standard, and the record of their topped balls, broken clubs, misses and foozles at critical stages in a match, can bear witness to the difficulty of reducing it satisfactorily to practice. The merit of these fine golfers was that their play was sure—as they played to-day so they would play to-morrow; there was nothing unequal in them, no wavering, no unexpected breaking down at a moment when the championship might depend upon a single stroke. They have been known to play ninety consecutive holes without one bad shot or one stroke made otherwise than as it was intended; and it was this dead level of steadiness under all chances of hazards and bad lies, and all conditions of cold, wet, wind, or snow, as in young Tom Morris's last famous match before his death, that placed them in the front rank of golfers.

Fore!

The true golfer is critical of lucky strokes or flukes; in his estimation they are as discreditable as bad ones; certainty and precision is his standard, and his comment in broad Scotch, the real golf language, after a bad shot by a good player, calculated to draw applause from ignorant bystanders, would probably be "My, but yon was a lucky yin, bad play—didna desairve it." George Glennie, a famous player whose purism was proverbial, once in a "foursome" drove his ball into a burn; his partner wading in with boots and stockings, took the ball on the wing with his niblic, as it floated down, and laid it dead at the hole. "Well, what about that stroke?" said his partner to the sage, who had preserved unyielding silence. "No golf at a'"—then, in a soliloquy, as he advanced to the teeing-ground, "just monkey's tricks."

The game can be played in company or alone. Robinson Crusoe on his island, with his man Friday as a caddie, could have realized the golfer's dream of perfect happiness—a fine day, a good course, and a clear green; if Henry VIII. had cultivated the more delicate emotions by taking to the links of the Knuckle Club, he might have saved his body from the gout and his name from the contempt of posterity; he might have dismissed the sittings of the Divorce Court and gone to play a foursome with Cromwell, Wolsey, and the papal legate; and all the abbey lands which fell to the nobles would have been converted into golfing greens by the fiat of the royal golfer. He might with Francis have established a record on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Such a game would have cemented their friendship, for the man with a keen love of golfing in his heart is more than the devotee of an idle sport, he is a man of spiritual perceptions and keen sympathies. As a teacher of self-discipline the game is invaluable. The player is always trying to get the better of the game, and, as Allan Robertson said, "The game is aye fechtin' against ye."

The fascinations of golf can only be learned by experience. It is difficult to explain them. It has its humorous and its serious side. It can be begun

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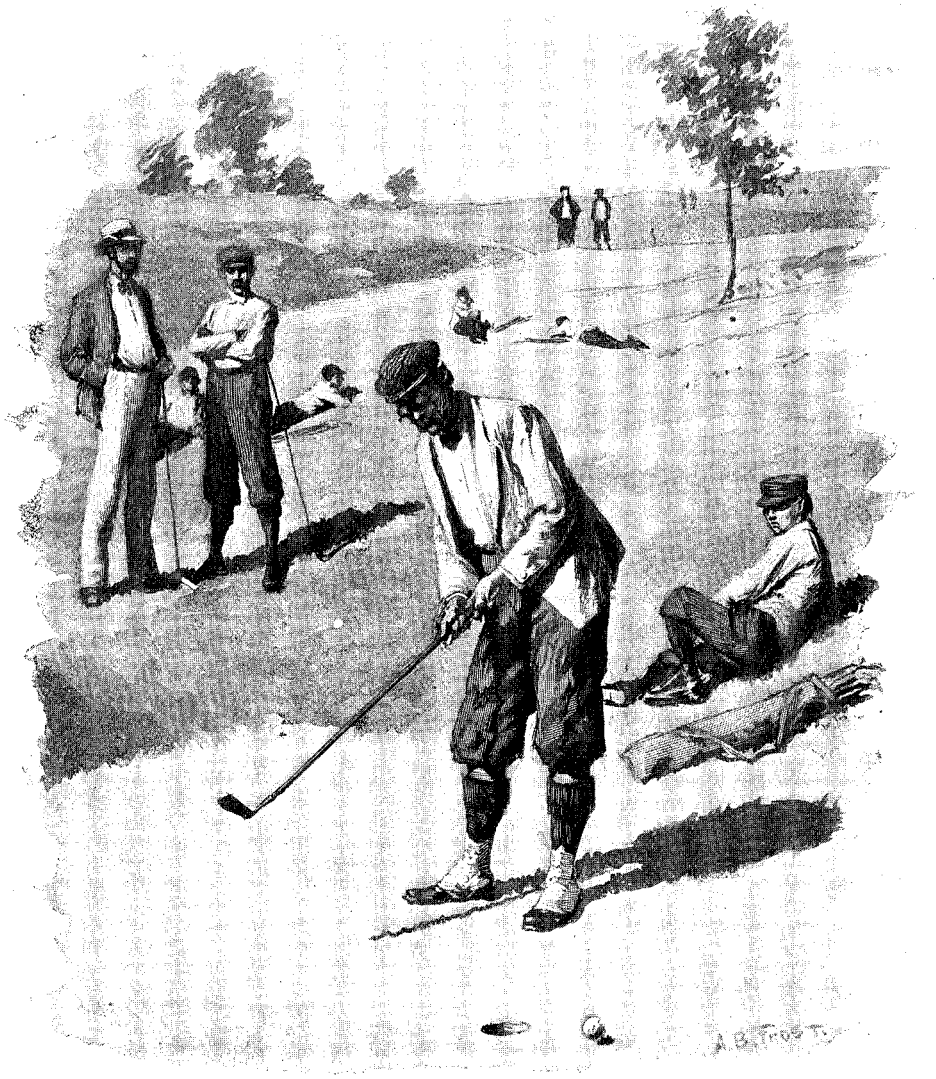

Playing as if he owned the green.

as soon as you can walk, and once begun it is continued as long as you can see. The very nature of the exercise gives length of days. Freedom of movement, swing of shoulder, and that suppleness of which the glory had departed, all return to the enthusiast. He has a confidence in his own ability which is sublime, because it is justified by performance, and that self-control which chafes the ordinary adversary.

His sense of the ultimate purpose and the true proportions of his existence is unruffled, whether he views life from the exaltation of a two-hundred yard drive on to the hill, or the lowest heel-mark in the deepest sand-pit on the course; while the feelings of momentary success or depression which so possess the souls of weaker men, pass over him with no more influence than the flight of birds. His soul is so wrapped in the harmony of earth and sky and the glory of the game, that no buffets of fortune can come at him.

This is what makes it a tonic to the

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Wasted time.

nerves, while the temper goes through a personally conducted tour, beginning with impatience and ending with complete equanimity. Egotism is powerless to excuse a fault, for that can lie only with the player himself. He cannot vent his fury upon his opponent, even though a tree opportunely situated may land a ball on the green, while his own flies hopelessly into the woods; for the game is born in the purple of equable temper and courtesy, and the golfer's expletives must be directed against his own lack of skill, or lies, or hazards, and the luck and vengeance must light, and often do, on the unoffending clubs, even to their utter extermination. To the language with which every golf course is strewn, differing more in form than in substance, from the "Tut, tut, tut" of the ecclesiastic to the more sulphurous exclamation of the layman, the divine quality of forgiveness must be extended; but as it is a compliment to call a man a "dour" player, it seems to be recognized that the characteristic of all language in golf should be its brevity. The difficulty of contending with an uncertain temper in others is nothing as compared with ruling our own, and the dust and bad language that rise from the depths of a bunker emphasize the truth of the words of Holy Writ, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;" but yet it is certain that he who hath not lost his temper can never play golf.

Golfers as a rule are an exceptionally honest race of men, but uncertain arithmetic is occasionally encountered on the green. "I aim to tell the truth," said one; "Well, you are a very bad shot," was the reply, and there is often an area of low veracity about a bunker. Accuracy is a cardinal virtue in the game, and a kindly judgment may attribute such errors to forgetfulness; but as the chief pleasure is to beat your own record for your own satisfaction, and as this form of deception makes real progress continually more difficult, for the discount is always in

Temper.

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your path, the man of treacherous memory gets small comfort out of his duplicity.

With the development of the game comes the development of the caddie, who is one of its principal adjuncts. In America he is still the small boy with no special peculiarities to distinguish him from others. In Scotland he is as much of an institution as the player himself. He has grown up on the links, and is the guide, counsellor, and friend of the player, whose clubs he carries. One of his principal qualifications there is that he should be able to conceal his contempt for your game. He is ready with advice, reproof, criticism, and sympathy, always interested, ready at critical times with the appropriate club, and, if need be, with the appropriate comment. He is anxious for the success of his side as if he were one of the players. His caustic remarks are borne with equanimity, and his contemptuous criticisms with the submission they deserve.

A foozle.

The relation of the fairer part of creation to golf varies between that of a "golfer's widow" and that of a champion. Singleness of thought, concentration of purpose, quietude of manner, are essential in the game, and the expert golfer, whose tender mercies are ever cruel, will unhesitatingly cry "Fore" to the flutter of a golf cape or the tinkle of light feminine conversation, so distracting by reason of the natural gallantry of man. In the words of a promising young golfer, who found it hard to decide between flirtation and playing the game, "It's all very pleasant, but it isn't business." But the sincerity of their enthusiasm is so apparent, and their adaptability to the nicer points of the game so great that there are few clubs now where they are not firmly established, and where a man who has finished a hard day's play cannot take pleasure in an aftermath of tea and blandishments.

A clean miss.

Health, happiness, and "a spirit with a' the world content," lie on the golfing ground. The game is a leveller of rank and station. King and commoner, noble and peasant, played on equal terms in days gone by, and rich and poor, clever and dull, are "like as they lie" when matched in skill.

"There's naething like a ticht-gudegowing mautch to soop yer brain clear o' troubles and trials." It is so fostered by companionship and wrapped about with the joys of friendship, that he who

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Topped.

has his soul's friend for his golfing mate is on fortune's cap the very button. With such company, when the November wind streams down the course, whipping out our little clouds of breath into streamers, we can stride over our eighteen holes with the keen joy of living that comes at intervals to the tired worker. And then, oh! weary soul, what joys await the faithful! The putting off of mud-caked shoes, the brisk plunge or shower-bath, and the warm glow thereafter; the immaculate shirt-front that crackles at your touch, the glad joy of dinner and the utter relaxation of content, "with just a wee drappie of guid Scotch to follow."

The poet, scorning the material things of life and the pursuit of wealth, sings thus:

"But thou, O silent mother, wise, immortal,
To whom our toil is laughter, take, Divine One,
This vanity away, and to thy lover
Give what is needful,
A stanch heart, nobly calm, averse to evil,
The purer sky to breathe, the sea, the mountain,
A well-born gentle friend, his spirit's brother,
Ever beside him."

Mr. Santayana should go a-golfing.

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THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Scene I

IT was an August evening, still and cloudy after a day unusually chilly for the time of year. Now, about sunset, the temperature was warmer than it had been in the morning, and the departing sun was forcing its way through the clouds, breaking up their level masses into delicate lattice-work of golds and grays. The last radiant light was on the wheat-fields under the hill, and on the long chalk hill itself. Against that glowing background lay the village, already engulfed by the advancing shadow. All the nearer trees, which the daylight had mingled in one green monotony, stood out sharp and distinct, each in its own plane, against the hill. Each natural object seemed to gain a new accent, a more individual beauty, from the vanishing and yet lingering sunlight.

An elderly laborer was walking along the road which led to the village. To his right lay the allotment gardens just beginning to be alive with figures, and the voices of men and children. Beyond them, far ahead, rose the square tower of the church; to his left was the hill, and straight in front of him the village, with its veils of smoke lightly brushed over the trees, and its lines of cottages climbing the chalk steeps behind it. His eye as he walked took in a number of such facts as life had trained it to notice. Once he stopped to bend over a fence, to pluck a stalk or two of oats; he examined them carefully, then he threw back his head and sniffed the air, looking all round the sky meanwhile. Yes, the season had been late and harsh, but the fine weather was coming at last. Two or three days' warmth now would ripen even the oats, let alone the wheat.

Well, he was glad. He wanted the harvest over. It would, perhaps, be his last harvest at Clinton Magna, where he had worked, man and boy, for fifty-six years come Michaelmas. His last harvest! A curious pleasure stirred the man's veins as he thought of it, a pleasure in expected change, which seemed to bring back the pulse of youth, to loosen a little the yoke of those iron years that had perforce aged and bent him; though, for sixty-two, he was still hale and strong.

Things had all come together. Here was "Muster" Hill, the farmer he had worked for these seventeen years, dying of a sudden, with a carbuncle on the neck, and the farm to be given up at Michaelmas. He—John Bolderfield—had been working on for the widow; but, in his opinion, she was "nobbut a caselty sort of body," and the sooner she and her children were taken off to Barnet, where they were to live with her mother, the less she'd cost them as had the looking after her. As for the crops, they wouldn't pay the debts; not they. And there was no one after the farm—"nary one"—and didn't seem like to be. That would make another farm on Muster Forrest's hands. Well, and a good job. Landlords must be "took down;" and there was plenty of work going on the railway just now for those that were turned off.

He was too old for the railway, though, and he might have found it hard to get fresh work if he had been staying at Clinton. But he was not staying. Poor Eliza wouldn't last more than a few days; a week or two at most, and he was not going to keep on the cottage after he'd buried her.

Aye, poor Eliza! She was his sister-in-law, the widow of his second brother. He had been his brother's lodger during the greater part of his working life, and since Tom's death he had stayed on with Eliza. She and he suited each other, and the "worritin' childer" had all gone away years since and left them in peace. He didn't believe Eliza knew

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where any of them were, except Mary, "married over to Luton"—and Jim, and Jim's Louisa. And a good riddance too. There was not one of them knew how to keep a shilling when they'd got one. Still, it was a bit lonesome for Eliza now, with no one but Jim's Louisa to look after her.

He grew rather down-hearted as he trudged along, thinking. She and he had stuck together "a many year." There would be nobody left for him to go along with when she was gone. There was his niece Bessie Costrell and her husband, and there was his silly old cousin Widow Waller. He dared say they'd both of them want him to live with them. At the thought a grin crossed his ruddy face. They both knew about *it*—that was what it was. And he wouldn't live with either of them, not he. Not yet a bit, anyway. All the same he had a fondness for Bessie and her husband. Bessie was always very civil to *him*—he chuckled again—and if anything had to be done with *it*, while he was five miles off at Frampton on a job of work that had been offered him, he didn't know but he'd as soon trust Isaac Costrell and Bessie as anybody else. You might call Isaac rather a fool, what with his religion, and "extemp'ry prayin', an' that," but all the same Bolderfield thought of him with a kind of uneasy awe. If ever there was a man secure of the next world it was Isaac Costrell. His temper, perhaps, was "nassty," which might pull him down a little when the last account came to be made up; and it could not be said that his elder children had come to much, for all his piety. But, on the whole, Bolderfield only wished he stood as well with the powers talked about in chapel every Sunday as Isaac did.

As for Bessie, she had been a wasteful woman all her life, with never a bit of money put by, and never a good dress to her back. But, "Lor' bless yer, there was a many worse folk nor Bessie." She wasn't one of your sour people—she could make you laugh; she had a merry heart. Many a pleasant evening had he passed chatting with her and Isaac; and whenever they cooked anything good there was always a bite for him. Yes, Bessie had been a good niece to him; and if he trusted anyone he dared say he'd trust them.

"Well, how's Eliza, Muster Bolderfield?" said a woman who passed him in the village street.

He replied, and then went his way, sobered again, dreading to find himself at the cottage once more, and in the stuffy upper room with the bed and the dying woman. Yet he was not really sad, not here at least, out in the air and the sun. There was always a thought in his mind, a fact in his consciousness, which stood between him and sadness. It had so stood for a long, long time. He walked through the village to-night in spite of Eliza and his sixty years with a free bearing and a confident glance to right and left. He knew, and the village knew, that he was not as other men.

He passed the village green with its pond, and began to climb a lane leading to the hill. Half way up stood two cottages sideways. Phloxes and marigolds grew untidily about their doorways, and straggly roses, starved a little by the chalk soil, looked in at their latticed windows. They were, however, comparatively modern and comfortable, with two bedrooms above and two living rooms below, far superior to the older and more picturesque cottages in the main street.

John went in softly, put down his straw dinner-bag, and took off his heavy boots. Then he opened a door in the wall of the kitchen, and gently climbed the stairs.

A girl was sitting by the bed. When she saw his whitish head and red face emerge against the darkness of the stair-hole, she put up her finger for silence.

John crept in and came to look at the patient. His eyes grew round and staring, his color changed.

"Is she a-goin'?" he said, with evident excitement.

Jim's Louisa shook her head. She was rather a stupid girl, heavy and round-faced, but she had nursed her grandmother well.

"No, she's asleep. Muster Drew's been here, and she dropped off while he was a-talkin' to her."

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Mr. Drew was the Congregational minister.

"Did she send for him?"

"Yes; she said she felt her feet a-gettin' cold and I must run. But I don't believe she's no worse."

John stood looking down, ruefully. Suddenly the figure in the bed turned.

"John," said a comparatively strong voice which made Bolderfield start, "John — Muster Drew says you'd oughter put it in the bank. You'll be a fool if yer don't, 'ee says."

The old woman's pinched face emerged from the sheets, looking up at him. Bluish patches showed here and there on the drawn white skin; there was a great change since the morning, but the eyes were still alive.

John was silent a moment, one corner of his mouth twitching, as though what she had said struck him in a humorous light.

"Well, I don't know as I mind much what 'ee says, 'Liza!"

"Sit down."

She made a movement with her emaciated hand. John sat down on the chair Louisa gave up to him, and bent down over the bed.

"If yer woan't do — what Muster Drew says, John—whatever *wull* yer do with it?"

She spoke slowly, but clearly. John scratched his head. His complexion had evidently been very fair. It was still fresh and pink, and the full cheek hung a little over the jaw. The mouth was shrewd, but its expression was oddly contradicted by the eyes, which had on the whole a childish, weak look.

"I think yer must leave it to me, 'Liza," he said at last. "I'll do all for the best."

"No—yer'll not, John," said the dying voice. "You'd a done a many stupid things — if I 'adn't stopped yer. An' I'm a-goin'. You'll never leave it wi' Bessie?"

"An who 'ud yer 'ave me leave it with? Ain't Bessie my own sister's child?"

An emaciated hand stole out of the bed-clothes and fastened feebly on his arm.

"If yer do, John, yer'll repent it. Yer never were a good one at judgin' folk. Yer doan't consider nothin'—an' I'm a-goin'. Leave it with Saunders, John."

There was a pause. Then John said, with an obstinate look,

"Saunders 'as never been a friend o' mine, since 'ee did me out o' that bit o' business with Missus Molesey. An' I don't mean to go makin' friends with him again."

Eliza withdrew her hand with a long sigh, and her eyelids closed. A fit of coughing shook her; she had to be lifted in bed, and it left her gasping and deathly. John was sorely troubled, and not only for himself. When she was more at ease again, he stooped to her and put his mouth to her ear.

"'Liza, don't yer think no more about it. Did Mr. Drew read to yer? Are yer comfortable in yer mind?"

She made a sign of assent, which showed, however, no great interest in the subject. There was silence for a long time. Louisa was getting supper downstairs. John, oppressed by the heat of the room and tired by his day's work, had almost fallen asleep in his chair, when the old woman spoke again.

"John—what 'ud you think o' Mary Anne Waller!"

The whisper was still human and eager.

John roused himself, and could not help an astonished laugh.

"Why, whatever put Mary Anne into your head, 'Liza? Yer never thought anythink o' Mary Anne—no more than me."

Eliza's eyes wandered round the room.

"P'r'aps——" she said, then stopped, and could say no more. She seemed to become unconscious, and John went to call for Louisa.

In the middle of the night John woke with a start, and sat up to listen. Not a sound — but they would have called him if the end had come. He could not rest, however, and presently he huddled on some clothes and went to listen at Eliza's door. It was ajar, and hearing nothing he pushed it open.

Poor Eliza lay in her agony, unconscious, and breathing heavily. Beside her sat the widow, Mary Anne Waller, and Louisa, motionless too, their heads bent. There was an end of candle in a basin behind the bed, which threw cir-

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cles of wavering light over the coarse whitewash of the roof and on the cards and faded photographs above the tiny mantel-piece.

John crept up to the bed. The two women made a slight movement to let him stand between them.

"Can't yer give her no brandy?" he asked, whispering.

Mary Anne Waller shook her head.

"Dr. Murch said we weren't to trouble her. She'll go when the light comes—most like."

She was a little shrivelled woman with a singularly delicate mouth, that quivered as she spoke. John and Eliza Bolderfield had never thought much of her, though she was John's cousin. She was a widow, and greatly "put upon" both by her children and her neighbors. Her children were grown up, and settled —more or less—in the world, but they still lived on her freely whenever it suited them; and in the village generally she was reckoned but a poor creature.

However, when Eliza — originally a hard, strong woman—took to her bed with incurable disease, Mary Anne Waller came in to help, and was accepted. She did everything humbly; she even let Louisa order her about. But before the end, Eliza had come to be restless when she was not there.

Now, however, Eliza knew no more, and the little widow sat gazing at her with the tears on her cheeks. John, too, felt his eyes wet.

But after half-an-hour, when there was still no change, he was turning away to go back to bed, when the widow touched his arm.

"Won't yer give her a kiss, John?" she said, timidly. "She wor a good sister to you."

John, with a tremor, stooped, and clumsily did as he was told—the first time in his life he had ever done so for Mary Anne. Then, stepping as noiselessly as he could on his bare feet, he hurried away. A man shares nothing of that yearning attraction which draws women to a death-bed as such. Instead, John felt a sudden sickness at his heart. He was thankful to find himself in his own room again, and thought with dread of having to go back — for the end. In spite of his still vigorous and stalwart body he was often plagued with nervous fears and fancies. And it was years now since he had seen death —he had indeed carefully avoided seeing it.

Gradually, however, as he sat on the edge of his bed in the summer dark, the new impression died away, and something habitual took its place—that shielding, solacing thought, which was in truth all the world to him, and was going to make up to him for Eliza's death, for getting old, and the lonesomeness of a man without chick or child. He would have felt unutterably forlorn and miserable, he would have shrunk trembling from the shapes of death and pain that seemed to fill the darkness, but for this fact, this defence, this treasure, that set him apart from his fellows and gave him this proud sense of superiority, of a good time coming in spite of all. Instinctively, as he sat on the bed, he pushed his bare foot backward till his heel touched a wooden object that stood underneath. The contact cheered him at once. He ceased to think about Eliza, his head was once more full of whirling plans and schemes.

The wooden object was a box that held his money, the savings of a laborer's lifetime. Seventy-one pounds! It seemed to him an ocean of gold, never to be exhausted. The long toil of saving it was almost done. After the Frampton job, he would begin enjoying it, cautiously at first, taking a bit of work now and again, and then a bit of holiday.

All the savor of life was connected for him with that box. His mind ran over the constant excitements of the many small loans he had made from it to his relations and friends. A shilling in the pound interest—he had never taken less and he had never asked more. He had only lent to people he knew well, people in the village whom he could look after, and seldom for a term longer than three months, for to be parted from his money at all gave him physical pain. He had once suffered great anxiety over a loan to his eldest brother of thirty pounds. But in the end James had paid it all back.

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He could still feel tingling through him the passionate joy with which he had counted out the recovered sovereigns, with the extra three half-sovereigns of interest.

Muster Drew indeed! John fell into an angry inward argument against his suggestion of the savings bank. It was an argument he had often rehearsed, often declaimed, and at bottom it all came to this—without that box under his bed, his life would have sunk to dulness and decrepitude; he would have been merely a pitiful and lonely old man. He had neither wife nor children, all for the hoard's sake; but while the hoard was there, to be handled any hour, he regretted nothing. Besides, there was the peasant's rooted distrust of offices, and paper transactions, of any routine that checks his free will and frightens his inexperience. He was still eagerly thinking when the light began to flood into his room, and before he could compose himself to sleep the women called him.

But he shed no more tears. He saw Eliza die, his companion of forty years, and hardly felt it. What troubled him all through the last scene was the thought that now he should never know why she was so set against "Bessie's 'avin' it."

Scene II

It was, indeed, the general opinion in Clinton Magna that John Bolderfield—or "Borrofull," as the village pronounced it—took his sister-in-law's death too lightly. The women especially pronounced him a hard heart. Here was "poor Eliza" gone, Eliza who had kept him decent and comfortable for forty years, ever since he was a lad, and he could go about whistling, and—to talk to him—as gay as a lark! Yet John contributed handsomely to the burial expenses—Eliza having already, through her burial club, provided herself with a more than regulation interment; and he gave Jim's Louisa her mourning. Nevertheless these things did not avail. It was felt instinctively that he was not beaten down as he ought to have been, and Mrs. Saunders, the smith's wife, was applauded when she said to her neighbors that "you couldn't expeck a man with John Bolderfield's money to have as many feelin's as other people." Whence it would seem that the capitalist is no more truly popular in small societies than in large.

John, however, did not trouble himself about these things. He was hard at work harvesting for Muster Hill's widow, and puzzling his head day and night as to what to do with his box.

When the last field had been carried and the harvest supper was over, he came home late, and wearied out. His working life at Clinton Magna was done; and the family he had worked for so long was broken up in distress and poverty. Yet he felt only a secret exultation. Such toil and effort behind—such a dream-land in front!

Next day he set to work to wind up his affairs. The furniture of the cottage was left to Eliza's son Jim, and the daughter had arranged for the carting of it to the house twelve miles off where her parents lived. She was to go with it on the morrow, and John would give up the cottage and walk over to Frampton, where he had already secured a lodging.

Only twenty-four hours! — and he had not yet decided. Which was it to be—Saunders after all—or the savings bank—or Bessie?

He was cording up his various possessions — a medley lot — in different parcels and bundles when Bessie Costrell knocked at the door. She had already offered to stow away anything he might like to leave with her.

"Well, I thought you'd be busy," she said, as she walked in, "an' I came up to lend a hand. Is them the things you're goin' to leave me to take care on?"

John nodded.

"Field's cart, as takes Louisa's things to-morrer, is a-goin' to deliver these at your place first. They're more nor I thought they would be. But you can put 'em anywheres."

"Oh, I'll see to them."

She sat down and watched him tie the knots of the last parcel.

"There's some people as is real ill-natured," she said, presently, in an angry voice.

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"Aye?" said John, looking up sharply. "What are they sayin' now?"

"It's Muster Saunders. 'Ee's allus sayin' nassty things about other folks. An' there'd be plenty of fault to be found with 'im, if onybody was to try. An' Sally Saunders eggs him on dreadful."

Saunders was the village smith, a tall, brawny man, of great size and corresponding wisdom, who had been the village arbiter and general councillor for a generation. There was not a will made in Clinton Magna that he did not advise upon; not a bit of conscientious business that he had not a share in; not a family history that he did not know. His probity was undisputed; his ability was regarded with awe; but as he had a sharp tongue and was no respecter of persons, there was, of course, an opposition.

John took a seat on the wooden box he had just been cording, and mopped his brow. His full cheeks were crimson, partly with exertion, partly with sudden annoyance.

"What's 'ee been sayin' now? Though it doan't matter a brass farthin' to me what 'ee says."

"He says you 'aven't got no proper feelin's about poor Eliza, an' you'd ought to have done a great deal more for Louisa. But 'ee says you allus were a mean one with your money—an' you knew that *'ee* knew it—for 'ee'd stopped you takin' an unfair advantage more nor once. An' 'ee didn't believe as your money would come to any good; for now Eliza was gone you wouldn't know how to take care on it."

John's eyes flamed.

"Oh! 'ee says that, do 'ee? Well, Saunders wor allus a beast—an' a beast 'ee'll be."

He sat with his chin on his large, dirty hands, ruminating furiously.

It was quite true that Saunders had thwarted him more than once. There was old Mrs. Moulsey at the shop, when she wanted to buy those cottages in Potter's Row — and there was Sam Field, the higgler—both of them would have borrowed from him if Saunders hadn't cooled them off. Saunders said it was a Jew's interest he was asking—because there was security — but he wasn't going to accept a farthing less than his shilling a pound for three months—not he! So they might take it or leave it. And Mrs. Moulsey got hers from the Building Society, and Sam Field made shift to go without. And John Bolderfield was three pounds poorer that quarter than he need have been — all along of Saunders. And now Saunders was talking "agen him" like this—blast him!

"Oh, an' then he went on," pursued Bessie, with gusto, "about your bein' too ignorant to put it in the post-office. 'Ee said you'd think Edwards would go an' spend it" (Edwards was the postmaster), "an' then he laughed fit to split 'imself. Yer couldn't see more nor the length of your own nose, he said—it was edication *you* wanted. As for 'im, 'ee said, 'ee'd have kep' it for you if you'd asked him, but you'd been like a bear with a sore 'ead, 'ee said, ever since Mrs. Moulsey's affair—so 'ee didn't suppose you would."

"Well, 'ee's about right there," said John, grimly; "'ee's talkin' sense for onst when 'ee says that. I'd dig a hole in the hill and bury it sooner nor I'd trust it to 'im—I would, by ——" he swore vigorously. "A thievin' set of magpies is all them Saunders—cadgin, 'ere and cadgin' there."

He spoke with fierce contempt, the tacit hatred of years leaping to sight. Bessie's bright brown eyes looked at him with sympathy.

"It was just his nassty spite," she said. "He knew *'ee* could never ha' done it—not what you've done—out o' your wages. Not unless 'ee got Sally to tie 'im to the dresser with ropes so as 'ee couldn't go a-near the 'Spotted Deer 'no more!"

She laughed like a merry child at her own witticism, and John relished it, too, though he was not in a laughing mood.

"Why," continued Bessie with enthusiasm, "it was Muster Drew as said to me the other afternoon, as we was walkin' 'ome from the churchyard, says 'ee, 'Mrs. Costrell, I call it splendid what's John's done — I *do*,' 'ee says. 'A laborer on fifteen shillin's a week —why, it's an example to the county,' 'ee says. 'Ee ought to be showed.'"

John's face relaxed. The temper and

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obstinacy in the eyes began to yield to the weak complacency which was their more normal expression.

There was silence for a minute or two. Bessie sat with her hands on her lap and her face turned toward the open door. Beyond the cherry-red phloxes outside it, the ground fell rapidly to the village, rising again beyond the houses to a great stubble-field, newly shorn. Gleaners were already in the field, their bent figures casting sharp shadows on the golden upland, and the field itself stretched upward to a great wood that lay folded round the top of a spreading hill. To the left, beyond the hill, a wide plain travelled into the sunset, its level spaces cut by the scrawled elms and hedgerows of the nearer landscape. The beauty of it all —the beauty of an English midland— was of a modest and measured sort, depending chiefly on bounties of sun and air, on the delicacies of gentle curves and the pleasant intermingling of wood and corn-field, of light spaces with dark, of solid earth with luminous sky.

Such as it was, however, neither Bessie nor John spared it a moment's attention. Bessie was thinking a hundred busy thoughts. John, on the other hand, had begun to consider her with an excited scrutiny. She was a handsome woman, as she sat in the doorway with her fine brown head turned to the light. But John naturally was not thinking of that. He was in the throes of decision.

"Look 'ere, Bessie," he said, suddenly; "what 'ud you say if I wor to ask Isaac an' you to take care on it?"

Bessie started slightly. Then she looked frankly round at him. She had very keen, lively eyes, and a bright red-brown color on thin cheeks. The village applied to her the epithet which John's thoughts had applied to Muster Hill's widow. They said she was "caselty," which means flighty, haphazard, excitable; but she was popular, nevertheless, and had many friends.

It was, of course, her own settled opinion that her uncle ought to leave that box with her and Isaac; and it had wounded her vanity, and her affection besides, that John had never yet made any such proposal, though she knew— as, indeed, the village knew — that he was perplexed as to what to do with his hoard. But she had never dared to suggest that he should leave it with her, out of fear of Eliza Bolderfield. Bessie was well aware that Eliza thought ill of her and would dissuade John from any such arrangement if she could. And so formidable was Eliza—a woman of the hardest and sourest virtue—when she chose, that Bessie was afraid of her, even on her death-bed, though generally ready enough to quarrel with other people. Nevertheless, Bessie had always felt that it would be a crying shame and slight if she and Isaac did not have the guardianship of the money. She thirsted, perhaps, to make an impression upon public opinion in the village, which, as she instinctively realized held her cheaply. And then, of course, there was the secret thought of John's death and what might come of it. John had always loudly proclaimed that he meant to spend his money, and not leave it behind him. But the instinct of saving, once formed, is strong. John, too, might die sooner than he thought—and she and Isaac had children.

She had come up, indeed, that afternoon, haunted by a passionate desire to get the money into her hands; yet the mere sordidness of "expectations" counted for less in the matter than one would suppose. Vanity, a vague wish to ingratiate herself with her uncle, to avoid a slight—these were, on the whole, her strongest motives. At any rate, when he had once asked her the momentous question, she knew well what to say to him.

"Well, if you arst me," she said, hastily, "of course *we* think as it's only nateral you should leave it with Isaac and me, as is your own kith and kin. But we wasn't goin' to say nothin'; we didn't want to be pushin' of ourselves forward."

John rose to his feet. He was in his shirt-sleeves, which were rolled up. He pulled them down, put on his coat, an air of crisis on his fat face.

"Where 'ud you put it?" he said.

"Yer know that cupboard by the top of the stairs? It 'ud stand there easy. And the cupboard's got a good lock to

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it; but we'd 'ave it seen to, to make sure."

She looked up at him eagerly. She longed to feel herself trusted and important. Her self-love was too often mortified in these respects.

John fumbled round his neck for the bit of black cord on which he kept two keys—the key of his room while he was away, and the key of the box itself.

"Well, let's get done with it," he said. "I'm off to-morrer mornin', six o'clock. You go and get Isaac to come down."

"I'll run," said Bessie, catching up her shawl and throwing it over her head. "He wor just finishin' his tea."

And she whirled out of the cottage, running up the steep road behind it as fast as she could. John was vaguely displeased by her excitement; but the die was cast. He went to make his arrangements.

Bessie ran till she was out of breath. When she reached her own house, a cottage in a side lane above the Bolderfields' cottage and overlooking it from the back, she found her husband sitting with his pipe at the open door and reading his newspaper. Three out of her own four children were playing in the lane, otherwise there was no one about.

Isaac greeted her with a nod and slight lightening of the eyes, which, however, hardly disturbed the habitual sombreness of the face. He was a dark, finely featured man, with grizzled hair, carrying himself with an air of sleepy melancholy. He was much older than his wife, and was a prominent leader in the little Independent chapel of the village. His melancholy could give way on occasion to fits of violent temper. For instance, he had been almost beside himself when Bessie, who had leanings to the Establishment, as providing a far more crowded and entertaining place of resort on Sundays than her husband's chapel, had rashly proposed to have the youngest baby christened in church. Other Independents did it freely—why not she? But Isaac had been nearly mad with wrath, and Bessie had fled upstairs from him, with her baby, and bolted the bedroom door in bodily terror. Otherwise he was a most docile husband — in the neighbors' opinion, docile to absurdity. He complained of nothing, and took notice of little. Bessie's untidy ways left him indifferent; his main interest was in a kind of religious dreaming, and in an Independent paper to which he occasionally wrote a letter. He was gardener at a small house on the hill, and had rather more education than most of his fellows in the village. For the rest, he was fond of his children, and, in his heart of hearts, exceedingly proud of his wife, her liveliness, and her good looks. She had been a remarkably pretty girl when he married her, some eight years after his first wife's death, and there was a great difference of age between them. His two elder children by his first marriage had long since left the home. The girl was in service. It troubled him to think of the boy, who had fallen into bad ways early. Bessie's children were all small, and she herself still young, though over thirty.

When Bessie came up to him she looked round to see that no one could hear. Then she stooped and told her errand in a panting whisper. He must go down and fetch the box at once. She had promised John Borrofull that they would stand by him. They were his own flesh and blood—and the cupboard had a capital lock — and there wasn't no fear of it at all.

Isaac listened to her at first with amazement, then sulkily. She had talked to him often certainly about John's money, but it had made little impression on his dreamer's sense. And now her demand struck him disagreeably.

He didn't want the worrit of other people's money, he said. Let them as owned it keep it; filthy lucre was a snare to all as had to do with it; and it would only bring a mischief to have it in the house.

After a few more of these objections, Bessie lost her temper. She broke into a torrent of angry arguments and reproaches, mainly turning, it seemed, upon a recent visit to the house of Isaac's eldest son. The drunken ne'er-do-weel had given Bessie much to put up with. Oh, yes! — *she* was to be plagued out of her life by Isaac's belongings, and he wouldn't do a pin's

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worth for her. Just let him see next time, that was all.

Isaac smoked vigorously through it all. But she was hammering on a sore point.

"Oh, it's just like yer!" Bessie flung at him at last in desperation. "You're allus the same—a mean-spirited feller, stannin' in yer children's way! 'Ow do *you* know who old John's going to leave his money to? 'Ow do *you* know as he wouldn't leave it to *them* poor innercents"—she waved her hand tragically toward the children playing in the road—"if we was just a bit nice and friendly with him now 'ee's gettin' old? But you don't care, not you!—one 'ud think yer were made o' money—an' that little 'un there not got the right use of his legs!"

She pointed, half crying, to the second boy, who had already shown signs of hip disease.

Isaac still smoked, but he was troubled in his mind. A vague presentiment held him, but the pressure brought to bear upon him was strong.

"I tell yer the lock isn't a good 'un!" he said, suddenly removing his pipe.

Bessie stopped instantly in the middle of another tirade. She was leaning against the door, arms akimbo, eyes alternately wet and flaming.

"Then, if it isn't," she said, with a triumphant change of tone, "I'll soon get Flack to see to it—it's nobbut a step. I'll run up after supper."

Flack was the village carpenter.

"An' there's mother's old box as takes up the cupboard," continued Isaac, gruffly.

Bessie burst out laughing.

"Oh! yer old silly," she said. "As if they couldn't stand one top o' the t'other. Now, do just go, Isaac—there's a lovey! 'Ee's waitin' for yer. Whatever did make yer so contrairy? Of course I didn't mean nothin' I said—an' I don't mind Timothy, nor nothin'."

Still he did not move.

"Then I s'pose yer want everybody in the village to know?" he said with sarcasm.

Bessie was taken aback.

"No—I—don't—" she said, undecidedly—'I don't know what yer mean."

"You go back and tell John as I'll come when it's dark, an', if he's not a stupid, he won't want me to come afore."

Bessie understood and acquiesced. She ran back with her message to John.

At half-past eight, when it had grown almost dark, Isaac descended the hill. John opened the door to his knock.

"Good-evenin', Isaac. Yer'll take it, will yer?"

"If you can't do nothin' better with it," said Isaac, unwillingly. "But in gineral I'm not partial on keepin' other folk's money."

John liked him all the better for his reluctance.

"It'll give yer no trouble," he said. "You lock it up, an' it 'll be all safe. Now, will yer lend a hand?"

Isaac stepped to the door, looked up the lane, and saw that all was quiet. Then he came back, and the two men raised the box.

As they crossed the threshold, however, the door of the next cottage—which belonged to Watson, the policeman—opened suddenly. John, in his excitement, was so startled that he almost dropped his end of the box.

"Why, Bolderfield," said Watson's cheery voice, "what have you got there? Do you want a hand?"

"No, I don't—thank yer kindly," said John, in agitation. "An', if *you* please, Muster Watson, don't yer say nothin' to nobody."

The burly policeman looked from John to Isaac, then at the box. John's hoard was notorious, and the officer of the law understood.

"Lor' bless yer," he said, with a laugh, "I'm safe. Well, good-evenin' to yer, if I can't be of any assistance."

And he went off on his beat.

The two men carried the box up the hill. It was in itself a heavy, old-fashioned affair, strengthened and bottomed with iron. Isaac wondered whether the weight of it were due more to the box or to the money. But he said nothing. He had no idea how much John might have saved, and would not have asked him the direct question for

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the world. John's own way of talking about his wealth was curiously contradictory. His "money" was rarely out of his thoughts or speech, but no one had ever been privileged for many years now to see the inside of his box, except Eliza once; and no one but himself knew the exact amount of the hoard. It delighted him that the village gossips should double or treble it. Their estimates only gave him the more ground for vague boasting, and he would not have said a word to put them right.

When they reached the Costrells' cottage, John's first care was to examine the cupboard. He saw that the large wooden chest filled with odds and ends of rubbish which already stood there was placed on top of his own box. Then he tried the lock, and pronounced it adequate; he didn't want to have Flack meddling round. Now, at the moment of parting with his treasure, he was seized with a sudden fever of secrecy. Bessie meanwhile hovered about the two men, full of excitement and loquacity. And the children, shut into the kitchen, wondered what could be the matter.

When all was done, Isaac locked the cupboard, and solemnly presented the key to John, who added it to the other round his neck. Then Bessie unlocked the kitchen, and set the children flying, to help her with the supper. She was in her most bustling and vivacious mood, and she had never cooked the bloaters better or provided a more ample jug of beer. But John was silent and depressed.

He took leave at last with many sighs and lingerings. But he had not been gone half an hour, and Bessie and Isaac were just going to bed, when there was a knock at the door, and he reappeared.

"Let me lie down there," he said, pointing to a broken-down old sofa that ran under the window. "I'm lonesome somehow, and I've told Louisa." His white hair and whiskers stood out wildly round his red face. He looked old and ill, and the sympathetic Bessie was sorry for him.

She made him a bed on the sofa, and he lay there all night, restless, and sighing heavily. He missed Eliza more than he had done yet, and was oppressed with a vague sense of unhappiness. Once, in the middle of the night when all was still, he stole upstairs in his stocking feet and gently tried the cupboard door. It was quite safe, and he went down contented.

An hour or two later he was off, trudging to Frampton through the August dawn, with his bundle on his back.

Scene III

Some five months passed away.

One January night the Independent minister of Clinton Magna was passing down the village street. Clinton lay robed in light snow, and "sparkling to the moon." The frozen pond beside the green, though it was nearly eight o'clock, was still alive with children, sliding and shouting. All around the gabled roofs stood laden and spotless. The woods behind the village, and those running along the top of the snowy hill, were meshed in a silvery mist which died into the moonlit blue, while in the fields the sharpness of the shadows thrown by the scattered trees made a marvel of black and white.

The minister, in spite of a fighting creed, possessed a measure of gentler susceptibilities, and the beauty of this basin in the chalk hills, this winter triumphant, these lights of home and fellowship in the cottage windows disputing with the forlornness of the snow, crept into his soul. His mind travelled from the physical purity and hardness before him to the purity and hardness of the inner life—the purity that Christ blessed, the "hardness" that the Christian endures. And such thoughts brought him pleasure as he walked—the mystic's pleasure.

Suddenly he saw a woman cross the snowy green in front of him. She had come from the road leading to the hill, and her pace was hurried. Her shawl was muffled round her head, but he recognized her, and his mood fell. She was the wife of Isaac Costrell, and she was hurrying to the "Spotted Deer," a public-house which lay just beyond the village, on the road to the mill. Al-

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ready several times that week had he seen her going in or coming out. Talk had begun to reach him, and he said to himself to-night as he saw her, that Isaac Costrell's wife was going to ruin.

The thought oppressed him, pricked his pastoral conscience. Isaac was his right-hand man: dull to all the rest of the world, but not dull to the minister. With Mr. Drew sometimes he would break into talk of religion, and the man's dark eyes would lose their film. His big troubled self spoke with that accent of truth which lifts common talk and halting texts to poetry. The minister, himself more of a pessimist than his sermons showed, felt a deep regard for him. Could nothing be done to save Isaac's wife and Isaac? Not so long ago Bessie Costrell had been a decent woman, though a flighty and excitable one. Now some cause, unknown to the minister, had upset a wavering balance, and was undoing a life.

As he passed the public-house a man came out, and through the open door Mr. Drew caught a momentary glimpse of the bar and the drinkers. Bessie's handsome, reckless head stood out an instant in the bright light.

Then Drew saw that the man who had emerged was Watson the policeman. They greeted each other cordially and walked on together. Watson also was a member of the minister's flock. Mr. Drew felt suddenly moved to unburden himself.

"That was Costrell's wife, wasn't it, poor thing?"

"Aye, it wor Mrs. Costrell," said Watson, in the tone of concern natural to the respectable husband and father.

The minister sighed. "It's terrible the way she's gone down hill the last three months. I never pass almost but I see her going in there or coming out."

"No," said Watson slowly, "no, it's bad. What I'd like to know," he added, reflectively, "is where she gets the money from."

"Oh, she had a legacy, hadn't she, in August? It seems to have been a curse. She has been a changed woman ever since."

"Yes, she had a legacy," said Watson, dubiously; "but I don't believe it was much. She talked big, of course, and made a lot o' fuss—she's that kind o' woman—just as she did about old John's money."

"Old John's money?—Ah! did anyone ever know what became of that?"

"Well, there's many people thinks as Isaac has got it hid in the house somewhere, and there's others thinks he's put it in Bedford bank. Edwards told me private he didn't know nothin' about it at the post-office, an' Bessie told my wife as John had given Isaac the keepin' of it till he come back again; but he'd knock her about, she said, if she'd let on what he'd done with it. That's the story she's allus had, and boastin', of course, dreadful, about John's trustin' them, and Isaac doin' all his business for him."

The minister reflected.—"And you say the legacy wasn't much?"

"Well, sir, I know some people over at Bedford where her aunt lived as left it her, and they were sure it wasn't a good deal; but you never know."

"And Isaac never said?"

"Bless yer, no, sir! He was never a great one for talkin', wasn't Isaac; but you'd think now as he'd never learnt how. He'll set there in the Club of a night and never open his mouth to nobody."

"Perhaps he's fretting about his wife, Watson?"

"Well, I don't believe as he knows much about her goin's-on—not all, leastways. I've seen her wait till he was at his work or gone to the Club, and then run down the hill—tearin'—with her hair flyin'—you'd think she'd gone silly. Oh, it's a bad business," said Watson, strongly, "an uncommon bad business—all them young children, too."

"I never saw her drunk, Watson."

"No—yer wouldn't. Nor I, neither. But she'll treat half the parish if she gets the chance. I know many young fellers as go to the 'Spotted Deer' just because they know she'd treat 'em. She's a-doin' of it now—there's lots of 'em. And allus changin' such a queer lot o' money, too—old half crowns—years and years old—King George III., sir. No—it's strange—very strange."

The two walked on into the darkness still talking.

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Meanwhile, inside the "Spotted Deer" Bessie Costrell was treating her hangers-on. She had drunk one glass of gin and water—it had made a beauty of her in the judgment of the tap-room, such a kindling had it given to her brown eyes and such a redness to her cheek. Bessie, in truth, had reached her moment of physical prime. The marvel was that there were no lovers in addition to the drinking and the extravagance. But the worst of the village scandal-mongers knew of none. Since this new phase of character in her had developed, she would drink and make merry with any young fellow in the place, but it went no farther. She was *bonne camarade* with all the world—no more. Perhaps at bottom some coolness of temperament protected her; nobody, at any rate, suspected that it had anything to do with Isaac, or that she cared a ha'porth for so lugubrious and hypocritical a husband.

She had showered drinks on all her friends, and had, moreover, chattered and screamed herself hoarse, when the church-clock outside slowly struck eight. She started, changed countenance, and got up to pay at once.

"Why, there's another o' them half-crowns o' yourn, Bessie," said a consumptive-looking girl in a bedraggled hat and feathers, as Mrs. Costrell handed her coin to the landlord. "Wheriver do yer get 'em?"

"If yer don't ask no questions, I won't tell yer no lies," said Bessie, with quick impudence. "Where did you get them hat and feathers?"

There was a coarse laugh from the company. The girl in the hat reddened furiously, and she and Bessie—both of them in a quarrelsome state—began to bandy words.

Meanwhile the landlord was showing the coin to his assistant at the bar.

"Rum, ain't it? I niver seed one o' them pieces in the village afore this winter, an' I've been 'ere twenty-two year come April."

A decent-looking laborer, who did not often visit the "Spotted Deer," was leaning over the bar and caught the words.

"Well then, I 'ave," he said, promptly. "I mind well as when I were a lad, sixteen year ago, my faythe borrered a bit o' money off John Bolderfield, to buy a cow with—an' there was 'arf of it in them 'arf-crowns."

Those standing near overheard. Bessie and the girl stopped quarrelling. The landlord, startled, cast a sly eye in Bessie's direction. She came up to the bar.

"What's that yer sayin'?" she demanded. The man repeated his remark.

"Well, I dessay there was," said Bessie—"I dessay there was. I s'pose there's plenty of 'em. Where do I get 'em?—why, I get 'em at Bedford, of course, when I goes for my money."

She looked round defiantly. No one said anything; but everybody instinctively suspected a lie. The sudden silence was striking.

"Well, give me my change, will yer?" she said, impatiently, to the landlord. "I can't stan' here all night."

He gave it to her, and she went out, showering reckless good-nights, to which there was little response. The door had no sooner closed upon her than everyone in the tap-room pressed round the bar in a close gathering of heads and tongues.

Bessie ran across the green and began to climb the hill at a rapid pace. Her thin woollen shawl blown back by the wind left her arms and bosom exposed. But the effects of the spirit in her veins prevented any sense of cold, though it was a bitter night.

Once or twice, as she toiled up the hill, she gave a loud, sudden sob.

"Oh, my God!" she said to herself. "My God!"

When she was half way up she met a neighbor.

"Have yer seen Isaac?" Bessie asked her, panting.

"'Ee's at the Club, arn't 'ee?" said the woman. "Well, they won't be up yet. Jim tolt me as Muster Perris"—Muster Perris was the vicar of Clinton Magna—"'ad got a strange gen'leman stayin' with 'im, and was goin' to take him into the Club to-night to speak to 'em. 'Ee's a bishop, they ses—someun from furrin parts."

Bessie threw her good-night and climbed on.

When she reached the cottage the

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lamp was flaming on the table and the fire was bright. Her lame boy had done all she had told him, and her miserable heart softened. She hurriedly put out some food for Isaac. Then she lit a candle and went up to look at the children. They were all asleep in the room to the right of the stairs—the two little boys in one bed, the two little girls in the other, each pair huddled together against the cold, like dormice in a nest. Then she looked, conscience-stricken, at the untidiness of the room. She had bought the children a wonderful number of new clothes lately, and the family being quite unused to such abundance, there was no place to keep them in. A new frock was flung down in a corner just as it had been taken off; the kitten was sleeping on Arthur's last new jacket; a smart hat with a bunch of poppies in it was lying about the floor; and under the iron beds could be seen a confusion of dusty boots, new and old. The children were naturally reckless like their mother, and they had been getting used to new things. What excited them now, more than the acquisitions themselves, was that their mother had strictly forbidden them ever to show any of their new clothes to their father. If they did, she would beat them well, she said. That they understood; and life was thereby enriched, not only by new clothes, but by a number of new emotions and terrors.

If Bessie noted the state of the room, she made no attempt to mend it. She smoothed back the hair from the boys' foreheads with a violent, shaky hand, and kissed them all, especially Arthur. Then she went out and closed the door behind her.

Outside she stood a moment on the tiny landing—listening. Not a sound; but the cottage walls were thin. If anyone came along the lane with heavy boots, she must hear them. Very like he would be half an hour yet.

She ran down the stairs and shut the door at the bottom of them, opening into the kitchen. It had no key or she would have locked it; and in her agitation, her state of clouded brain, she forgot the outer door altogether. Hurrying up again, she sat down on the topmost step, putting her candle on the boards beside her. The cupboard at the stair-head where John had left his money was close to her left hand.

As she sank into the attitude of rest, her first instinct was to cry and bemoan herself. Deep in her woman's being great floods of tears were rising, and would fain have spent themselves. But she fought them down, rapidly passing instead into a state of cold terror—terror of Isaac's step—terror of discovery—of the man in the public-house.

There was a mouse-hole in the skirting of the stairs close to the cupboard. She slipped in a finger, felt along an empty space behind, and drew out a key.

It turned easily in the cupboard lock and the two boxes stood revealed, standing apparently just as they stood when John left them. In hot haste Bessie dragged the treasure-box from under the other, starting at every sound in the process, at the thud the old wooden trunk made on the floor of the cupboard as its supporter was withdrawn, at the rustle of her own dress. All the boldness she had shown at the "Spotted Deer" had vanished. She was now the mere trembling and guilty woman.

The lock on Bolderfield's box had been forced long before; it opened to her hand. A heap of sovereigns and half-sovereigns lay on one side, divided by a wooden partition from the few silver coins, crowns and half-crowns, still lying on the other. She counted both the gold and silver, losing her reckoning again and again, because of the sudden anguish of listening that would overtake her.

Thirty-six pounds on the one side, not much more than thirty shillings on the other. When John left it there had been fifty-one pounds in gold and rather more than twenty pounds in silver, most of it in half-crowns. Ah! she knew the figures well.

Did that man who had spoken to the landlord in the public-house suspect? How strange they had all looked! What a silly fool she had been to change so much of the silver instead of sticking to the gold! Yet she had thought the gold would be noticed more.

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When was old John coming back? He had written once from Frampton to say that he was "laid up bad with the rheumatics," and was probably going into the Frampton Infirmary. That was in November. Since then nothing had been heard of him. John was no scholar. What if he died without coming back? There would be no trouble then, except—except with Isaac.

Her mind suddenly filled with wild visions — of herself marched through the village by Watson, as she had once seen him march a poacher who had mauled one of Mr. Forrest's keepers—of the towering walls of Frampton jail—of a visible physical shame which would kill her — drive her mad. If, indeed, Isaac did not kill her before anyone but he knew! He had been that cross and glum all these last weeks—never a bit of talk hardly—always snapping at her and the children. Yet he had never said a word to her about the drink—nor about the things she had bought. As to the "things" and the bills, she believed that he knew nothing — had noticed nothing. At home he was always smoking, sitting silent, with dim eyes, like a man in a dream—or reading his father's old books, "good books," which filled Bessie with a sense of dreariness unspeakable—or pondering his weekly paper.

But she believed he had begun to notice the drink. Drinking was universal in Clinton, though there was not much drunkenness. Teetotalers were unknown, and Isaac himself drank his beer freely, and a glass of spirits, like anybody else on occasion. She had been used for years to fetch his beer from the public, and she had been careful. But there were signs——

Oh! if she could only think of some way of putting it back—this thirty odd pounds. She held her head between her hands, thinking and thinking. Couldn't that little lawyer-man to whom she went every month at Bedford, to fetch her legacy money — couldn't he lend it her, and keep her money till it was paid? She could make up a story, and give him something for himself to induce him to hold his tongue. She had thought of this often before, but never so urgently as now. She would take the carrier's cart to Bedford next day, while Isaac was at work, and try.

Yet all the time despair was at her heart. So hard to undo! Yet how easy it had been to take and to spend. She thought of that day in September, when she had got the news of her legacy—six shillings a week from an old aunt—her father's aunt, whose very existence she had forgotten. The wild delight of it! Isaac got sixteen shillings a week in wages—here was nearly half as much again. She was warned that it would come to an end in two years. But none the less it seemed to her a fortune—and all her life, before it came, mere hard pinching and endurance. She had always been one to spend where she could. Old John had often rated her for it. So had Isaac. But that was his money. This was hers, and he who, for religious reasons, had never made friends with or thought well of any of her family, instinctively disliked the money which had come from them, and made few inquiries into the spending of it.

Oh! the joy of those first visits to Frampton, when all the shops had seemed to be there for her, and she their natural mistress! How ready people had been to trust her in the village! How tempting it had been to brag and make a mystery! That old skinflint, Mrs. Moulsey, at "the shop," she had been all sugar and sweets *then*.

And a few weeks later — six, seven weeks later — about the beginning of October, these halcyon days had all come to an end. She owed what she could not pay—people had ceased to smile upon her—she was harassed, excited, worried out of her life.

Old familiar wonder of such a temperament! How can it be so easy to spend, so delightful to promise, and so unreasonably, so unjustly difficult to pay?

She began to be mortally afraid of Isaac—of the effect of disclosures. One night she was alone in the cottage, almost beside herself under the pressure of one or two claims she could not meet—one claim especially, that of a little jeweller, from whom she had bought a gold ring and a brooch at Frampton—

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when the thought of John's hoard swept upon her—clutched her like something living and tyrannical, not to be shaken off.

It struck her all in an instant that there was another cupboard in the little parlor, exactly like that on the stairs. The lower cupboard had a key—what if it fitted?

The Devil must have been eager and active that night, for the key turned in the lock with a smoothness that made honesty impossible, almost foolish. And the old, weak lock on the box itself—why, a chisel had soon made an end of that! Only five minutes—it had been so quick—there had been no trouble. God had made no sign at all.

Since! All the village smiles — the village flatteries recovered — an orgie of power and pleasure — new passions and excitements—above all, the rising passion of drink, sweeping in storms through a weak nature that alternately opened to them and shuddered at them. And through everything the steadily dribbling away of the hoard—the astonishing ease and rapidity with which the coins—gold or silver—had flowed through her hands! How could one spend so much in meat and dress, in beer and gin, in giving other people beer and gin? How was it possible? She sat lost in miserable thoughts, a mist round her. . . .

"Wal, I niver!" said a low, astonished voice at the foot of the stairs.

Bessie rose to her feet with a shriek, the heart stopping in her breast. The door below was ajar, and through the opening peered a face — the vicious, drunken face of her husband's eldest son, Timothy Costrell.

The man below cast one more look of amazement at the woman standing on the top stair, at the candle behind her, at the open box. Then an idea struck him: he sprang up the stairs at a bound.

"By gosh!" he said, looking down at the gold and silver. "*By gosh!*"

Bessie tried to thrust him back. "What are you here for?" she asked, fiercely, her trembling lips the color of the whitewashed wall behind. "You get off at onst, or I'll call yer father."

He pushed her contemptuously aside. The swish of her dress caught the candle, and by good fortune put it out, or she would have been in a blaze. Now there was only the light from the paraffin lamp in the kitchen below striking upward through the open door.

She fell against the doorway of her bedroom, panting and breathless, watching him.

He seated himself in her place, and stooped to look at the box. On the inside of the lid was pasted a discolored piece of paper, and on the paper was written, in a round, laborious hand, the name, "John Bolderfield."

"My blazes!" he said slowly, his bloodshot eyes opening wider than ever. "It's old John's money! So yo've been after it, eh?"

He turned to her with a grin, one hand on the box. He had been tramping for more than three months, during which time they had heard nothing of him. His filthy clothes scarcely hung together. His cheeks were hollow and wolfish. From the whole man there rose a sort of exhalation of sodden vice. Bessie had seen him drunken and out at elbows before, but never so much of the beast as this.

However, by this time she had somewhat recovered herself, and, approaching him, she stooped and tried to shut the box.

"You take yourself off," she said, desperately, pushing him with her fist. "That money's no business o' yourn. It's John's, an' he's coming back directly. He gave it to us to look after, an' I wor countin' it. March!—there's your father comin'!"

And with all her force she endeavored to wrench his hand away. He tore it from her, and hit out at her backward—a blow that sent her reeling against the wall.

"Yo' take yer meddlin' fist out o' that!" he said. "Father ain't comin', and if he wor, I 'spect I could manage the two on yer— *Keowntin'* it—" he mimicked her. "Oh! yer a precious innercent, ain't yer? But I know all about yer. Bless yer, I've been in at the 'Spotted Deer' to-night, and there worn't nothin' else talked of but yo' and yo'r goin's on. There won't be a tongue in the place to-morrow that won't be a-waggin' about yer — yo'r a public

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charickter, yo' are—they'll be sendin' the reporters down on yer for a hinterview. 'Where the devil do she get the money?' they says."

He threw his curly head back and laughed till his sides shook.

"Lor', I didn't think I wor going to know quite so soon! 'An' sich queer 'arf-crowns,' they ses, 'as she keeps a-changin'.' Jarge somethin' — an old cove in a wig. An 'ere they is, I'll be blowed—some on 'em. Well, yer a nice 'un, yer are!"

He stared her up and down with a kind of admiration.

Bessie began to cry feebly—the crying of a lost soul.

"Tim, if yer'll go away and hold yer tongue, I'll give yer five o' them suverins, and not tell yer father nothin'."

"Five on 'em?" he said, grinning. "Five on 'em, eh?"

And dipping his hand into the box he began deliberately shovelling the whole hoard into his trousers and waistcoat pocket.

Bessie flung herself upon him. He gave her one business-like blow which knocked her down against the bedroom door. The door yielded to her fall, and she lay there half stunned, the blood dripping from her temple.

"Noa, I'll not take 'em all," he said, not even troubling to look where she had fallen. "That 'u'd be playin' it raythor too low down on John. I'll leave 'im two—jest two—for luck."

He buttoned up his coat tightly, then turned to throw a last glance at Bessie. He had always disliked his father's second wife, and his sense of triumph was boundless.

"Oh! yer not hurt," he said; "yer shammin'. I advise yer to look sharp with shuttin' up. Father'll be up the hill in two or three minutes now. Sorry I can't 'elp yer, now yer've set me up so comfortabul. Bye-bye!"

He ran down the stairs. She, as her senses revived, heard him open the back-door, cross the little garden, and jump the hedge at the end of it.

Then she lay absolutely motionless, till suddenly there struck on her ear the distant sound of heavy steps. They roused her like a goad. She dragged herself to her feet, shut the box, had just time to throw it into the cupboard and lock the door, when she heard her husband walk into the kitchen. She crept into her own room, threw herself on the bed, and wrapped her head and eyes in an old shawl, shivering so that the mattresses shook.

"Bessie, where are yer?"

She did not answer. He made a sound of astonishment, and, finding no candle, took the lamp and mounted the stairs. They were covered with traces of muddy snow, and at the top he stooped to examine a spot upon the boards. It was blood; and his heart thumped in his breast.

"Bessie, whatever is the matter?"

For by this time he had perceived her on the bed. He put down the lamp and came to the bedside to look at her.

"I've 'ad a fall," she said, faintly. "I tripped up over my skirt as I wor comin' up to look at Arthur. My head's all bleedin'. Get me some water from over there."

His countenance fell sadly. But he got the water, exclaiming when he saw the wound.

He bathed it clumsily, then tied a bit of rag round it, and made her head easy with the pillow. She did not speak, and he sat on beside her, looking at her pale face, and torn, as the silent minutes passed, between conflicting impulses. He had just passed an hour listening to a good man's plain narrative of a life spent for Christ, amid fever-swamps and human beings more deadly still. The Vicar's friend was a missionary bishop, and a High Churchman; Isaac, as a stanch Dissenter by conviction and inheritance, thought ill both of bishops and Ritualists. Nevertheless he had been touched; he had been fired. Deep, though often perplexed instincts in his own heart had responded to the spiritual passion of the speaker. The religious atmosphere had stolen about him, melting and subduing.

And the first effect of it had been to quicken suddenly his domestic conscience; to make him think painfully of Bessie and the children as he climbed the hill. Was his wife going the way of his son? And he, sitting day after day like a dumb dog, instead of striving with her.

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He made up his mind hurriedly. "Bessie," he said, stooping to her and speaking in a strange voice, "Bessie had yer been to Dawson's?"

Dawson was the landlord of the "Spotted Deer."

Bessie was long in answering. At last she said, almost inaudibly,

"Yes."

She fully understood what he meant by the question, and she wondered whether he would fall into one of his rages and beat her.

Instead his hand sought clumsily for hers.

"Bessie, yer shouldn't; yer mustn't do it no more; it'll make a bad woman of yer. I know as I'm not good to live with; I don't make things pleasant to yer; but I've been thinkin'; I'll try if yo'll try."

Bessie burst into tears. It seemed as though her life were breaking within her. Never since their early married days had he spoken to her like this. And she was in such piteous need of comfort, of some strong hand to help her out of the black pit in which she lay. The wild impulse crossed her to sit up and tell him—to throw it all on Timothy, to show him the cupboard and the box. Should she tell him, brave it all now that he was like this? Between them they might find a way—make it good.

Then the thought of the man in the public-house, of the half-crowns, a host of confused and guilty memories, swept upon her. How could she ever get herself out of it? Her heart beat so that it seemed a live creature strangling and silencing her. She was still fighting with her tears and her terror when she heard Isaac say:

"I know yer 'll try, and I'll help yer. I'll be a better husband to yer, I swear I will. Give us a kiss, old woman."

She turned her face, sobbing, and he kissed her cheek.

Then she heard him say in another tone:

"An' I got a bit o' news down at the Club as will 'liven yer up. Parkinson was there; just come over from Frampton to see his mother; an' he says John will be here to-morrow or next day. 'Ee see'd him yesterday—pulled down dreadful—quite the old man, 'ee says. An' John told him as he was comin' 'ome directly to live comfortable."

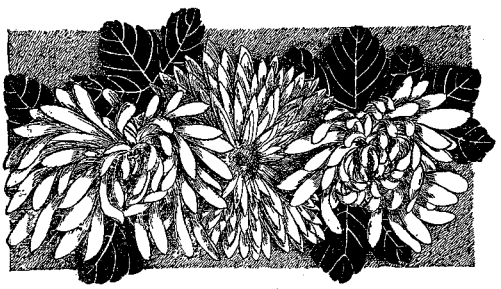
Bessie drew her shawl over her head.

"To-morrer, did yer say?" she asked in a whisper.

"Mos' like. Now you go to sleep; I'll put out the lamp."

But all night long Bessie lay wide awake in torment, her soul hardening within her, little by little.

(To be continued.)



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FOOL'S GOLD

By Edith M. Thomas

I

For gold they delved the rugged mountain side,
For gold they washed the yellow river sand;
With hope, and gleaming ore, the grizzled band
Took up their march across the desert wide.
The journey done, how did their fate deride!
They laid their prize within the chymist's hand,
With narrow gaze their prize the chymist scanned;
At last, "O men, it is fool's gold!" he cried.
Thou Genius of my much-deceivèd day,
I doubt not—I who seek for Truth each where—
If some grim sage my treasure should assay,
I'd fare as ill as did those miners fare!
But it may chance, before his word can slay,
That gentle Death such detriment shall spare.

II

Into thine heart, O friend, I sank a shaft,
And deemed I drew from thence a thousandfold.
If aught thou yieldest me but native gold,
Conceal what thou hast done, with kindly craft.
I care not, I—who shall have frowned, or laughed,
That I such dross for kingly metal hold:
What matters, when my sunlit day is told,
And I have drained the long Lethean draught?
Then, while I live, thy wonted spell yet weave—
Ay, while I live, of thee I do entreat,
If e'er thy lips, thine eyes, thine heart deceive,
They shall deceive me still, in accents sweet.
If thou have mercy, to the lie still cleave,
And leash the truth that runs with swift and cruel feet!

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A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

THE DOWNFALL OF THE CARPET-BAG RÉGIME

DESOLATION OF THE SOUTH
SOME HONEST CARPET-BAGGERS
ANARCHY IN SOUTH CAROLINA
CHAMBERLAIN'S REFORMS
FIGHTING IN ARKANSAS
THE POLAND REPORT
RIOTING AT VICKSBURG
OVERTHROW OF KELLOGG
SHERIDAN'S ATTITUDE
THE WHEELER ADJUSTMENT

THE war left the South in indescribable desolation. Great numbers of Confederates came home to find their farms sold for unpaid taxes, perhaps mortgaged to ex-slaves. The best Southern land, after the war, was worth but a trifle of its old value. Even city real estate was a drug. Many their ruin rendered insane; in multitudes more it broke down all energy. The braver spirits—men to whom till now all toil had been strange—set to work as clerks, depot-masters, and agents of various business enterprises. High-born ladies, widowed by Northern bullets, became teachers or governesses. In the comparatively few cases where families retained their estates, their effort to keep up appearances was pathetic. One by one domestics were dismissed; dinner-parties grew rare; stately coaches lost their paint and became rickety; carriage and saddle horses were worn out at the plough and replaced by mules. At last the master learned to open his own gates, the mistress to do her own cooking.

Upon the whites, in many communities, a kind of moral and social stagnation settled down, an unhealthy, hopeless acquiescence in the worst that might come. Politics they long regarded with abhorrence, as the accursed thing that had brought on the war. Whites, as well as negroes, drank recklessly. Few of any class cared much for education. In 1874 Alabama had 380,000 citizens who could neither read nor write, of whom more than 100,000 were white. Yet the year before, the public schools in that State, except in the larger cities, had been closed because the State could not pay the teachers. If, to the Africans, education was freer after the war than before, turmoil and poverty left the young Southerners of paler skin little time or disposition for schooling. The determination, when it came, of the Southern whites to rule, sad as were the atrocities to which it led, was a good sign, marking the end of a lethargy which boded naught but ill to any.

The South had still, as always, a class of swaggering whites, the kind who earlier said that "the Yankees would back up against the North Pole before they would fight." Once previous to the war, Hon. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, journeying from New Orleans to Washington, passed through South Carolina. He subsequently related his experience. "But one man," he said, "boarded the cars on the route through that unpopulous piny-wooded land. He was dressed in full regimen-

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tals, and entered the smoking-car with the mien of a Cambyses or a Murat. I joined this splendid soldier in the smoking-car. I offered him a fresh cigar to engage him in conversation, and began to question him. 'May I ask,' said I, meekly, 'what is going on in this State?' Tossing his head in proud disdain, he replied: 'Going on, suh? We won't stand it no mo', suh! The Governor has sent for his staff to meet with him and consult about it in Columbia, suh! I am one of his staff, suh! We won't stand it any longer, suh! No, suh! It is intolerable, suh! No, suh!' 'Stand what?' I asked, in surprise, not unmixed with dread. 'What is going on?' He answered: 'Stand the encroachments on our Southern institutions, suh! The abolitionists must be crushed, suh! We will do it, suh! South Carolina is ready, suh!'" *

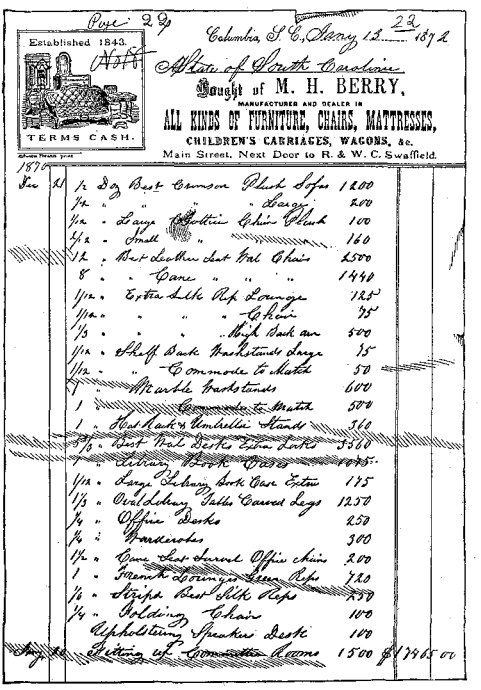
In reconstruction times Southern heroes of this stamp turned up as scalawags.

Soon after the reconstruction of his State, at a public meeting in celebration of the event, Wade Hampton advised the blacks to seek political affiliation with the best native whites, as both races equally wished order and prosperity restored. Beverly Nash, colored, addressed the meeting, urging the same. His people, he said, recognized the Southern white man as their "true friend," and he wished all the Confederates re-enfranchised. In this temper colored men formed the Union Republican party of South Carolina, and adopted a platform free from rancor.

GOOD AND BAD CARPET-BAGGERS

UNFORTUNATELY, such chance for affiliation was lost. Causes were at work which soon lessened Sambo's respect for "Old Massa," and "Old Massa's" for Sambo. Republicans from the North flocked to the South, whom the blacks, viewing them as representing the emancipation party, naturally welcomed and followed. There were honest carpet-baggers, no doubt, but most such were idealists, little likely to reconcile the races, nearly certain to be misled by their shrewd but unprincipled colleagues. The good and the bad alike did their best to inflame the negro's sense of independence and to engage him in politics. His former wrongs were dwelt upon and the ballot held up as a providential means of righting them. The negro was too apt a pupil. "The reformers complain of taxes being too high," said Beverly Nash in 1874, after he had become State Senator; "I tell you that they are not high enough. I want them taxed until they put those lands back where they belong, into the hands of those who worked for them. You worked for them; you labored for them and were sold to pay for them, and you ought to have them."

The tendency of such exhortation was most vicious. In their days of serfdom the negroes' besetting sin had been thievery. Now that the opportunities for this were multiplied, the fear of punishment gone, and the carpet-bagger at hand to encourage it, the prevalence of public and private stealing was not strange. The colored legislators of South Carolina furnished the State


Established 1843.
TERMS CASH.
Columbia, S. C., January 13 1872
State of South Carolina
Bought of M. H. BERRY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES,
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, WAGONS, &c.
Main Street, Next Door to R. & W. C. Swaffield.
1872
Dec 21 1 Doz Best Crimson Plush Sofas 1200
1/2 " " " Damask 200
1/2 " Large Gothic Chairs Plush 100
1/2 " Small " " 160
12 " Best Leather seat Mat Chairs 2500
8 " Cane " " " 1440
1/2 " Extra Silk Rep Lounges 125
1/2 " " " Chairs 75
1/3 " " " Mich Back ans 500
1/2 " Shelf Back Washstands Large 75
1/2 " " Commode to Match 50
" " Marble Backstands 600
1 " Commode to Match 500
1 " Hat Rack & Umbrella Stands 300
1/2 " Best Walk Bedsteads Iron Posts 3500
" " Iron Work Posts 1000
1/2 " Large Library Work Case Extra 175
1/3 " Oval Library Tables Carved Legs 1250
1/4 " Office Desks 250
1/4 " Washstands 300
1/2 " Cane Seat Carved Office Chairs 200
1 " Mahogany Dining Tables 720
1/2 " Stripe Best Silk Reps 550
1/4 " Rocking Chairs 100
Upholstering Speakers Desk 100
Fitting up Committee Rooms 1500
Rec'd Payment $17965 00

Facsimile of a Bill for Furnishing the State House at Columbia, S. C., in 1872.

* S. S. Cox: Three Decades of Federal Legislation.

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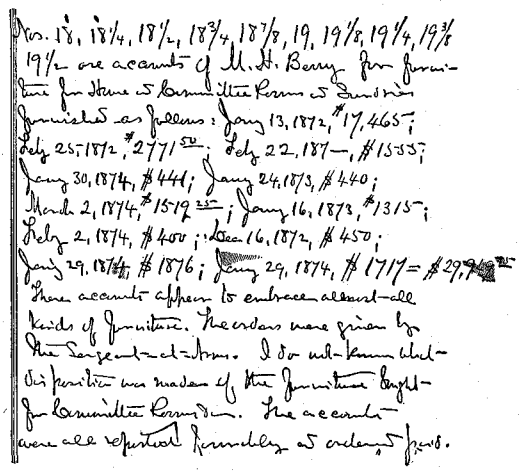
House with gorgeous clocks at $480 each, mirrors at $750, and chandeliers at $650. Their own apartments were a barbaric display of gewgaws, carpets, and upholstery. The minority of a congressional committee recites that "these ebony statesmen" purchased a lot of imported china cuspidors at $8 apiece, while senators and representatives "at the glorious capital of the nation" had to be "content with a plain earthenware article of domestic manufacture." The contingent funds voted in South Carolina during the six years before 1875, aggregated $376,000. The bills for public printing during the same years ran up to $1,104,000—for three years of that time amounting to a thousand dollars a day.

Of the Palmetto State Solons in 1873 an eye-witness wrote: "They are as quick as lightning at points of order, and they certainly make incessant and extraordinary use of their knowledge. No one is allowed to talk five minutes without interruption, and one interruption is the signal for another and another, until the original speaker is smothered under an avalanche of them. Forty questions of privilege will be raised in a day. At times nothing goes on but alternating questions of order and of privilege. The inefficient colored friend who sits in the Speaker's chair cannot suppress this extraordinary element in the debate. Some of the blackest members exhibit a pertinacity in raising these points of order and questions of privilege that few white men can equal. Their struggles to get the floor, their bellowings and physical contortions, baffle description. The

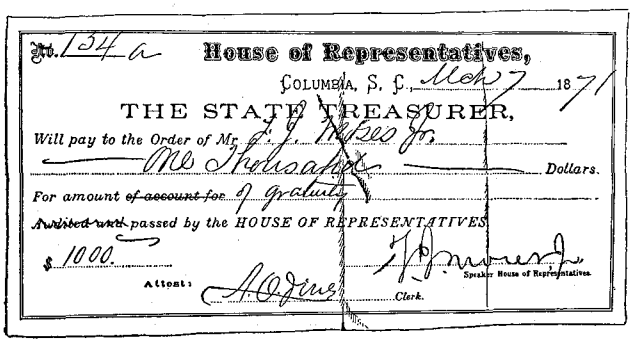


Summary of the Amounts Paid to One Firm for Furniture by the South Carolina Legislature of 1872–74.

From the Report of the Investigating Committee.

Speaker's hammer plays a perpetual tattoo, all to no purpose. The talking and interruptions from all quarters go on with the utmost license. Everyone esteems himself as good as his neighbor, and puts in his oar, apparently as often for love of riot and confusion as for anything else. The Speaker orders a member, whom he has discovered to be particularly unruly, to take his seat; the member obeys, and with the same motion that he sits down, throws his feet on to his desk, hiding himself from the Speaker by the soles of his boots."

Around the State House, during the session of a Legislature in which were colored representatives, a dense crowd of open-mouthed negroes would stand, rain or shine, and stare at the walls from hour to hour, day after day. In one State election in South Carolina, Judge Carpenter, an old South Carolinian and a Republican, ran in opposition to the carpet-bag candidate. Against him it was charged that if he were elected he would re-enslave the blacks, or that, failing in this, he would not allow their wives and daughters to wear hoop-skirts. Another judge was threat-



No. 134 a **House of Representatives,**

COLUMBIA, S. C., Mch 7 1871

THE STATE TREASURER,

Will pay to the Order of Mr. F. J. Moses Jr.

Mc Thousand ——— Dollars.

For amount ~~of account for~~ of gratuity

~~Invited and~~ passed by the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

$ 1000.

Attest: A. O. Jones, Clerk. F. J. Moses Jr., Speaker House of Representatives.

Facsimile of a "Gratuity" Voted to Governor Moses by the South Carolina Legislature in 1871.

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The South Carolina Legislature of 1873 Passing an Appropriation Bill.

ened with impeachment and summoned before the Legislature above described, because he had "made improper reflections on a colored woman of doubtful character."

How baneful the doings of such lawmakers were in the South is partly revealed by the accompanying table.

By 1874, in most Southern States, the carpet-bag governments had succumbed. Such States were well on the way to order and prosperity, though breaches of the peace still occurred there oftener than in the North.

DEBTS AND LIABILITIES OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

	At Close of War.	After Reconstruction.	Increase.
Alabama....	$5,939,654.87	$38,381,967.37	$32,442,312.50
Arkansas...	4,036,952.87	19,761,265.62	15,724,312.75
Florida.....	221,000.00	15,763,447.54	15,542,447.54
Georgia	nominal.	50,137,500.00	50,137,500.00
Louisiana...	10,099,074.34	50,540,206.61	40,341,132.27
N. Carolina..	9,699,500.00	34,887,467.85	25,187,967.85
S. Carolina..	5,000,000.00	39,158,914.47	34,158,914.47
Mississippi..	nominal.	20,000,000.00	20,000,000.00
Tennessee ..	20,105,606.66	45,688,263.46	25,582,656.80
Texas.....	nominal.	20,361,000.00	20,361,000.00
Virginia	31,938,144.59	45,480,54.221	13,542,397.62
Total	$87,139,933.33	$380,160,575.13	$293,020,641.80

See Congressional Record, first session Fifty-first Congress, D. 6566.

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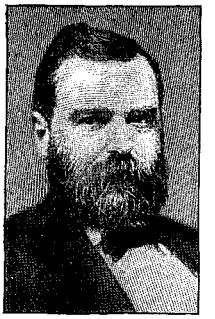
From Alabama, in particular, came startling reports of terrorism. They had some foundation, but were greatly exaggerated by interested or ill-informed persons. In a letter to Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, Hon. Charles Hayes wrote of one Allen as having been beaten by ruffians and threatened with death if he "didn't keep his mouth shut about that d——d Yankee, Billings," who had been assassinated. To a New York *Tribune* correspondent Allen said he had been assaulted by a solitary gentleman, armed only with the weapons of nature, who scratched his face. "Massacred" persons often denied that they had been hurt at all. Such violence as did occur by no means always proceeded from whites. It is well authenticated that colored Democrats were maltreated by colored Republicans. The blacks were often unfriendly to whites, even when these were Republicans. It is quite true that where negroes had lost their political power they received little consideration. Sixteen were taken from a jail in Tennessee and shot by a band of masked horsemen, their bodies being left in the road. The Governor offered a reward for the apprehension of the murderers, when one turned State's evidence and told everything. The others were at once arrested; whether punished does not appear.

W. Beverly Nash.

South Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana were, in 1874, still under carpet-bag sway. Their nearly complete deliverance therefrom during this year and the next forms the subject of the following paragraphs.

In a letter written so early as 1871, General Sherman says:

"I told Grant plainly that the South would go against him *en masse*, though he counts on South Carolina, Louisiana, and Arkansas. I repeated my conviction that all that was vital in the South was against him; that negroes were generally quiescent and could not be relied on as voters when local questions became mixed up with political matters." This was an exact forecast of the actual event in all the States named. In each a reform faction of white Republicans grew up, disgusted with carpet-bag corruption and unwilling longer to limit their political creed to the single article of negro rights. In the face of this quarrel negroes became bewildered and scattered, or withheld their votes, while the Democrats walked into power.



Charles Hayes, of Alabama.

THE TAX BURDEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA

The Carpet-bag Legislature of South Carolina guaranteed $6,000,000 in railroad bonds to subsidize the Greenville & Columbia and the Blue Ridge Railroads, taking mortgages on the roads to cover the amount. Rings of carpet-baggers and native speculators obtained legislation releasing the mortgages but continuing the State's liabilities. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in fraudulent State bank-notes were approved and assumed by the State. Though property in general had lost four-fifths of its ante-bellum value, it paid on the average five times heavier taxes. In 1874, 146 square miles of land were sold for unpaid taxes, and 547 square miles forfeited to the State, some of the latter failing to bring twelve cents an acre. As in Arkansas and in Louisiana the Governor had dangerously

Daniel H. Chamberlain.

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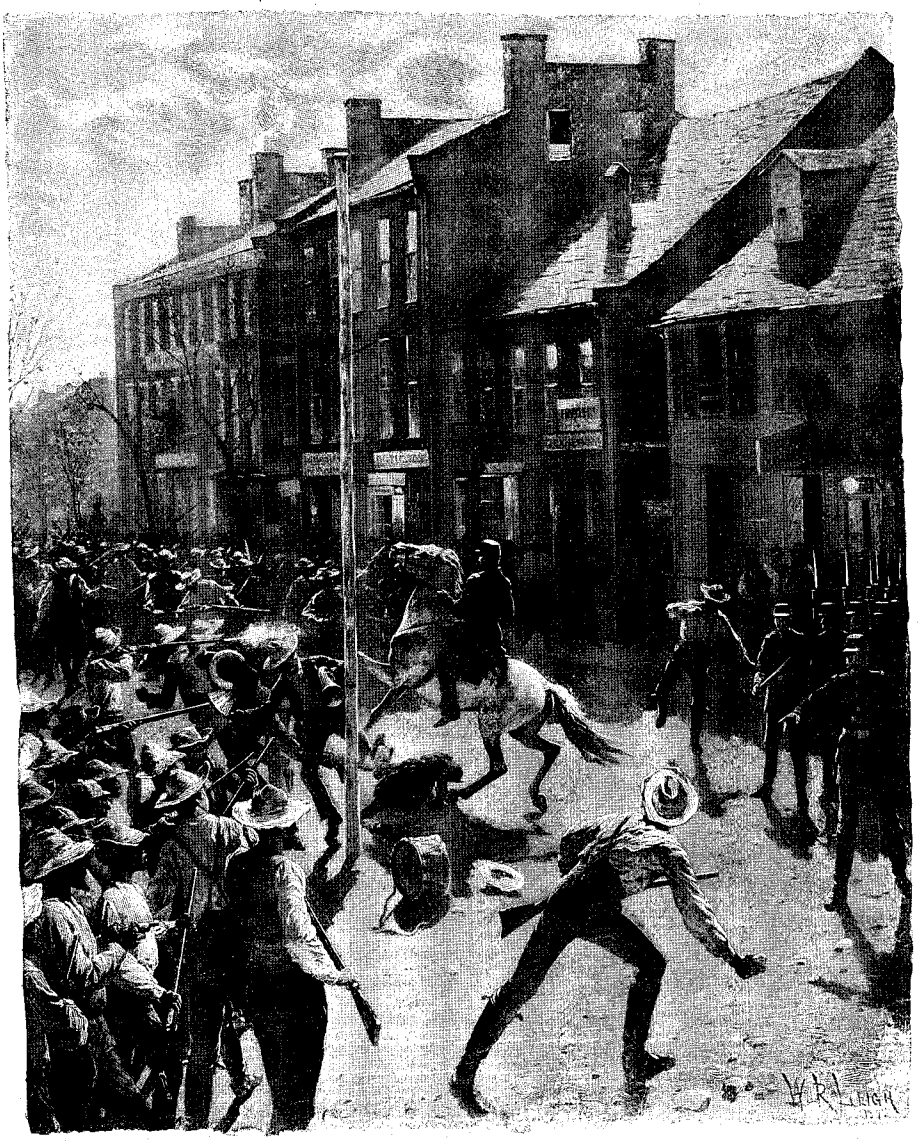
great patronage. Negro felons were pardoned by wholesale for political purposes. Undeserving white convicts could be ransomed for money. Of the three justices on the Supreme Bench one was a carpet-bagger and one a negro. Juries were composed of illiterate and degraded men.

In March, 1874, a committee of the South Carolina Taxpayers' Union waited on President Grant with complaints. He expressed regret at the anarchic condition of South Carolina, but said that as the State government was in complete working order the federal authority was powerless. This appeal, however, favorably affected public opinion. "It shows," said one journal, "that the South cherishes no sullen hostility." Antipathy toward Southerners slowly changed to sympathy. Mr. Elliott, a colored Congressman from South Carolina, warned his constituents that the doings of the State Republicans were



The Beginning of the Conflict in Front of the Anthony House, Little Rock, subsequent to Baxter's Speech to the Colored Regiment.

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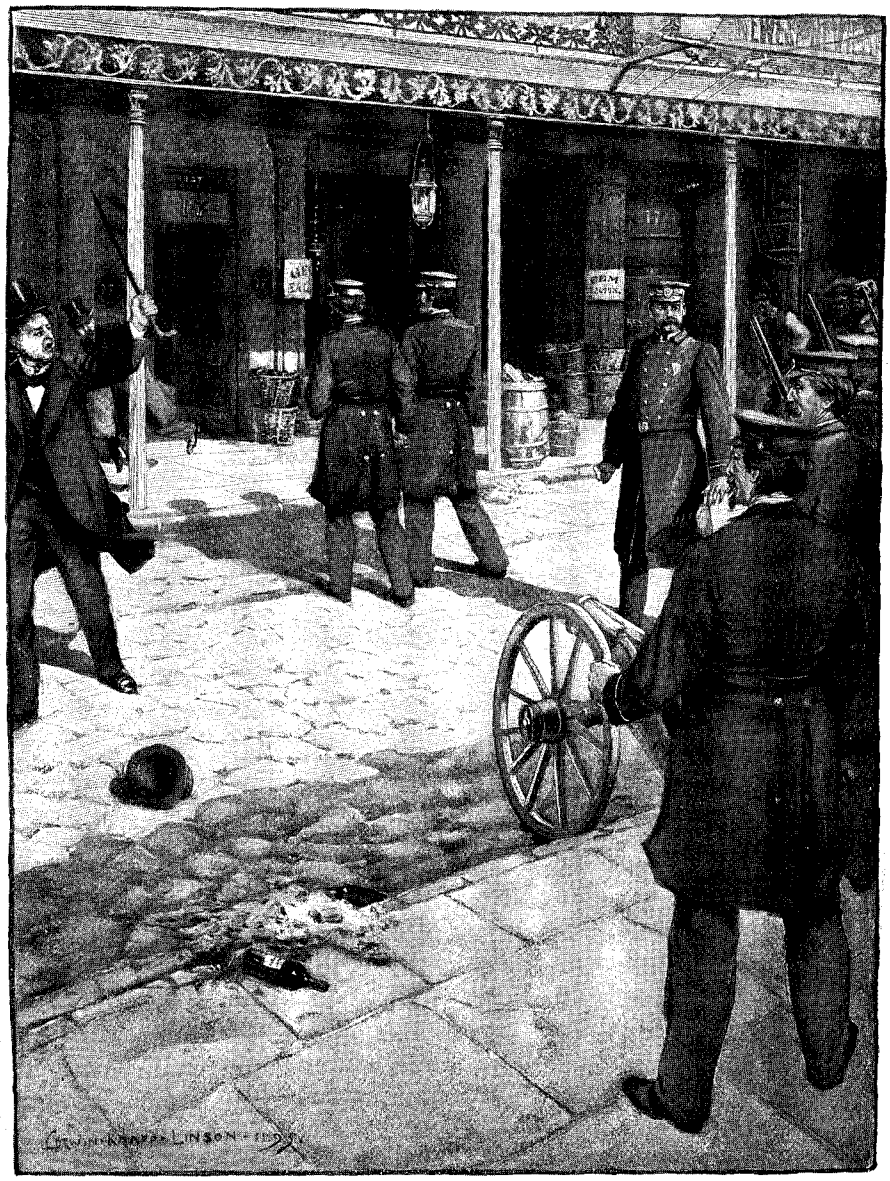

General Badger in Front of the Gem Saloon, New Orleans.*

disapproved by the party in the Nation.

In 1874 the South Carolina Republicans quarrelled. After a hot contest the regular convention nominated Hon. D. H. Chamberlain for Governor, Moses, his predecessor, being set aside. Chamberlain was a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Yale and of the Harvard Law School, who had commanded a regiment of colored cavalry in the war. He was a polished gentleman and an able lawyer. War ended, he became a citizen of South Carolina in time to sit in its Constitutional Convention. The Independent Republicans bolted, and put up for Governor Judge John T. Green, a native South Carolinian, to

* On January 10, 1872, General A. S. Badger, under orders from Governor Warmoth, marched to the Gem Saloon in Royal Street, and demanded the surrender of the Carter Legislature which had made its headquarters there.

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whose standard rallied the entire "reform" element of the State, whether Conservative or Republican.

The Chamberlain ticket was elected. In his inaugural address Governor Chamberlain marked out an able scheme of retrenchment and reform, soon showing, to the astonishment of all, and to the dismay of his supporters, that he was in earnest with it. The enormous power given the executive, apparently that he might abuse it, enabled Chamberlain, spite of his party allies, to effect sweeping improvements. He supplanted dishonest officials with men of integrity, Republicans, if such were available, if not, Democrats. He vetoed corrupt jobs and firmly withheld pardons. Ex-Governor Moses and the infamous Whipper, elected by the Legislature to the Circuit Bench, he refused to commission. Good jurors were selected, and crime and race hatred wonderfully diminished. Like the English in Ireland, Governor Chamberlain learned that an abstractly good government over a community may fit the community very ill. Carpet-bagger, scalawag, and negro, however well intentioned and wisely led, could not in the nature of the case rule South Carolina well. Nevertheless his praiseworthy effort hastened the advent of order by revealing the nature of the evils which needed reforming.

FIGHTING IN ARKANSAS

ARKANSAS was another of the States where exotic government died extremely hard. Its persistence there was due to the strong Union sentiment which had always existed north of the Arkansas River. The State's colored vote was only a quarter of the whole, but was potent in combination with the large white vote which remained Republican till shamed into change. In this State, such were the traditions and training of its citizens, neither faction readily gave way. Many Arkansas people cared little for law. The story goes that a steamboat passenger on an Arkansas river was once approached by a native who told him that he had the night before "been on a frolic with the boys," and in witness thereof showed the passenger a pocketful of human ears.

Augustus H. Garland.

The conflict in Arkansas was between the Liberal-Republicans, called "Brindle-tails," led by James Brooks, and the Radical-Republicans, headed by Baxter. Chief-Justice McClure, nicknamed "Poker Jack," and the United States Senators, Clayton and Dorsey, sided with Baxter. The returns of the 1872 election seemed to make Baxter Governor, but Brooks alleged fraud and sought by every means to change the result. He appealed to the United States Court for a *quo warranto* against Baxter, but it declined to assume jurisdiction in the case; the State Supreme Court also declined. The Legislature could have authorized a contest, but refused to do so. Not disheartened, Brooks sued for and secured from the Circuit Court of Pulaski County, April 15, 1874, a judgment of "ouster" against Baxter, took forcible possession of the State House, and held it with cannon and some hundred and fifty men. Next day Baxter proclaimed martial law, marched two hundred partisans of his into Little Rock and surrounded the State-House. The Federal forces, while neutral, enjoined Brooks from precipitating an armed collision. Re-inforcements from both sides constantly

Chief-Justice John McClure.

Elisha Baxter.

Joseph Brooks.

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came in, making Little Rock for the time a military camp.

A body of Baxter's colored supporters, applauding some utterance of his, were fired into—accidentally, as was said. Indiscriminate shooting ensued, with sanguinary results. Federal forces had to quell the disturbance. Excitement was undiminished until the end of April, breaches of the peace being frequent, though no general engagement occurred. On April 30th took place an action in which Brooks suffered the loss of twenty-five men killed and wounded, some accounts say seventy-one. A week later, and again two days later still, there were sharp skirmishes. The streets of Little Rock were barricaded, and communication with the outside world much impeded. Meantime the agents of the two parties in Washington were engaged in legal and diplomatic fencing, but effort after effort at compromise proved abortive.

Neither side had an inspiring cause. In that poverty-stricken State offices were more numerous and fat than in any other commonwealth of the Union. By the Constitution of 1868 the Governor appointed to five hundred and twenty-six of these posts, besides creating all the justices of the peace and constables. Public expenditures, which, in six years, had amounted to $17,000,000, might, if properly looked after, be made a rich source of revenue to many. A cartoon of the period figured Arkansas as a woman in the grip of two remorseless brigands with pistols levelled at each other. The Legislature, convened by Baxter on the 11th of May, telegraphed for Federal interposition. Grant at once recognized Baxter and his Legislature, and ordered "all turbulent and disorderly persons to disperse."

But the end was not yet. The Poland Committee on Arkansas Affairs, appointed by the National House of Representatives, elicited the fact that Baxter and the leaders of his party, notably Clayton and Dorsey, were no longer on good terms. His disappointing integrity had lost Baxter his "pull" with the Senators and with the Arkansas Supreme Court, presided over by McClure. The following is from the evidence laid before the committee during the summer of 1874:

"*Q.* State what you know as to the origin of the difficulties between Governor Baxter and the leaders of the party that elected him.

"*A.* As I understood it at that time, it originated with an effort on the part of the Republican party proper to carry through the railroad bill. It originated with his opposition to this bill, or with his declaring that he would defeat it.

"*Q.* What was the nature of the bill?

"*A.* There had been $5,200,000 State-aid bonds issued, and the object of the bill was to make the State assume that indebtedness and take in lieu of it railroad bonds.

"*Q.* Was that considered a fair equivalent?

"*A.* It was considered that it would be of no value at all.

"*Q.* What was the general opinion of these bonds, that the State had the benefit of them, or the roads, or the individuals?

"*A.* The impression on the public mind is that the bonds were divided up between the managers of the different railroads."

Baxter's new attitude surprisingly quickened the Supreme Court's sense of jurisdiction. Two of its judges were kidnapped, but escaped, and four days before the Legislature convened, four of the five, though "feeling some delicacy" in doing so, reversed their former denial of jurisdiction, and on May 7, 1874, affirmed the decision of the Circuit Court in Brooks's favor.

The Legislature provided for a constitutional Convention to convene on July 14, 1874, an action overwhelmingly indorsed by the people at the next election. The new Constitution ratified 78,000 to 24,000 in October, swept the Governor's enormous patronage away, as also his power to declare martial law and to suspend *habeas corpus*. The tax-levying and debt-contracting functions of the Legislature were strictly hedged about. The number of offices was to be diminished and all were to be elective. Disfranchisements were abolished. The most important of all the changes related to

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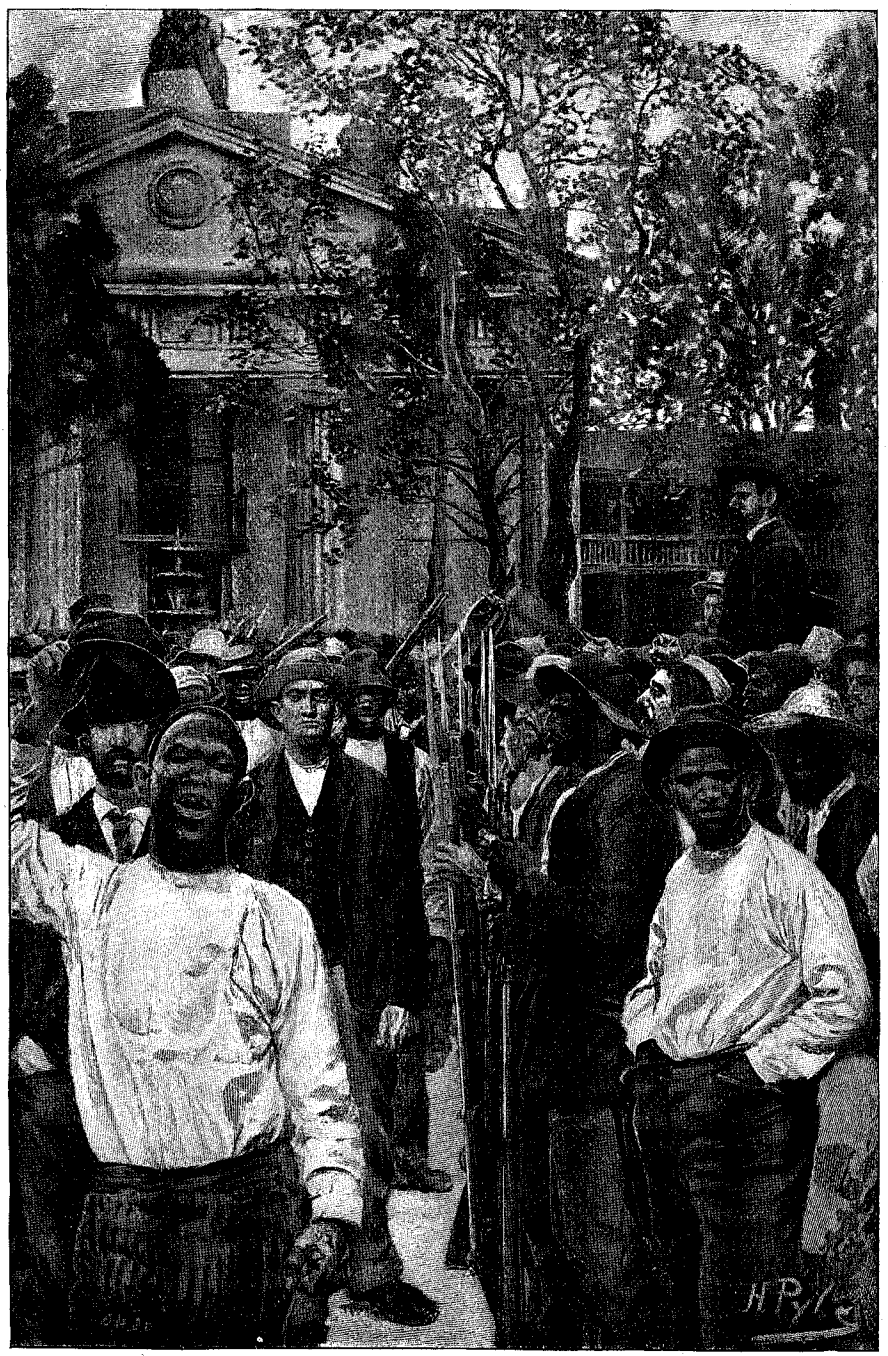

The Brooks Forces Evacuating the State House at Little Rock.

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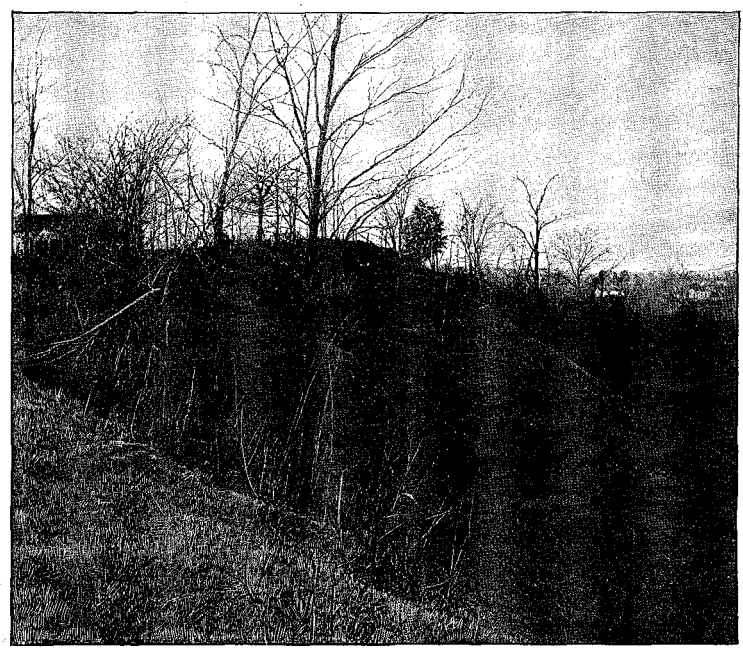
the Returning Board. The old Constitution had vested in this body extraordinary authority, like that given it by statute in Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana. It designated three officers who were to receive all election returns, compile and count them, reject fraudulent and illegal votes, and in case of irregularities in the election, occasioned by fraud or fear in any county or precinct, to correct the result or to reject it and order a new election. The judicial part of this fearful sovereignty was now annulled.

The State Democracy, September 9, 1874, endorsed these changes as "just, liberal, and wise," and offered Baxter the nomination for Governor, which he refused. The opposition cried out that the State was betrayed into the hands of the Ku-klux and White Leagues, that Brooks was the true Governor, and that the new Constitution was revolutionary and void. They made no nominations under it, so that at the election of October 13, 1874, Garland, the Democratic nominee, was elected by a majority of 75,453 votes.

On February 6, 1875, the Poland Committee submitted to the House its report upon the Arkansas imbroglio. It stated that the new Arkansas Constitution was Republican in form and recommended non-interference, saying that while negro citizenship was not relished by the Southern people, few would do ought to disturb it, except certain lawless youths, who should be sternly dealt with. A minority report was signed by Jasper D. Ward, of Illinois, who had gone to Little Rock in company with Dorsey, and had during his entire stay remained at Dorsey's house, where he met few but Brooksites. The President took issue with the Poland Committee. In a special message, two days after its report, he expressed the opinion that Brooks was the legal Governor of Arkansas and the new Constitution revolutionary. Spite of this, however, the House adopted the Poland report, thus, in effect, ending the long broil and suspense Governor Garland at once proclaimed Thursday, March 25, 1875, a day of thanksgiving.

A CONFLICT BETWEEN WHITES AND NEGROES

BEFORE light, on December 7, 1874, the white citizens of Vicksburg, Miss., were roused by the news that armed negroes were approaching the city. They sprang to arms and organized. Just outside the city limits a detachment of whites met a body of two hundred negroes and soon put them to rout, killing six, wounding several, and taking some prisoners. Almost at the



The Scene of the Conflict at the Pemberton Monument, near Vicksburg, December 7, 1874. The negroes were intrenched in the old Federal breastworks at the top of the hill.

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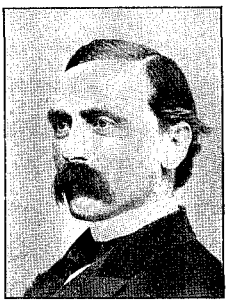
same time a similar engagement was in progress near the monument where Pemberton surrendered to Grant in 1863. The man who headed the citizens says the conflict lasted only a few minutes. The negroes fled in wild disorder, leaving behind twenty killed and wounded. At still other points negro bands were charged upon and routed. By noon the war was over and on the following day business was resumed amid quiet and order. Three whites were killed and three wounded, while of the colored about seventy-five were killed and wounded and thirty or forty made prisoners.



Adalbert Ames.

The causes of this bloody affair were differently recited. An address published by the citizens of Vicksburg on December 12th alleged a series of frauds by certain colored county officials. Some of these had been indicted by a grand jury composed of ten colored and seven white men. Among the accused was George W. Davenport, clerk of the Court of Chancery and a member of the Board of Supervisors. The citizens further declared that the bonds of Sheriff and Tax Collector Crosby were worthless, and also that he had made away with incriminating records to save comrades of his who were under indictment. A mass-meeting was held, December 2d, and the accused officials asked to resign. Davenport fled the county; Crosby yielded. Soon, however, by an inflammatory handbill, over Crosby's name, in which the "Taxpayers" were named a mob of ruffians, barbarians, and political banditti, the colored people of the county were called upon to support him. It was rumored that a rising of blacks was imminent, though Crosby had disowned the pamphlet and promised to bid his adherents disperse. Governor Ames proclaimed a state of riot and disorder, and invoked the aid of all citizens in upholding the laws. Upon receipt of the Governor's proclamation the Mayor of Vicksburg issued a counter-manifesto asserting that the mass-meeting, which the Governor had denounced as riotous and as having driven the sheriff from his office, was a quiet and orderly gathering of taxpayers who, without arms or violence, had "requested the resignation of irresponsible officials." His Honor continued: "Whereas the Governor's proclamation has excited the citizens of the county, and I have this moment received information that armed bodies of colored men have organized and are now marching on the city," I command such "unlawful assemblages and armed bodies of men to disperse."

Spite of his Honor's denial, Governor Ames ascribed the trouble to violence and intimidation against blacks by whites, constituting a reign of terror, and convened the Legislature in extra session. This body called upon President Grant to awaken what Sumner called "the sleeping giant of the Constitution," and protect the State against domestic violence. Grant was reluctant to interpose. In his annual message hardly a fortnight before, he had said: "The whole subject of executive interference with the affairs of a State is repugnant to public opinion." "Unless most clearly on the side of law such interference becomes a crime." He therefore merely issued a proclamation commanding all disorderly bands in Mississippi to disperse. But breaches of the peace continued. At a public meeting in Yazoo City, September 1st, one man was killed and three or four wounded. The speaker of the evening, a Republican office-holder, left the county, professing to believe his life in danger. In Clinton, three days later, at a Republican barbecue, where there was a discussion between a Republican and a Democrat, a personal

Richard O'Leary, Mayor of Vicksburg in 1874.

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quarrel sprang up, during which two negroes were shot. This was the signal for a general attack by blacks upon whites, in the course of which three white men were killed and several wounded. Later in the night seven or eight negroes were killed, when the armed men dispersed and quiet was restored. Another outbreak at Friar's Point, a month afterward, was clearly incited by a colored sheriff, who had called together a body of armed negroes to support him in the County Convention.

Ames now renewed his petition for United States troops, but met with a chilling response from the new Attorney-General, Edwards Pierrepont, a Democrat till Seymour's nomination, thereafter a Conservative Republican. He declared that the general government could aid Mississippi only when all the resources of the State Executive had been exhausted. He accompanied this utterance with words from Grant's despatches: "The whole public are tired out with these annual autumnal outbreaks in the South, and the great majority now are ready to condemn any interference on the part of the Government." Failing to secure assistance from Washington, Ames's party finally made an amicable arrangement with the Conservatives, which assured a fair and peaceable election.

This resulted in Republican defeat, whereupon Mr. Revels, the colored Senator from Mississippi, wrote to the President the following: "Since reconstruction the masses of people have been, as it were, enslaved in mind by unprincipled adventurers. A great portion of them have learned that they were being used as mere tools, and determined, by casting their ballots against these unprincipled adventurers, to overthrow them. The bitterness and hate created by the late civil strife have, in my opinion, been obliterated in this State, except, perhaps, in some localities, and would have long since been entirely effaced were it not for some unprincipled men who would keep alive the bitterness of the past and inculcate a hatred between the races in order that they may aggrandize themselves by office and its emoluments to control my people, the effect of which is to degrade them. If the State administration had advanced patriotic measures, appointed only honest and competent men to office, and sought to restore confidence between the races, bloodshed would have been unknown, peace would have prevailed, Federal interference been unthought of, and harmony, friendship, and mutual confidence would have taken the place of the bayonet." Testimony to the same effect was given by other prominent Republicans, white and black.

OVERTHROW OF THE KELLOGG GOVERNMENT

In Louisiana, because of the peculiarity of its social structure, the color-line was drawn even more sharply than in South Carolina. In South Carolina there were three distinct castes of whites—the aristocracy, the *bourgeoisie*, and the poor whites, or "sand-hillers," while the Louisiana white people were a perfect democracy, the only caste division in the State being founded on color. The best families used no coats-of-arms; their coachmen and servants wore no livery. The splendors usually attending vulgar wealth were entirely eschewed. "There was a nobility in the white skin more sacred and more respected than the one derived from the letters-patent of kings." Such solidarity among the whites rendered the feud precipitated by the negro's enfranchisement peculiarly bitter. White and black children no longer played together as of yore. To avoid seeming inferiority colored servants refused to sleep under the same roofs with their old masters.

It will be remembered that in November, 1872, Kellogg and McEnery each claimed to be elected Governor of Louisiana, that President Grant recognized Kellogg, but that McEnery and his supporters energetically protested. This contest had never been quieted. McEnery's government retained its organization though deprived of all power. Near the close of August, 1874, the troubles grew menacing. The two parties had met in convention, when the country was startled by the news of the arrest and deliberate shooting of six Republican officials. As in all such cases the reports

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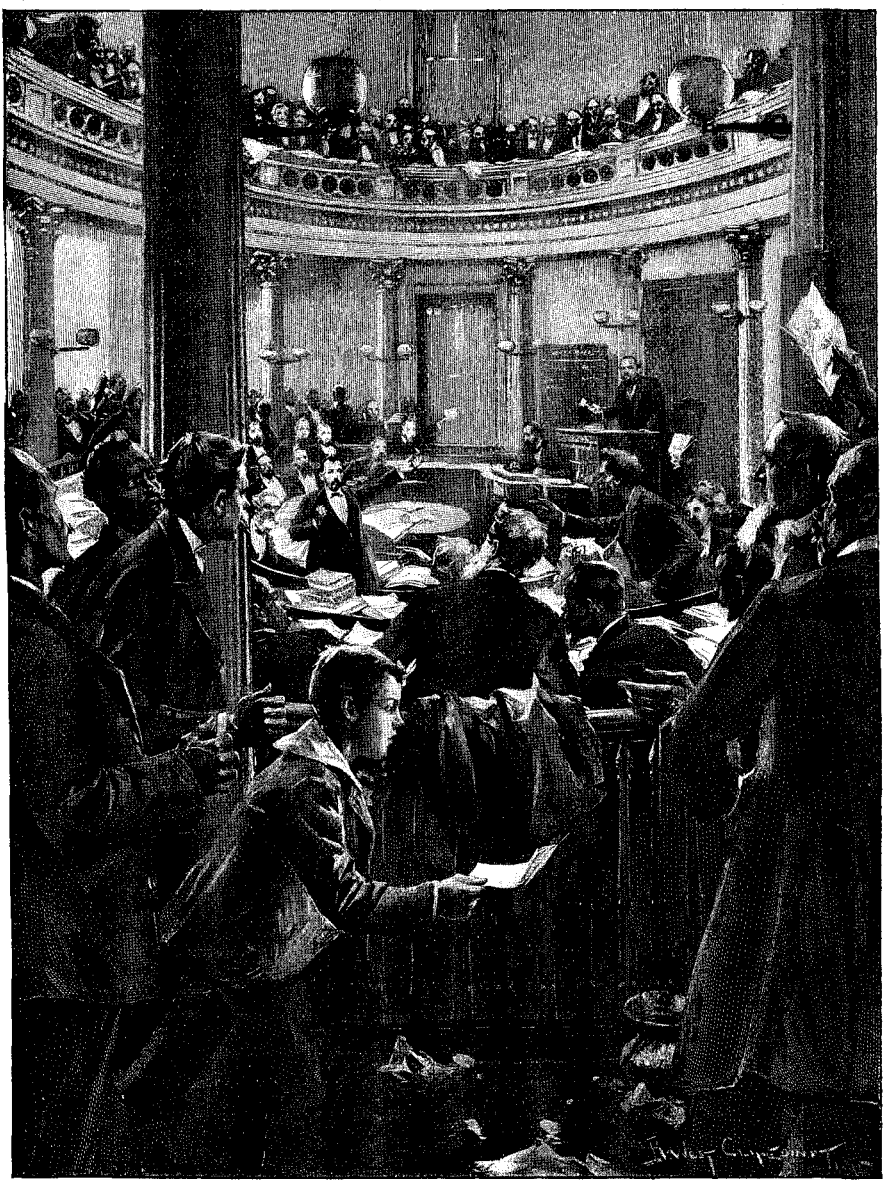

The Mississippi Legislature Passing a Resolution Asking for Federal Aid After the Attack on Vicksburg.
Scene in the Senate Chamber.

were conflicting, one side declaring it a merciless war of whites upon blacks, the other an uprising of the blacks themselves.

The wealth of Louisiana made the State a special temptation to carpet-baggers. Between 1866 and 1871 taxes had risen four hundred and fifty per cent. Before the war a session of the Legislature cost from $100,000 to $200,000; in 1871 the regular session cost $900,000. Judge Black considered it "safe to say that a general conflagration, sweeping over all the State from one end to the other and destroying every building and every article of personal property, would have been a visitation of mercy in comparison to the

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curse of such a government." This statement is not extravagant if his other assertion is correct, that, during the ten years preceding 1876 New Orleans paid, in the form of direct taxes, more than the estimated value of all the property within her limits in the year named, and still had a debt of equal amount unpaid.

Kellogg had a body of Metropolitan Police, mostly colored, paid for by the city of New Orleans, but under his personal command, which formed a part of his militia. Over against this was the New Orleans White League, which again is to be distinguished from the White League of the State. On September 14th, a mass-meeting was called in New Orleans to protest against the governor's seizure of arms shipped to private parties. By 11 A.M. the broad sidewalks were filled for several squares, and there was a general suspension of business. A committee was appointed to wait upon the Governor and request him to abdicate. He had fled from the Executive Office to the Custom-house, a great citadel, garrisoned at that time by United States troops. From his retreat he sent word declining to entertain any communication. Their leaders advised the people to get arms and return to assist the White League in executing plans that would be arranged. A large number formed in procession and marched up Poydras Street. By 3 P.M. armed men were posted at street-crossings south of Canal Street. Soon a strong position was taken in Poydras Street, the streets between Poydras and Canal being barricaded with cars turned sideways. General Ogden commanded the citizens and superintended these arrangements. Five hundred Metropolitans, with cavalry and artillery, took their station at the head of Canal Street, while General Longstreet, their leader, rode up and down Canal Street calling upon the armed citizens to disperse. About 4 P.M. the Metropolitans assaulted the citizens' position. A sharp fight ensued. General Ogden's horse was shot under him, as was General Badger's on the Kellogg side. The colored Metropolitans broke at the first fire, deserting their white comrades. The citizens' victory was soon complete, General Longstreet and others seeking refuge in the Custom-house. Next morning, at seven, the State-house was in the citizens' hands; two hours later the whole Metropolitan force surrendered. The barricades were torn down and street-cars resumed their trips.

Lieutenant-Governor Penn hastened to assure the blacks that no harm was meant toward them, their property or their rights. "We war," said he, "only against the thieves, plunderers, and spoilers of the State." All the morning Penn's residence was filled with congratulatory crowds. In North Louisiana the *coup-d'état* roused delirious enthusiasm. At the same time leading citizens counselled moderation, especially urging that no violence toward colored people should be permitted. The Mayor's proclamation ran: "Let me advise extreme moderation; resume your vocations as soon as dismissed. Seek no revenge for past injuries, but leave your fallen enemies to the torture of their own consciences and to the lasting infamy which their acts have wrought for them." No acts of violence were reported, though McEnery's officials were installed all over the State. About 2 P.M., as three thousand of General Ogden's militia marched past the Custom-house, the United States troops gathered in the windows, took off their hats and gave the citizens three hearty cheers, which were returned. At 3 P.M ten thousand unarmed citizens, preceded by a band of music, escorted Penn to the State-house.

The triumph was short-lived. The resort to arms displeased President Grant. He commanded the insurgents to disperse in five days—half the time he had allowed in Arkansas and one-fourth the time he had allowed in his Louisiana proclamation of 1873. Troops and men-of-war were ordered to New Orleans, and General Emory instructed under no circumstances to recognize the Penn government. A cabinet meeting on September 17th concluded that "it was important to adopt measures for maintaining, if not the *de jure*, at least the *de facto* government in Louisiana." Attorney-General Williams compared the case with that of Arkansas, where, he confessed, he always believed Brooks had a majority, but said: "The

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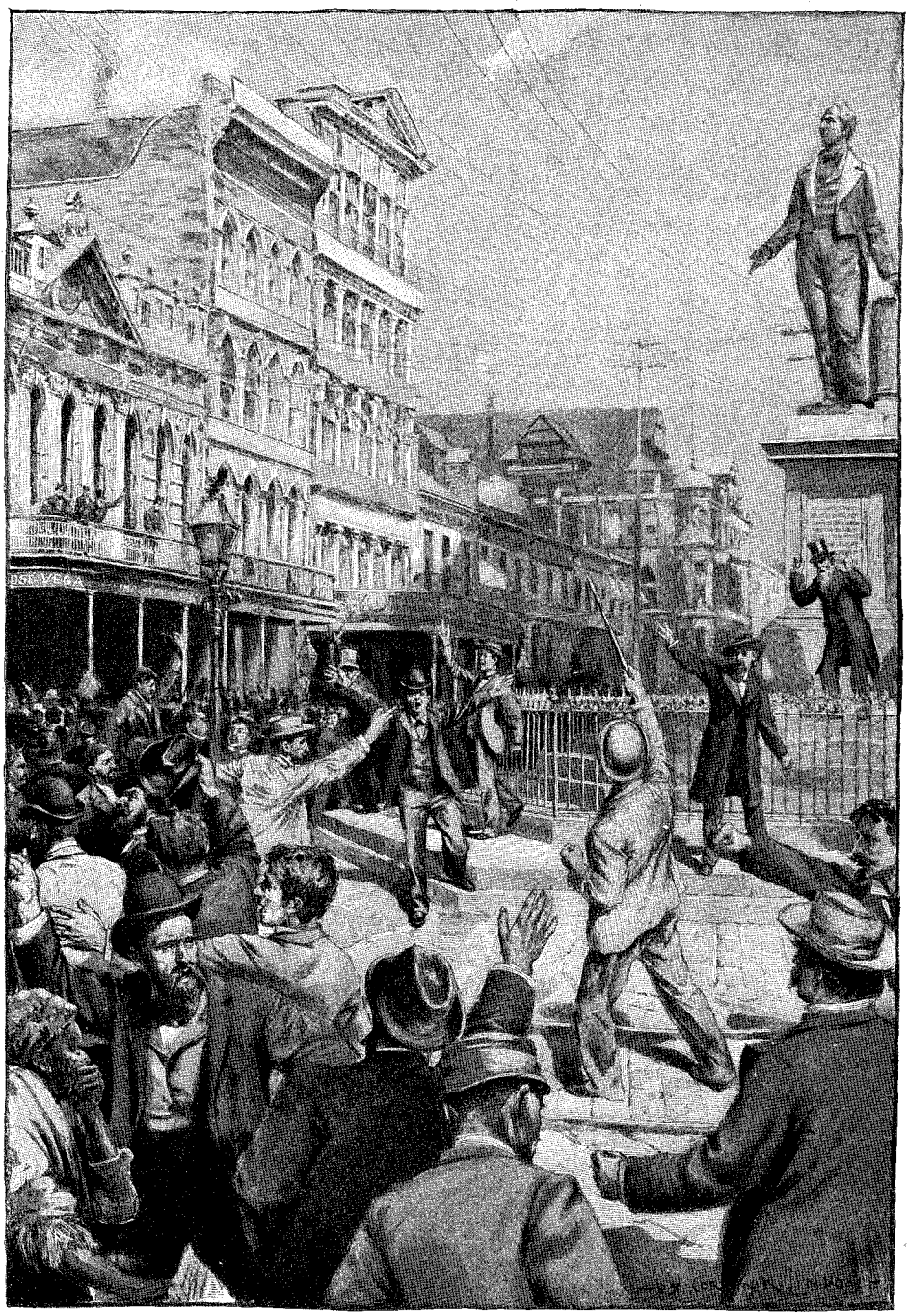

The Mass-meeting of September 14, 1874, at the Clay Statue, New Orleans.

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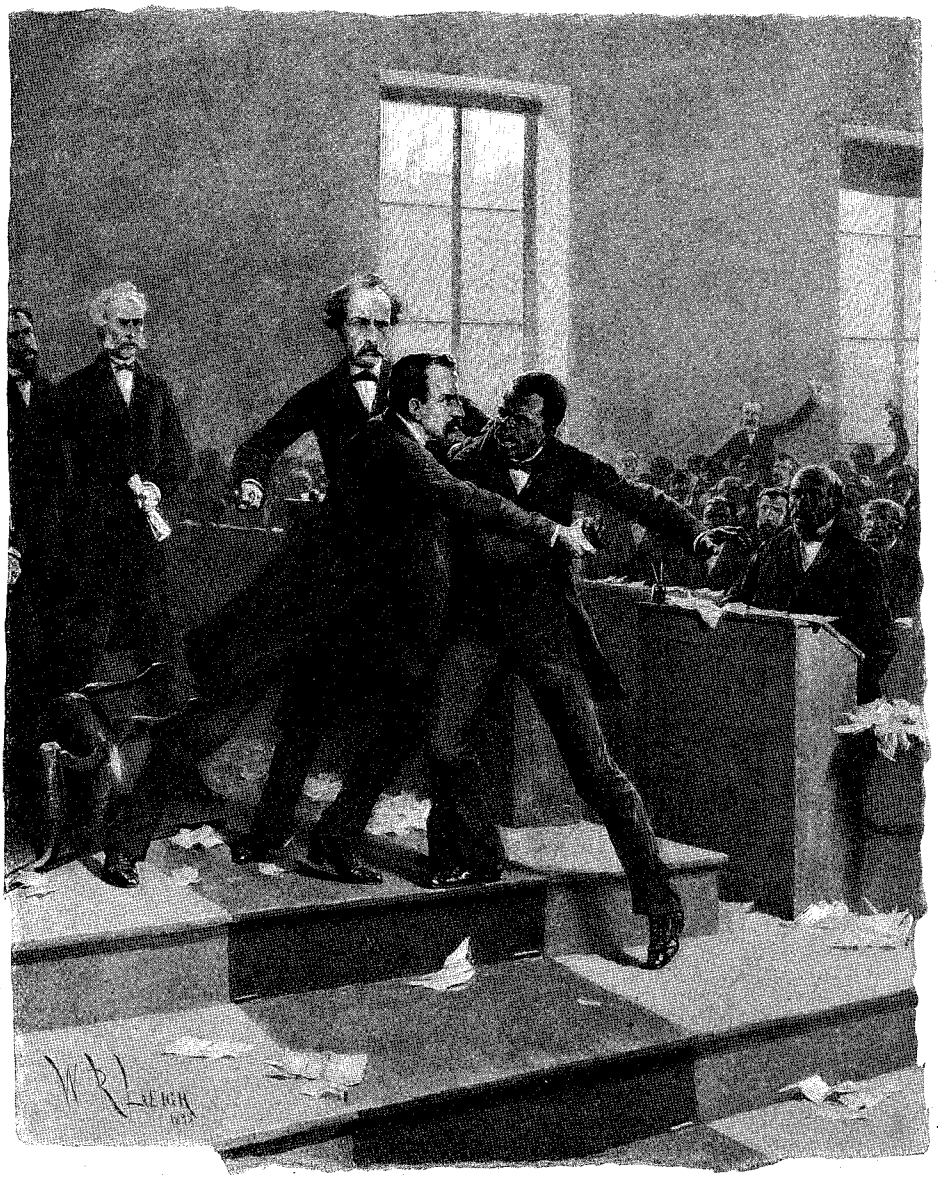

L. A. Wiltz Taking Possession of the Speaker's Chair in the Louisiana State-house, January 4, 1875.

question is not who ought to be Governor, but who is." On the 18th Emory received positive directions to recognize the Kellogg government, and on the next day Kellogg was induced to venture from his asylum and resume his office. Not all the McEnery officials were turned out, as several of the Kellogg placemen had fled upon the news of Penn's success and could not be found. The new city police, under Mr. Boylan, a well-known detective, were retained, owing to the demoralization of the Metropolitans. For a time United States soldiers were employed on police duty. On an election-day as much as six weeks later, to remove apprehension caused by the inefficiency of the Metropolitans, a detail of the McEnery militia was made to preserve the peace at each polling-place.

McEnery and Penn advised cheerful

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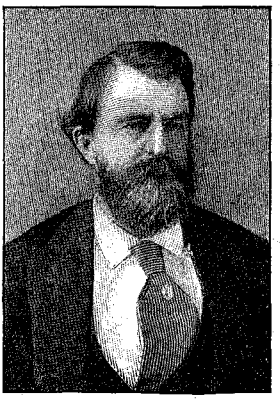
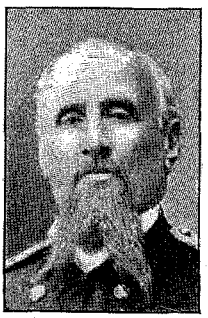
submission, and while surrendering the State-house to Colonel Brooks showed him every courtesy. The only excess reported was an unsuccessful attack by negroes upon Bayou Sara on September 19th. In answer to Attorney-General Williams's pronunciamento, Penn asserted that the McEnery government had been organized ever since 1872; that McEnery's armed supporters were not insurgents but militia; that the sole reason why the McEnery government was not *de facto* in function all over the State was that it was overpowered by the United States forces, but for which it could assert its authority and would be universally obeyed. The Kellogg government, he said, could be placed and kept in power by the United States army, but in no other way whatever. "Is this," he asked, "the Republican form of government guaranteed to every State under the Constitution?"



John McEnery.



General de Trobriand.

Happily the army had no command to repress free speech, which was usefully employed in appeals to the country. These papers were of unusual clearness and force. Besides describing anew the corruptions already alluded to, they accused the Kellogg faction of altering the registration laws in its own interest. "Many white citizens clearly entitled to registry were refused arbitrarily, while the colored people were furnished registration papers on which, in many instances, they could vote in different wards; and colored crews of steamboats transiently visiting this port were permitted to swell the number of voters." The "White League," which, outside New Orleans, seems not to have been an armed body, was declared a necessary measure of defence against a formidable oath-bound order of blacks.

Governor Kellogg sought to explain the uprising. He said: "They first want the offices, and that is the meaning of this outburst. The Governor of Louisiana wields an enormous amount of patronage, for which McEnery and his friends hunger." However, at his instance, an Advisory Board, consisting of two men from each party and an umpire chosen by them, was arranged to supervise and carry on the registration for the next election. Though, perhaps, honestly conceived, this plan amounted to little. About the middle of October the umpire resigned, and the function of the Board virtually came to an end. Further, the Conservatives were to cause all violence to cease, and were permitted to fill two vacancies on the Returning Board created by resignation for this purpose.

The election of November 2, 1874, was quiet. Indications seemed to point to Democratic success. A break in the colored vote was foreshadowed, among other things, by an address of leading colored men in New Orleans, setting forth that the Republican party in the State had, since reconstruction, been managed and controlled by men in all respects as bad as "the most rampant White Leaguer," that they had shut out the colored wealth and intelligence and put in office "illiterate and unworthy colored men." The colored people, it said, "are ready to adopt any honorable adjustment tending to harmonize the races," to further law and order and a higher standard of administration in public offices.

Of course the Returning Board played an important part in this election. One example will illustrate its methods. The parish of Rapides chose three legislators. The United States Supervisor certified that the election was in all respects full, fair, and free. In the parish itself no one knew that any contest existed. At one of its last

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sittings the Board, upon an affidavit of its President, Wells, alleging intimidation, counted in all three Republicans. This, like other acts of the kind, was done in secret or "executive" session. The Council of the Democratic Committee declared that they had no chance to answer. It came out that Wells was not present at Rapides, and he declined, though given the opportunity, to explain to the Congressional Committee his action. The Rapides change alone sufficed to determine the complexion of the lower house.

General Philip H. Sheridan.
From a photograph in the historical collection of H. W. Fay.

After recounting instances of illegal action and fraud on the part of the Returning Board, the Inspecting Committee appealed to the nation: "We, the down-trodden people of once free Louisiana, now call upon the people of the free States of America, if you would yourselves remain free and retain the right of self-government, to demand in tones that cannot be misunderstood or disregarded, that the shackles be stricken from Louisiana, and that the power of the United States army may no longer be used to keep a horde of adventurers in power."

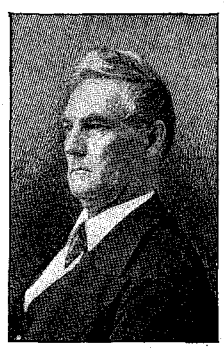
On December 24, 1874, the Returning Board completed its labors. It gave the treasury to the Republicans, and allowed them a majority of two in the Legislature, five seats being left open. These changes from the face of the returns were made on the ground of alleged fraud, intimidation, or other irregularity at the polls, or in making the returns. The Board dismissed as preposterous all complaints of intimidation by United States soldiery, though at least one case is reported of a Federal officer making out affidavits against citizens, and arresting them upon these affidavits. He was stopped later by orders from his superior.

The Congressional Investigating Committee, composed of two Republicans and one Democrat, hence wholly likely to be impartial, after citing three or four instances of fraud on the part of the Returning Board, unanimously found itself "constrained to declare that the action of the Returning Board on the whole, was arbitrary, unjust, and illegal; and that this arbitrary, unjust, and illegal action alone prevented the return of a majority of the Conservative members to the lower house."

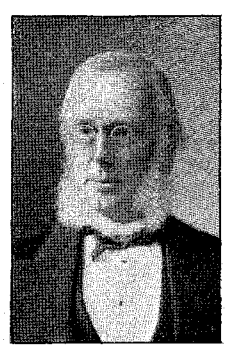
A few days before the assembling of the Legislature one of the Republican members was arrested and confined till

S. S. Marshall.

William P. Fry.



William A. Wheeler.



G. F. Hoar.

The Committee which Formulated the "Wheeler Adjustment."

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after the opening. The Conservatives alleged that this was for embezzlement; the Republicans charged that it was for political purposes, and that their opponents were attempting to kidnap and even threatening to assassinate Republican legislators to wipe out the majority. So threatening an aspect of affairs induced Grant to give Sheridan command of the Military Department of the Gulf in addition to his own. Sheridan started on telegraphic notice.

The Legislature convened on January 4th. Suppressed excitement could be seen in every eye. Of the memorable and unprecedented events of this day there are four varying accounts—General Sheridan's statement, two reports to Congress by committees of the two political parties in the Louisiana House of Representatives, and a recital incorporated in the Congressional Committee's report above referred to. The last, of which we give a *résumé*, is the most trustworthy.

The State-House was filled and surrounded by Metropolitans and Federal soldiers, and no one permitted to enter save by Governor Kellogg's orders. At noon the clerk of the preceding House, Mr. Vigers, called the Assembly to order and proceeded to call the roll. Fifty Democrats and fifty-two Republicans answered to their names. Instantly a Conservative member, Mr. Billieu, nominated L. A. Wiltz as temporary chairman. The clerk interposed some objection, but Mr. Billieu, disregarding him, hurriedly put the motion and declared it carried upon a *viva voce* vote. Wiltz sprang to the platform, pushed the clerk aside, and seized the gavel. Justice Houston then swore in the members *en bloc*. In the same hurried fashion a new clerk was elected, also a sergeant-at-arms; then, from among gentlemen who had secured entrance under one pretext or another, a number of assistant sergeants-at-arms were appointed. These gentlemen at once opened their coats and discovered each his badge bearing the words "Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms." Protests, points of order, calls for the yeas and nays, were overridden. The five contesting Democrats were admitted and sworn in. The Republicans now adopted their opponents' tactics, someone nominating Mr. Lowell for temporary chairman, and amid great confusion declared him elected, but he declined to serve. The organization of the House was completed by the election of Wiltz as Speaker. Several Republican members attempting to leave were prevented by the assistant Sergeants-at-arms. Pistols were displayed, and the disorder grew so great that the House requested Colonel de Trobriand, commanding the forces at the State-house, to insist upon order in the lobby. This he did, and the House proceeded with the election of minor officers, uninterrupted for an hour. At length de Trobriand received word from Governor Kellogg, which his general orders bound him to obey, to remove the five members sworn in who had not been returned by the Board. Speaker Wiltz refusing to point them out, General Campbell did so, and in spite of protest they were removed by Federal soldiers. Wiltz then left the hall at the head of the Conservative members. The Republicans, remaining, organized to suit themselves.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S ATTITUDE

General Sheridan reported the matter somewhat differently. He reached Louisiana in no judicial frame of mind. Conservative chagrin and humiliation often took form in foolish threats, which were at once seized upon by the carpet-baggers and scalawags to fan his wrath. The very air seemed to him impregnated with assassination. He suggested that Congress or the President should declare the "ringleaders of the armed White Leagues" banditti; he could then try them by military commission and put an end to such scenes as had occurred. The New Orleans Cotton Exchange, a meeting of Northern and Western residents of New Orleans, and other bodies passed resolutions denying the correctness of Sheridan's impressions. In an appeal to the American people a number of New Orleans clergymen condemned the charges lodged by Sheridan with the Secretary of War as "unmerited, unfounded, and erroneous." General Sheridan reiterated them, and ac-

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cused Bishop Wilmer, one of the signers of the appeal, of having admitted before the Congressional Committee "that the condition of affairs was substantially as bad as reported." The Bishop admitted that Louisianians were more prone than others to acts of violence, saying "there is a feeling of insecurity here," an expression which he interpreted as meaning "no security in the courts against theft."

General Sherman commented on the case as follows: "I have all along tried to save our officers and soldiers from the dirty work imposed on them by the city authorities of the South; and may thereby have incurred the suspicion of the President that I did not cordially sustain his forces. . . . I have always thought it wrong to bolster up weak State governments by our troops. We should keep the peace always; but not act as bailiff constables and catch thieves; that should be beneath a soldier's vocation. I know that our soldiers hate that kind of duty terribly, and not one of those officers but would prefer to go to the plains against the Indians, rather than encounter a street mob or serve a civil process. But in our government it is too hard to stand up in the face of what is apparent, that the present government of Louisiana is not the choice of the people, though in strict technical law it is the State government."

William Pitt Kellogg.

PROTEST AGAINST FEDERAL INTERFERENCE

Public opinion at the North sided with the appellants. The press gave a cry of alarm at such military interference in civil affairs. A stanch Republican sheet uttered the sentiment of many when it said, "Unless the Republican party is content to be swept out of existence by the storm of indignant protest arising against the wrongs of Louisiana from all portions of the country, it will see that this most shameful outrage is redressed wholly and at once." Numerous indignation meetings were held in Northern cities. Republicans like William Cullen Bryant, William M. Evarts, Joseph R. Hawley, and Carl Schurz, openly condemned the use which had been made of the troops. Legislatures passed resolutions denouncing it, and it was understood that Fish, Bristow, and Jewell, of the Cabinet, disapproved. Yet patience was urged upon the people of Louisiana. "Whatever injustice," said Carl Schurz, "you may have to suffer, let not a hand of yours be lifted, let no provocation of insolent power, nor any tempting opportunity seduce you into the least demonstration of violence. As your cause is just, trust to its justice, for surely the time cannot be far when every American who truly loves his liberty will recognize the cause of his own rights and liberties in the cause of constitutional government in Louisiana."

Under a resolution introduced by Mr. Thurman, the Senate called upon President Grant for explanation. A special message was the response, defending the end which had been had in view but really leaving undefended the means employed. Early in 1875 a second committee, George F. Hoar chairman, was appointed to investigate Louisiana affairs. The result of their labors is known as the "Wheeler Adjustment," which embraced on the one hand submission to the Kellogg government, and on the other arbitration by the Committee of Contested Seats in the Legislature. This arbitration seated twelve of the contestants excluded by the Returning Board. Mr. Hahn vacated the Speaker's chair, Mr. Wiltz withdrew as a candidate therefor, and Mr. Estilette, a Conservative, was elected. This settlement marked the beginning of the end of carpet-baggery in Louisiana.

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THE WIND

By R. K. Munkittrick

Oh, the wind is a mutable spirit—
  On whimsical wings he flies,
One moment at play in a leafy spray,
  Then he broods in the sullen skies
And roars o'er the darkling waters
  That roll in his angry frown,
While he lashes the ships with his furious whips
  Till the hulls in the sea go down—
Till the stout mast falls and the white sail dips,
  And the ships in the sea go down.

Oh, the centuried oak on the mountain
  He up-roots from its rock-bound base,
And the temple down hurls when his wing he unfurls
  In his whirling flight through space.
Oh, he tosses the flames into billows—
  Into surges that seethe and soar,
Till unbridled they leap o'er the prairie's sweep
  Like the waves on an endless shore—
Like the waves that crash with a moaning deep
  On the sands of an endless shore.

Then he toys with the wave-tossed lily
  In the throes of a madcap bliss,
And the flowers unfolds in their blues and golds
  For the wine of the dawn's pink kiss.
When he moans through the woods in winter,
  What a jolly old soul is he,
As he fashions the gay snow-wreath to lay
  On the bough of the gray rose-tree,
Where the white rose gladdened the milky May
  On the bough of the green rose-tree.

Oh, I know where the wind is dreaming
  When he's flown to his downy nest—
When the sails won't fill and the ocean's still,
  And the clouds in the blue skies rest—
Oh, he's flown on his gentlest pinions
  To a bower of sculptured grace—
He has sought the lair of her gold-red hair
  And the bloom of her dimpled face.
On the heart of the Flower of Flowers,
  He lingers with tender sighs
And kisses her mouth, like the wine-warm south
  And her half-closed violet eyes.
Oh, the green sea's calm, he has found the balm
  Of her half-closed violet eyes.
Oh, his joy's supreme in the seas of dream
  Of her-half closed violet eyes.

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A SHORT STUDY IN EVOLUTION

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

A COLLEGE for women is generally looked upon by the outside world and the visiting preachers as a haven of rest, a sort of oasis in the desert of life, a Paradise with a large and flourishing Tree of Knowledge of which one is commanded to eat, and where one is happily ignorant of the "struggle for life," and the woes and evils of the world.

Such views have been so often expressed and inculcated that it appears a little ungracious and stubborn to insist that the bishop who comes out and delivers a sermon once a year, or the brilliant young graduate from a neighboring seminary—who is sent because the dean has been suddenly called away and who is quaking with fear at the ordeal—cannot possibly know all about a girl's college life and its temptations and its trials and its vanities.

When the heterogeneous mass of humanity which makes up a big college is got together and in close relation for ten months at a time, there is bound to be action and reaction. When New York society girls and missionaries' daughters from India, and Boston Latin-school girls and native Japanese, and Westerners and Georgians and Australians and "Teacher Specials," and very young preparatory-school girls, are all mixed up together, it inevitably happens that there is some friction and many unexpected and interesting results. One of these is that it not infrequently happens that a young woman leaves college an entirely different person from the girl who took her entrance examinations, and sometimes the change is for the better and sometimes for the worse, or it may be unimportant and relate only to the way she has got to wearing her hair, or the amount of extra money she considers necessary. At any rate, a noticeable change of some sort always operates in a girl during her four or five years' stay at a college, and when she goes home "for good" her friends will criticise her from their different points of view, and will be sure to tell her whether she is improved or not.

When Miss Eva Hungerford returned for her senior year at college, having been greatly disappointed in one of her friends, she determined to make no new ones, but to work very hard and keep a great deal to herself. She succeeded so well in her efforts that, after she had been there three months, she became aware that she knew absolutely none of the new students. They were an indistinguishable mass to her, with the exception of two or three noticeably pretty, and about the same number of extremely homely young women whose physique rendered them conspicuous. To her uninterested gaze the large majority seemed to be distressingly like all previous freshman classes, and endowed with the same modest amount of good looks and intellectual foreheads.

But in college life it is a strange fact that while upper classes find it rather difficult to become acquainted among the lower ones, owing, of course, to the unwritten code which prevents a senior from appearing interested in any but those of her own class, yet the incoming students are allowed and take every opportunity of ingratiating themselves with upper-class girls, without injury to their dignity. But Miss Hungerford, who had surrounded herself with quite an impenetrable air of seniority, and

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who was so extremely handsome and distant-looking, by her appearance and bearing had exercised a rather chilling influence on young aspirants for an introduction, and was secretly very much looked up to and feared.

She was not entirely unconscious of the effect she produced, and was therefore decidedly surprised one day to receive a call from a freshman who lived only a few doors from her, but of whose existence she had not been aware. She thought the child—she was very young, not more than sixteen—uninteresting, and that it was an evidence of extremely bad taste, and unconventionality on her part to call in that unprovoked way. But she was very polite to her uninvited guest, and asked her the usual questions, and the girl, who was very naïve, replied with a loquacity quite trying to her hostess.

A rather chilling influence.

Miss Hungerford was rather indignant after her visitor had gone, and wondered why she had had to be interrupted in an analytical study of "Prometheus Unbound," to listen to a child tell her that she had never been out of Iowa before, and that her mother had not wanted her to come to college, but that her father had always said she should have "a higher education," and so, after presumably much domestic wrangling, she was there. Miss Hungerford could not remember much else of what the young girl had told her, having listened rather absently to her replies, but she had a distinct impression that her visitor was not at all good-looking, with only a fine pair of eyes to redeem her pale face, and that her clothes were atrocious, and that she was *gauche* and decidedly of a social class that Miss Hungerford was not in the habit of mingling with away from college. For even in a very democratic college there are social grades, and although it is the thing to meet in a most friendly way at all class functions, still, a narrow line of distinction may be perceived on social occasions.

Altogether Miss Hungerford felt rather aggrieved and hoped she would not be bothered again. But she was. Miss Betty Harmon, of Sioux City, Ia., had had a fearful struggle with her timidity and retiring nature, when she called on Miss Hungerford, and having gained a victory over herself, she had no intention of resigning the benefits. So she would smile first when they met in the corridors, and was not above showing how much she appreciated a few words from Miss Hungerford in praise of her tennis serve, and that young woman was even uncomfortably conscious that her youthful admirer had more than once followed her to the library where, under pretence of reading, she had stolen furtive glances at her. Later there were notes, and roses, and requests to go boating.

Miss Hungerford strongly objected to such proceedings, not only because she did not wish to be rendered ridiculous by an insignificant freshman from Iowa, but also because she was a very sensible girl, and entirely disapproved of the "eclectic affinity" busi-

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ness, and she had no intention of allowing the young girl's admiration for herself to develop into that abnormal sort of attraction that exists between girls in so many schools and colleges.

The temptation to exalt some upper-class girl into an ideal and lavish upon her an affection which in society would naturally fall to the lot of some very unideal boy, or man, is one of the greatest ordeals a college girl goes through, and one who successfully resists all inducements to become a "divinity student," or who gets out of the entanglement without damage to herself, is as successfully "proven" as was Lieutenant Ouless after his little affair with Private Ortheris. Even the least romantic girl is apt to find unexpected possibilities in her nature in the way of romantic devotion, so that it was not surprising that Miss Betty Harmon, unimaginative, and unsentimental as she was, should have admired so extravagantly as handsome and interesting a girl as Eva Hungerford. The crude Western girl found something extremely attractive in the senior—grace, a social ease and distinction, and that indefinable magnetism which a wealthy, consciously beautiful girl possesses.

But Miss Hungerford, who had no notion of getting herself talked about, and whose Eastern sensitiveness and prejudices were continually being shocked by the younger girl's crudities, so persistently frowned down upon and ignored her under-class admirer, that even Miss Harmon's devotion paled, and the roses and notes and boating excursions ceased. She began to perceive that the faint line of social distinction, so rarely perceptible in the college, had been drawn in her case.

During the last semester of the year Miss Hungerford, who was very tired and busy, seemed almost oblivious of the young girl's existence, and even forgot to smile at her when they met on the campus. And when on her Baccalaureate Sunday a box of white roses—the last mute expression of Miss Harmon's expiring affection—was handed her without any card, she wondered who had sent them and concluded they must have been ordered by a man she knew.

Three years after leaving College Miss Hungerford married, much to her friends' surprise, and a year after that she and her husband went abroad. Of course they went to Paris, where Mrs. Stanhope, who had spent much time there after leaving college, had a great many friends, and innumerable dinners were given to them and they enjoyed themselves very much until it got so cold that Mrs. Stanhope said she must go to Cannes. Of course it immediately struck Stanhope, who adored his wife, that it was entirely too cold to stay in Paris, and so they went south, though their friends made a great fuss over their departure.

She had stolen furtive glances at her.

They stayed away much longer than they had intended, having been enticed into going to Malta by some American acquaintances, and when they got back to Paris hundreds of interesting things seemed to have happened in their absence and a great many people and events were being talked about of which

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"When the two women were within a few feet of each other."

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they knew nothing. But the wife of the American minister, who was an old friend, went to see Mrs. Stanhope immediately to invite her to an informal dinner the next evening, and stayed the entire afternoon, telling her of everything that had happened and who all the new people were—the New American Beauty for instance. She could not believe that her friend had not heard of nor seen *the* New Beauty.

"Why, haven't you even seen her pictures—and the notices of her?"

Mrs. Stanhope was slightly aggrieved. She knew absolutely nothing about her.

"And I am completely astonished that they aren't talking of her at Cannes."

Mrs. Stanhope reminded her friend that she had been immured at Malta since leaving the Riviera.

"Oh, well, of course her fame has reached there by this time. Why, all Paris is talking about her—and you know yourself"—observed that astute lady, impressively—"how much it takes to make Paris stop and look at you." Mrs. Stanhope said "Yes," and wanted to know who The Beauty's people were, and where she had come from.

"Oh, I don't know," declared her friend. "No one seems to inquire. She is so beautiful and sufficient in herself that one does not care much for the rest. They are immensely rich—recently, I believe—though you would never know it from her manner. She is charming and thoroughly well-bred. Her father, I hear, is a typical American business man—not much *en évidence*, you know. He leaves that to his daughter, and she does it very well. He is a Senator—or something—from the West, and made such a name for himself at Washington that they thought he was too bright to stay there, so they sent him over here to help settle that international treaty affair—*you* know perhaps—*I* don't, I only pretend to."

"How did she do it?" demanded Mrs. Stanhope, in that simply comprehensive way women have when talking about another woman.

"Oh, she just started right in. Courtelais raved over her, and her father paid him twenty thousand dollars to have her painted. The Colony took her up, and the rest just followed naturally. The portrait is really charming, though she was dressed—well I *don't* think any French girl would have sat in that costume."

"Is she really so beautiful?"

"Well—not regularly beautiful, perhaps—but charming and fascinating, and awfully clever, they say—so clever that very few people suspect her of it, and—oh! well, you can judge for yourself to-morrow evening. By the way, everyone says she is engaged already—Comte de la Tour. You used to know him, I think." She rose to go. "He is very much in love with her, that is evident." She thought it best to let Mrs. Stanhope have that piece of news from herself. She did not wish her friend to be taken at a disadvantage, especially in her own house.

Mrs. Stanhope felt the least bit startled. She had known the Comte de la Tour very well indeed in Paris, several years before, and he had been very much in love with her, and had appeared quite genuinely broken-hearted when she refused him. She had not seen him—he had not been in Paris when she was there during the earlier part of the season—but with the comforting faith of people who have never been in love, she had always believed that he would get over his devotion to her, though she felt a rather curious sensation on hearing that her expectations had been so fully realized, and she felt a pardonable curiosity to see the girl who had made him forget her.

She dressed very carefully for the American Minister's the next evening, and looked a little more than her usual handsome self, when her carriage turned rapidly into the Avenue Hoche. She was somewhat late, and although the Minister and his wife were old friends, she felt worried with herself, for she had made it a rule to be punctual at all social functions, and when she entered the rooms she could see that the guests wore that rather expectant air which signifies that dinner is already slightly behind time. She hurried forward and denounced herself in polite fashion, but her hostess assured her that several others had not yet ar-

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rived, and, much relieved, she turned to speak to a bright newspaper man, an old acquaintance, who had arrived in Paris during her absence.

"I am so glad to find you again," he murmured in his drawl; "they tell me you have been to Malta. How fortunate for you! I suppose now you have been happy in an idyllic, out-of-the-world way, and have not heard a word about Brice's accident, nor the newspaper duel, nor the New Beauty—"

"But I am not happy, and shall not be until I see your Beauty," protested Mrs. Stanhope. "I've heard about her until I have an all-devouring curiosity to behold her. I haven't even seen *the* portrait, nor a photograph!"

He fell away from her in mock surprise and despair, and was about to reply, when the portières were again drawn aside and Mrs. Stanhope saw coming into the room a very beautiful young girl, with a rather childish, mobile face, and magnificent eyes. She seemed to know everyone, and bowed and smiled right and left in an easy, bright sort of way. Mrs. Stanhope would have known this was The Beauty, even if her entrance had not been accompanied by that significant hush and rather ridiculous closing up of the men in her wake. There was a special charm about the soft contour of her face, and the heavy white satin of her gown, though rather old for such a young girl, set off her beauty admirably.

"Looks just like one of Goodrich's girls, doesn't she?" murmured the man at Mrs. Stanhope's elbow. But that lady was not paying any attention to his remarks. She was looking in a puzzled fashion at the girl's face, and wondering what there was about it so familiar.

"Isn't she deliciously beautiful?" he insisted, "and clever! I found it out quite by accident. She's very careful about letting people know how well informed she is. She's been to a college somewhere," he ran on. Mrs. Stanhope was not listening. She was still looking, in a rather abstracted way, at the young girl who was holding a little court on the other side of the room. Her hostess rustled up.

"I am going to send my husband to bring The Beauty to you," she said laughingly, and swept across the room. In a moment Mrs. Stanhope saw the girl take the Minister's arm, and, followed on the other side by the Comte de la Tour, start toward her. For some inexplicable reason she felt annoyed, and half wished to avoid the introduction. The newspaper man was interested. Mrs. Stanhope had never posed as a professional beauty, and she was too noble a woman to have her head turned by flattery, but that did not alter the fact that she had been considered the handsomest woman in the American colony at Paris, and, of course, she knew it. He thought it would be interesting to see how the acknowledged beauty received the younger one.

When the two women were within a few feet of each other, and before the American Minister could say "Mrs. Stanhope," they each gave a little cry of recognition, and it was the younger one who first regained her composure and extended her hand. She stood there, flushed and smiling, the lights falling on her dark hair and gleaming shoulders, making of her, as the newspaper man had said, one of "Goodrich's girls." The childish look had gone out of her eyes, and a little gleam of conscious triumph was in them. There was just a shade of coldness, almost of condescension, in her manner. While the Comte was looking from one to the other, in a rather mystified way, and the American Minister was saying, "Why, I didn't know—I thought—" Mrs. Stanhope's mind was running quickly back to her first meeting with the girl before her, and she could only remember, in a confused sort of way, what this girl had once been like. And so they stood for a moment—it seemed an interminably long time to the men—looking a little constrainedly at each other and smiling vaguely. But the older woman quickly recovered herself. She had no notion of being outdone by the girl before her, and spoke brightly.

"I did not recognize you! How stupid of me! But you see the 'Beatrice' confused me, and then the French way every one has of pronouncing

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H-a-r-m-ö-n completely put me off the track!"

She tried to be very friendly, and the young girl smiled and looked easily—the newspaper man thought almost defiantly—at her, but it was plain to the three onlookers that in some inscrutable way the meeting had been unfortunate, and they each felt relieved, in an inexplicable fashion, when dinner was announced and the snowy, gleaming length of damask and silver and wax lights stretched between the two women!

. . . . . .

That night the Comte thought a good deal about the reception of his *fiancée* by the woman he had once loved, and decided that the American woman was a trifle *exigeante*, and wondered whether Mrs. Stanhope had really expected him never to marry.

The American Minister confided to his wife that he was disappointed in Eva Stanhope, and that she had always appeared so free from vanity and so superior to the little meannesses of women that he was very much surprised at the way she had acted.

The newspaper man, being exceedingly wise in his generation, smoked three cigars over it on the way to his hotel, and then—gave it up.

WILL THE ELECTRIC MOTOR SUPERSEDE THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE?

By Joseph Wetzler

THE good resolutions with which the new year is usually ushered in, proverbially are made to be broken, and hence, when announced are treated with the lack of seriousness which oft-repeated backslidings merit. This is quite as true of corporations as of individuals, and ordinarily the announcement of a proposed mending of its ways by a conservative railroad company, made at New Year's time, might well force a smile upon the lips of the cynical commuter. But there are exceptions to every rule, and when the good resolutions are dictated by necessity, they are pretty sure to be carried out. Of such a nature is the resolve, announced early this year, of the great Pennsylvania Railroad Company, to abandon steam locomotives and adopt the electric trolley on its Burlington & Mount Holly (N. J.) branch, and the action of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, to similarly equip its Nantasket, and Warren and Bristol branches. This announcement, at the time, perhaps made no particular impression on the mind of the casual reader, but to the close observer, who has followed the trend of opinion and watched the course of events in the railroad world, it was significant. Not that such a change had not been suggested and advocated, but that it should begin so soon, even the most sanguine of electric railroad enthusiasts would have believed impossible.

The rapid paralleling of existing systems of steam railroads by trolley lines has forced this issue. As an example of the manner in which this new move is regarded popularly in the localities immediately affected, I give the following extract from a recent newspaper article on the consolidation of street electric roads in Connecticut: "In fact, some of those who are pushing the trolley in Connecticut look forward to seeing through trolley transportation between Harlem Bridge and Springfield, Mass., before the dawn of 1897. Nor is this all. Within three years from now these energetic schemers expect to see the great monopolistic steam lines between New York and Boston paralleled by electric lines for every mile of the way." In Pennsyl-

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vania the old Cumberland Valley Railroad is being paralleled by a trolley line from Harrisburg to Carlisle, and this has led to a report that the steam railway would equip its own line with a trolley, if necessary to break the competition. The Pennsylvania Railroad is also engaged in fighting the construction of the Lancaster & Lititz Electric Railway Company, which infringes on its territory. Indeed, at the present time there cannot be less than five hundred miles of electric roads actually running parallel to steam roads, and one thousand miles running or in course of construction.

It must be evident that no leading railroad lightly makes a change which practically amounts to putting the steam locomotive on the shelf, yet the new order of things means nothing less than that, and indeed carries with it other innovations of the most far-reaching consequences to the travelling public. With this momentous change before us, it may not be amiss to cast a glance about, to determine just where we stand at the present time, and also to inquire whither we are drifting.

It is now some five years ago that the writer presented to the readers of this Magazine a necessarily short exposé of the principles upon which the electric railway * was founded, and the methods of operation which had, up to that time, met with success in actual practice. Were he to attempt a similar task at the present time he would find it a less congenial one, oppressed as he would be by the thought that he was attempting to impart information on a subject which has now entered the realm of common knowledge, and with which every intelligent person is supposed to be familiar. These five years have indeed done wonders in the domain of street railroading in this country, and have even set our trans-Atlantic friends to work following our example. To give some idea of the extent to which electricity has displaced the horse, and, on the other hand, been instrumental in creating new roads, we need only cite the fact that at the present time there are over eight hundred and fifty electric railways in the United States, operating over 9,000 miles of track and 23,000 cars, and representing a capital investment of over four hundred million dollars. What stupendous figures, when we consider that in 1887 the number of such roads amounted to only thirteen, with scarcely one hundred cars!

But while these figures demonstrate a high appreciation of the advantages of the electric railway, and a ceaseless activity and enterprise, we must not lose sight of the fact that in the present instance electricity had an adversary scarcely worthy of its steel. Wherever mechanical power has been applied to work heretofore done by hand or by animal power, both have had to succumb, and the overworked car-horse proved no exception to the rule—indeed, surrendered with scarcely a struggle, and without a pang. But will the electric motor be able to cope with the steam locomotive—the most highly developed form of steam mechanism, intrenched by the prestige of sixty years of successful work? It is this question, now rapidly looming up on the horizon, that we propose to discuss, and the consideration of which has already been forced upon those most directly interested, who little dreamed ten years ago that they might so soon be called upon to consider a question involving nothing less than the abandonment of their steam locomotives!

Before proceeding farther in the consideration of our subject it would be well to take a survey of the field and to put before the reader the present status of electric railroading and the events in its career which have led up to the belief that electricity may in the near future supplant steam on railroads. Employed at first on comparatively short lines within the more densely populated sections of our cities, the high speed attainable by means of the electric car soon encouraged the extensions of lines to the suburbs, and many are the instances in which the facilities thus offered have caused the building up of sections which had for years lain dormant. With these lines well established, it was but a step to extend them in many instances to con-

*See "The Electric Railway of To-day," by Joseph Wetzler, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1890.

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tiguous towns, and thus to form links a few miles in length. A continuation of this process of linking adjacent towns by iron bands must evidently lead ultimately to the forging of a chain connecting them all — and this has indeed been the case in more than one instance. As an example I need only mention the net-work of electric roads, now rapidly nearing completion, which will connect New York with Philadelphia, a distance of ninety miles, passing through most of the important towns now served by existing steam roads, and, what is more, including in its route many others not touched by the latter. Others of like nature are paralleling the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad in Connecticut, and indeed have in several instances necessitated the abandonment of local passenger trains on steam roads.

These instances are but a few of the many which indicate the growing influence exercised by electric roads on existing steam roads; but there is another aspect of the case which must here be considered, and that is, their influence on the railroads to be built in the future. Let us put the question broadly: Can a road several hundred miles in length, carrying passengers and freight at speeds now attained by steam locomotives, be operated more economically by electricity? It will be noted that in the above statement of the case a greater economy in operation is called for on the part of the electrical method, and in this lies the gist of the whole matter. For while, even if the electric-car had shown but little greater operating economy than the horse-car, its other advantages would have insured its adoption in *city* traffic, these advantages are, of necessity, crowded into the background when considering them in relation to the dividend-earning capacity of railroads, many of which are already groaning under burdens too great to bear.

It may be predicated at the outset that the electric arts have advanced so far that the *matériel* necessary to equip any existing road would be forthcoming at once, should an order to that effect be given to any of our manufacturers of standard electric railway apparatus.

Before presenting to the reader the means by which long-distance, high-speed railroading can be accomplished, let us inquire into the advantages which electricity offers over steam. Instead of hundreds of locomotives burning coal in hundreds of individual furnaces, working their steam in hundreds of cylinders—for the largest part of the time under very uneconomical conditions, and then exhausting it into the free air—we have in the case of the electric road power stations situated at intervals, say, of fifty miles, equipped with the most modern triple or quadruple expansion condensing engines, and utilizing to the utmost degree the heat contained in the coal. It is true that the conversion of the steam into electric current, and its transmission over wires and reconversion into power at the locomotive axle involve losses; but here, as in stationary motor practice, the same law holds true, that by working the steam economically in a few large cylinders, we can save coal as against a large number of small steam cylinders, the work of which is constantly changing as is that in locomotives.

But besides the direct economy there is another feature peculiar to electric power distribution, which is directly applicable to railroad work, and which makes it possible to build the central electric power stations of considerably smaller capacity than the aggregate maximum capacity of the locomotives on the road. Thus, if a division of a double-track railroad, one hundred miles in length, had, say, forty trains running at one time, each averaging 500 horse-power, there would thus be a total of 20,000 horse-power required in the steam equipment of the locomotives. But as part of the trains are at a standstill during a portion of the time, and some going down grade and hence consuming little or no power, it follows that the actual amount of power employed at any one instant is considerably less than the maximum 20,000 horse-power which the entire equipment can develop. Hence, if such a road were to be equipped electrically, this would be taken advantage of to the extent that the central power stations in the case assumed above, would probably be de-

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signed for a maximum capacity of not more than 15,000 horse-power, or twenty-five per cent. less than the total power of the present steam locomotives.

While the advantages just noted are important, and would enter into a calculation of this sort from the standpoint of economy, the electric method of operation presents certain advantages over that by steam, which, from the engineering standpoint, give it perhaps still greater claims to recognition. Comparing the electric with the steam locomotive as mechanisms, pure and simple, there is a wide difference between them as regards simplicity. On the one hand we have an aggregation consisting of boilers, pumps, cylinders, valves, piston and connecting-rods, with reciprocating motions, while on the other hand, the electric locomotive has but a single moving part, the armature, having a rotary motion. It follows that the cost of repairs for a simple mechanism like the electric locomotive would be far below that of the steam locomotive, in proof of which we need only cite the statement of Mr. Alexander Siemens, President of the English Institution of Electrical Engineers, that the electric locomotives operating in the London Underground Railroad ran 60,000 miles without costing a cent for repairs.

But aside from this, the fact that the single moving part of the electric locomotive has a rotary motion, makes it possible to apply the power directly to the axle. Thus, instead of having to concentrate all the weight required for traction on from two to four driving-axles, each car may be equipped with its own motive power; hence the power required may be divided up proportionately to the number of cars composing the train. This avoids the great wear on the track and road-bed which the heavy steam locomotives, with their "hammer effect," inflict on them, and also makes it possible to operate with a lighter road-bed generally, including lighter bridges and steeper grades. On the other hand, should it be deemed desirable to concentrate all the train-propelling power into a one-car unit, that could be readily accomplished, and the weight of the passenger utilized to give the necessary adhesion between rail and wheel. The weight of the boiler and water, etc., utilized in steam locomotives to give the necessary traction, together with that of the tender, constitute so much dead weight to be hauled, and would thus be almost entirely done away with and traction obtained by a *paying* load. When it is stated that the locomotive and tender of the average train constitute one-fifth of the total train-load, it will be seen that this consideration is by no means a secondary one.

Again, this method of propulsion, in which power is applied directly to the axle by rotary motion, has an important bearing on the speed at which it is possible to drive a train. As we have shown above, the steam locomotive embodies in its construction reciprocating parts, that is, they have a to-and-fro motion. The inertia of these parts is such that they cannot be worked above a certain number of strokes per second without danger of rupture. To this must be added the hammering of the track, which would be greatly increased at high speeds, and what is perhaps still more objectionable, the horizontal vibration which would be imparted to the train, and which would make such trains almost unbearable for passengers, since it would be practically impossible to balance the moving parts completely.

It might be argued that we can increase the speed of steam locomotives without increasing the number of strokes of the moving parts, such as the piston, by merely increasing the size of the wheels. This is quite true, but to get the increase in speed, even in this manner, would require a more than corresponding increase in the size of the boiler, the steam pressure would have to be greater, the locomotive tender larger and heavier to carry the necessary coal-supply, and, in fact, nearly all the conditions previously existing which militate against high speed would be still further aggravated. Besides this, it must be borne in mind that the larger the driving-wheels the higher the centre of gravity of the locomotive, and the greater the tendency to derailment at high speeds.

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There are no such hinderances to high speeds with the electric locomotive; the perfectly balanced armature with its rotary motion can be run at any speed short of that which would make it fly apart due to centrifugal force, and the speed at which this would occur is far beyond that at which the public would care to travel, even in these times of cannon-ball expresses.

If to the advantages we have just enumerated we add the greater comfort which passengers on an electric train will enjoy, with cars lighted and heated by electricity, the absence of dust and smoke and cinders, it would seem as if the high-speed electric railroad were destined to occupy a commanding position in the near future.

Passing from the theoretical consideration of the subject, let us examine the actual means which the electrical engineer has to offer to carry out in practice the ideas above touched on.

No art is so flexible in the means that it affords to attain a given end as the electric, and the present instance exemplifies this in a striking way. Two general methods of propelling a train by electricity are open to the engineer. Following the old practice, he can couple a locomotive to the head of a train and pull it in the usual way; or, he can equip each car with its own motors, like the present trolley-cars, and couple the cars so equipped into a train. If the former method be chosen, it can be carried out in several ways. Thus, instead of a locomotive with a tender carrying coal and water, the tender can carry storage batteries which supply current to the electric motors of the locomotive. Such a plan is proposed for the operation of the new underground railway in Paris, the battery being composed of eighty elements weighing eighteen tons. This method may be found fairly well adapted for light powers, the maximum required on the Paris road being calculated at 100 horse-power; but, with the present weight of storage batteries, it would hardly be considered practicable for a locomotive, required to develop 800 to 1,000 horse-power and more, such as our standard high-speed passenger locomotives develop at full speed. We may therefore leave the storage battery locomotive out of consideration for our present purposes.

Going a step farther, we may employ an equipment consisting of a complete steam and electric generating plant on wheels — that is, a boiler, steam-engine, and dynamo — and lead the current so generated to the motors of the electric locomotive. It might at first sight appear to be a roundabout way of accomplishing the object sought, and the question would be natural, Why not use the steam-power direct, as in the ordinary steam locomotive, instead of converting it into current and then applying the power, which process must of necessity involve additional losses in transformation? The answer of the advocates of this plan is that the steam locomotive is wasteful of coal, and that by generating the power in the most improved type of stationary compound engine carried on the tender, fuel can be saved, notwithstanding the losses due to conversion into electricity. It is not our purpose to follow out these and other arguments, but it is interesting to note that such a locomotive as we have just described has been recently tried by the Northern Railway of France.

Under this head also come locomotives equipped with electric motors and taking current from some outside source such as a trolley wire or auxiliary rail alongside or between the tracks. The latest examples of this type are the locomotives which will haul the trains through the Baltimore tunnel and which will develop 800 horse-power. And finally we have the choice of equipping each car with individual motors, like the street-cars, which permits of their being made up into trains or run, at will, over the road individually.

Thus, it will be seen, there are presented various methods which may be grouped under two heads, namely, those in which the train carries its own power with it, and those in which it obtains it from an extraneous source through electric conductors parallel with the track. It may be taken as fairly certain that the latter method

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will prove the one best adapted to existing conditions, and that the overhead trolley will be the method of current conveyance *par excellence* for high-speed electric railroading.

Coupled with the question of conductors is that of the potential, or, to put it plainly, the number of volts, which would be employed in a system such as the one under consideration. If advantage were taken of the fact that the weight of copper required to convey the current decreases as the square of the number of volts, or the pressure, the outlay for this purpose might be made almost vanishingly small. But it is safe to assume that for the present such potentials would have to be employed as would make the handling of the apparatus tolerably safe and its operation not subject to electrical mishaps. We may therefore look for the application of a potential not much over one thousand volts, which is about twice that now used on the ordinary trolley-car system.

Naturally the potential will also have a marked influence on the number of central power stations which it will be necessary to employ, for, as was shown above, the weight of copper required, and consequently the number of power stations, would increase directly as the square of the relative decrease in the number of volts. This important point is well brought out in a table calculated by Mr. Frank J. Sprague, the pioneer electric railway engineer, who assumes the case of an electric road ninety miles long, just equal to the distance by rail between New York and Philadelphia, with trains running at an average speed of ninety miles an hour, but handling through traffic only; the trains to consist of two-car units, leaving every ten minutes, and the weight of copper conductors only two-thirds of that of the telephone conductors between New York and Boston. With these conditions the stations and potentials required for such a line figure out as follows:

Number of Stations.	Miles apart.	Potential.	
		Two-wire.	Three-wire.
1	—	3,600 volts.	1,800 volts.
2	45	1,800 "	900 "
3	30	1,200 "	600 "
4	22½	900 "	450 "

It will be seen from the above that if what is termed "the three-wire system" be used, that is, the rails as an auxiliary between two trolley wires, then with only two stations, forty-five miles apart, the potential is nine hundred volts, and this potential can be handled with ease by the electrical engineer.

With all the engineering advantages claimed for the electric method of operation, the question might be asked, Why do not our railroad managers take up electricity forthwith, and relegate their steam locomotives to the scrap heap? Leaving aside the proverbial inertia of railroad managers, or any others, toward improvements which entail the abandonment of existing costly apparatus, there enters an important consideration governing the successful, that is, the economical operation of an electric railroad. It will have been noted that in the calculation of Mr. Sprague he assumed a continuous movement over the line, of trains only ten minutes apart. If such conditions could always be realized in actual practice, that is, a large number of train units moved at short intervals apart, whatever be the speeds or nature of the service, there is no question that electricity would prove the more economical in every case. But the operation of but a single or a few trains simultaneously over a long line would be uneconomical and would afford no adequate returns on the capital invested. It will be seen, therefore, that there is a point midway between the present steam and the ideal electric system where the two meet on a basis of equality. To put it generally, the smaller the number of trains the greater the economy by steam; and *vice versa*, the greater the number of trains the greater the economy by electricity. The extent and nature of the traffic will therefore always be a governing factor in the application of the electric high speed railroad, and those who blindly advocate the immediate conversion of all steam roads into electric are to be counted among those enthusiasts who, though well meaning, frequently do more harm than good to the cause they advocate.

From what has preceded, the con-

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clusions to be derived may be stated as follows: 1. That the electric arts to-day are sufficiently advanced to supply the apparatus to operate successfully trains or single cars at speeds greater than have yet been attained by the steam locomotives. 2. That the operation of trains at such speeds is subject only to the considerations of economy, or, in other words, that people can travel at a speed perhaps up to one hundred miles an hour and over, if they are willing to pay for it. 3. That the successful introduction of electricity on existing steam roads will probably require a change in the methods of handling passengers and freight, the single car or small train unit, operated at frequent intervals, taking the place of the present long train.

In conclusion, the author desires to state his firm belief that all railroads will be eventually operated electrically. The first changes from steam will probably be made, and have in fact already begun, on short suburban roads where the traffic is heavy and the trains are run at frequent intervals, and thus approximate more closely to the ideal conditions of the economical electric railway. These electric spurs will then be gradually extended until in the course of time the entire line will be adapted to the new order of affairs, and a new generation of railroad officers, less wedded to the older methods, will have come into existence. So far as new, light railways are concerned, such as those contemplated in England at the present time, and which are rapidly increasing in the United States, electricity presents advantages which cannot be disputed. It has even been suggested that such agricultural roads might largely increase their income by supplying electric power for farming operations in the districts through which they pass. Some trolley roads do this now.

One fact must always be steadily borne in mind, and that is, that *cheap* transportation lies at the basis of modern civilization, and that speed is a secondary element in the large majority of cases, both as regards passenger and freight transportation. As Colonel Prout, in his admirable articles on "English Railroad Methods," recently appearing in this Magazine, puts it, "A man earning $1 a day can wait half a day to start and add half a day to the length of his journey to save $1.10 in fares, and still make 10 cents by the delay." According to the same authority the passenger traffic on the steam roads of the United States pays 2.14 cents per mile. Trolley roads carry passengers from five to twenty miles for 5 cents and make it pay, so that we need not be at all astonished that under such circumstances some steam roads have succumbed to the competition. We believe that to-day a steady stream of electric cars at short intervals, sent over one of the several roads between New York and Philadelphia, with a speed even considerably less than that attained by the present express trains, but at a reduced rate of fare, would stimulate a traffic that would pay well on the capital invested. We will be able to test this in a practical way, perhaps, within a few months, when the links of the chain of electric roads now constructing between New York and Philadelphia will be complete.

The limits of space make it impossible to enter into many details; but enough, we believe, has been said to show that the outlook for the high speed electric railway, replacing or reinforcing steam systems, is bright, and that no unsurmountable technical difficulties stand in the way of its accomplishment. There are various possibilities, not here even hinted at. No proposition has been advanced which is without solid basis in the familiar and successful operation of electric motors at the present moment.

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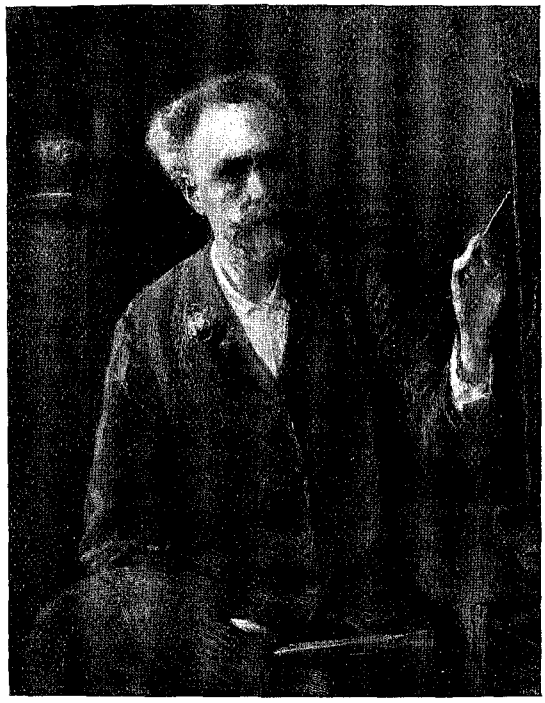

Stéphane Pannemaker.
From a portrait painted by himself.

WOOD ENGRAVERS—STÉPHANE PANNEMAKER

IN the first ranks of the men who have contributed to the contemporary development of wood-engraving, Stéphane Pannemaker [Pannemaker fils] occupies a prominent position. The robustness, the rich brilliancy, the grandeur of his style, thoroughly appreciated by the craft, have found favor with the great public also. Perhaps no other living engraver has interested such a large audience in and out of his own country, for his large blocks from the paintings of the masters have had the unusual distinction of being published simultaneously in France, England, and America. To the new departure in his art, which he represents and which the many have followed, others have certainly contributed, but he was their standard-bearer. It is well that when art reaches into new directions, special recognition should go to the pioneers—the men who have cleared up the virgin lands.

Although young Stéphane received his professional education from his father, a typical representative of the old school of engraving, who had left Belgium to start one of the most successful ateliers of Paris, he turned out and became the elder's antithesis, the fierce upholder of all his father thought bad and heretical in wood-engraving.

When a mere lad he attended a good school, La Petite École, where a rare teacher, Lecoq de Boisbaudran, taught drawing. Among some of the best-known of Boisbaudran's pupils were Cazin, Lhermitte, Bellenger, and Regamey the elder; but the school being primarily a school of industrial art, it is in the productions of French industrial art in all its branches that the influence of this ideal teacher has been most strongly ex-

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erted. Stéphane left school when fourteen, to serve a rigid apprenticeship in his father's atelier. Fresh from Boisbaudran's teachings, which might be summed up by the favorite maxim: "Do not do as I do, but do as you feel," the tyranny of the atelier's routine was odious to him. In these old studios one learned to engrave as one learns to write, paying no attention to the sense of the words or of the phrases. The one object was to copy exactly, to facsimile, a number of characters which composed the language of engraving. Pannemaker the father was only preoccupied in rendering a good account of himself as an engraver of the good honorable tradition, and so, while he was a very clever cutter in wood there was nothing in him of the artist interpreter. In his studio, a painting underwent the tyranny of two translators—the man who made the drawing of the original on the wood and the engraver—who, unmindful of the painting, tried solely to render the draughtsman's work. In such a way the original painting, subjected to the ordeal of two different but purely technical interpretations, lost entirely its character, its identity.

In the École du Livre, where Stéphane, having ceased to engrave, is now a teacher of engraving, the résumé of his artistic attitude may be found in his preoccupation to let his pupils express and develop themselves in their own way. They are told that they must render the drawing in whichever way seems to them best, and that so long as form, values, character are given all means are good. Leaving them with their own horizons, free, he never begins anything for them, or influences them as to how to start, but letting them go on in their own way until there is enough of it done so that the work speaks for itself. Then the pupil is made to compare copy and original; his attention is called to the vital mistakes he has made, so that he will realize them of himself, and not because he is told of it by his teacher.

The work of Stéphane Pannemaker which marks an epoch in the art of wood engraving, is his interpretation of the paintings of the old masters. With Pisan he had done many fine blocks after Doré, to whom he became strongly attached, and whose originality he rendered in a most faithful manner, but the use of photography in lieu of drawing on wood gave him his great opportunity. Strangely enough, he hates photography, which he says is inartistic, which gives too much of the insignificant detail, and seldom renders the impression of the original. Perhaps because of the realization of its shortcomings, he has used it in so thoroughly discriminating a manner. Never servile, he has put his interpretation at the service of the creator. He has seen through the photograph, entering into the subject brilliantly, going deeply, farther than observance of details or mechanical rendering. Conscience, he says, does not lie in copying stroke for stroke, it consists in entering into the character, in giving the sensation of the work; in saying intensely in another language what the master has said in his own language. Hence that series each page of which is alive, vibrating with the spirit of the painters.

It is our privilege to have succeeded in alluring him once more to his old work. The frontispiece of this number, this Pope's head of Velasquez, so simple and forcible in its treatment, has above all the fluid charm, the masterly *desinvoltura* of the great Spaniard's style. The engraver's technique is very fine, but it would require an effort to notice it. Another thing dominates which is expressed so powerfully that all else disappears. It is Velasquez's conception and rendering of that terrible Red Pope. We see Velasquez; we see him as vividly in black and white as in the original of the Doria Gallery. We don't realize that Pannemaker has something to do with the result. The interpreter is not seen, not felt—the creator alone is before us.

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Book-cover. (Front and back.)
J. Chéret, del. Paul Ollendorf, publisher.

FRENCH POSTERS AND BOOK-COVERS

By Arsène Alexandre

IT must be confessed that, until within the last ten or twelve years, the book, now become so frankly coquettish in its costume, was rather carelessly dressed. On its frock of gray, yellow, blue, or pink paper — with even these tints neutral and subdued — were to be read the names of the author of the work and of the publisher, and that was all. Even this was an improvement on the primitive periods where the unbound book was simply re-covered with a sheet of plain or marbled paper, with a mean little label pasted on the back. I am only speaking, of course, of the current book, the popular book, the book which is bought to be read. It was only rarely that a modest vignette was printed on its cover; a thin, black vignette, doomed to disappear before the binder's shears.

But it is not for nothing that we live in the age of advertising, and under the reign of the *ad captandum*. There came to be publishers—crafty publishers—who said to themselves that a book might be so made as to be its own advertiser. It sported the most brilliant colors like a mountebank on parade; it made its bid from the window of the bookshop and threw dust in the eyes of the credulous passer-by. Enclosed back and front between two designs, harmonious where it was possible, violently contrasted where harmony was not sufficient, the book became its own sandwich-man. The substance was inside, and the advertisement wrapped it as the silver coating wraps the pill. Thus the lie was given to an old French proverb which has been made to suffer countless persecutions, "À bon vin pas d'enseigne."

But Heaven forbid that I should say anything derogatory of advertising,

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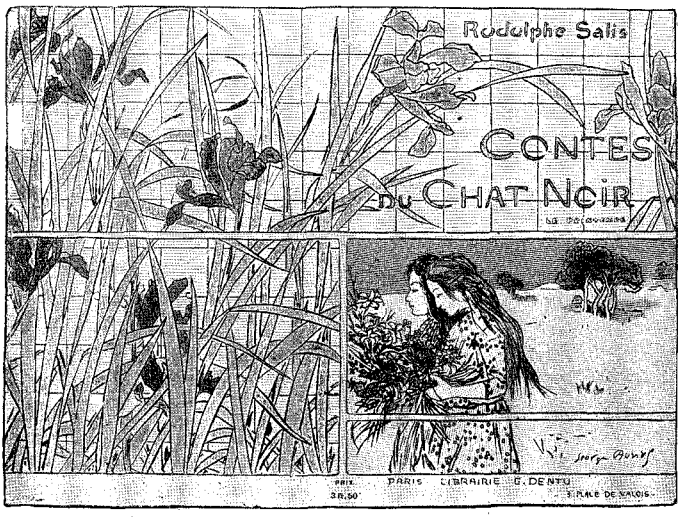

Book-cover. (Front and back.)
Georges Auriol, del. G. Dentu, publisher.

which is a necessity of our day and the very soul of business, especially in bookselling. I am only affirming that, though the cover of the book may have become an adornment, it was at all events at first an *affiche*. This is proved by the fact that book-lovers were not at once persuaded that such covers ought to be preserved. It was only some little time after the fashion became general among the publishers that it became a custom to keep the cover under the binding, and that it thus became a permanent evidence of the taste of our epoch—good or bad, as the future may decide.

Another proof that it was rather a desire for advertising than an artistic intention which controlled the illustration of book-covers is that often the more insignificant and commonplace the book, the "louder" was the cover. There have been books which have been seized and persecuted by law on the evidence of too loud a cover; but generally, if the cover was very risky it was safe to conclude that the inside was extremely prosy, not to say drowsy. It was like a circus booth, where the posters promise you the most exciting spectacles, and where the deluded spectators, once having entered, find nothing to look at for their two sous but a melancholy old monkey, or a seal uncomfortably confined in a tank which very imperfectly recalls the boundless ocean.

Whatever its cause, the vogue of the illustrated cover was started, somewhere about ten years ago, by a true artist — one of the most original and subtile of his time, indeed—Jules Chéret. And this was the way of it: Chéret was already known for his superb posters, which were sought by all collectors, and which were to be seen as wall ornaments in almost every painter's and sculptor's

Book-cover.
T. A. Steinlen, del.

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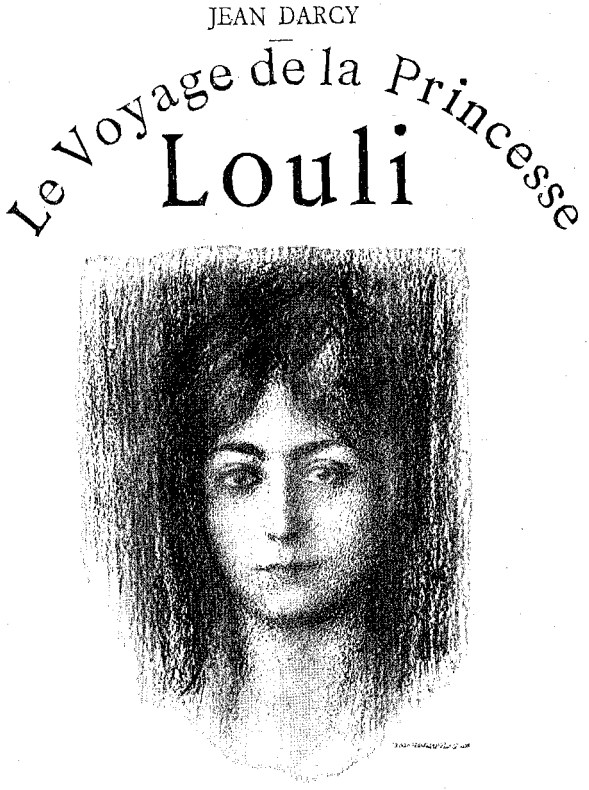
studio. There was extant at this same time an energetic, amusing, and odd personage — very well known to the youngsters among the artists and *littéra-*



Book-cover.
Dagnan-Bouveret, del.

teurs—named Jules Lévy, whose name makes it unnecessary to say that he had considerable business faculty. He had a fairly important position in the celebrated publishing house of Hachette, but he was ambitious to set up a business on his own account. You can imagine that the house of Hachette, with its character and its class of publications, has commonly had rather a serious staff of employees, like the staff of a ministry or at least the membership of the Institute. All the same, there have been at least two exceptions to the rule, who turned out badly, one M. Émile Zola, and the other this M. Jules Lévy.

It was Jules Lévy who virtually invented the artistic-literary sect of the Incohérents; and in their exhibitions and balls he stirred up his associates to work out the most reckless notions their brains devised. In the exhibitions of the Incohérents were to be seen the most extraordinary *charges d'atelier*, and at their balls the most astounding costumes and performances. This remarkable Jules Lévy, with his long legs, his long arms, his big ears, his broad mouth, and his long nose, as soon as he found himself in possession of a sufficient celebrity, carried out his dream and established himself as a publisher. It was then that he noticed the analogy between the colored poster and the possible cover of the book of the future. He knew Chéret and his work, and he it was who first appealed to the designer of posters to cover and ornament the books he published. At first this was a little too much of a novelty, and Jules Lévy came to grief over it. His idea, which had been as simple as Christopher Columbus's egg, made him no money; and when he had to shut up his shop other publishers did not at once begin to decorate their publications. They came to it a little later, and timidly at first, but after awhile with an actual craze, and there was for a time and still is, as I have said, a large quantity of books whose sole reason for being was in their cover, and whose cover itself was a "fake."

On the other hand, it must be admitted that if the flag of illustration did not always cover a good cargo, and if to some extent it favored the launching of very commonplace performances, it

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made perhaps an additional opportunity of refinement for a truly beautiful book. Besides it has given us some very pretty prints, the work of our best artists, which, when struck off by themselves, are a pleasure to collectors.

Magazine Poster.—Bonnard, del.

Nearly all the celebrated painters have been approached by publishers, so that it would be invidious to cite the names of the Salon medallists and others who have adorned with a fleurette, a portrait, or a scene the front cover of a book. Among the illustrations of this article there is, for example, a graceful female head signed Dagnan-Bouveret. This enigmatical and elegant person is the author herself of "Le Voyage de la Princesse Louli," Mme Charles Laurent, the wife of a very well known journalist. In the same way, the Sar Joseph Péladan sometimes has his books modestly adorned with a drawing by Séon, depicting his own magian's face, with eyes the Greeks would have called "Boöpis," and his jovian hair, like the beard of the colossus of Korsabad.

But if I must mention the real masters of cover-design in colors up to the present time, let us pause especially at the names of Grasset, Chéret, Willette, and Georges Auriol. Grasset has signed some covers for stories and important publications, in which his forceful and somewhat severe manner appears distinctly. As to Chéret, the case is somewhat peculiar. Since the time when he worked for Jules Lévy, he has furnished covers more particularly for the works of his friends among men of letters, or of occasional unfortunate writers who have justly thought that one of his sparkling chromo-lithographs would be an attraction, and consequently a cause of increased sale. He has tired of his posters and that sort of work generally, and is devoting himself more and more to pastel and decorative painting, which he loves enthusiastically. Nowadays,

Theatrical Poster.
Orazi, del. Delanchy, Ancourt & Co., publishers.

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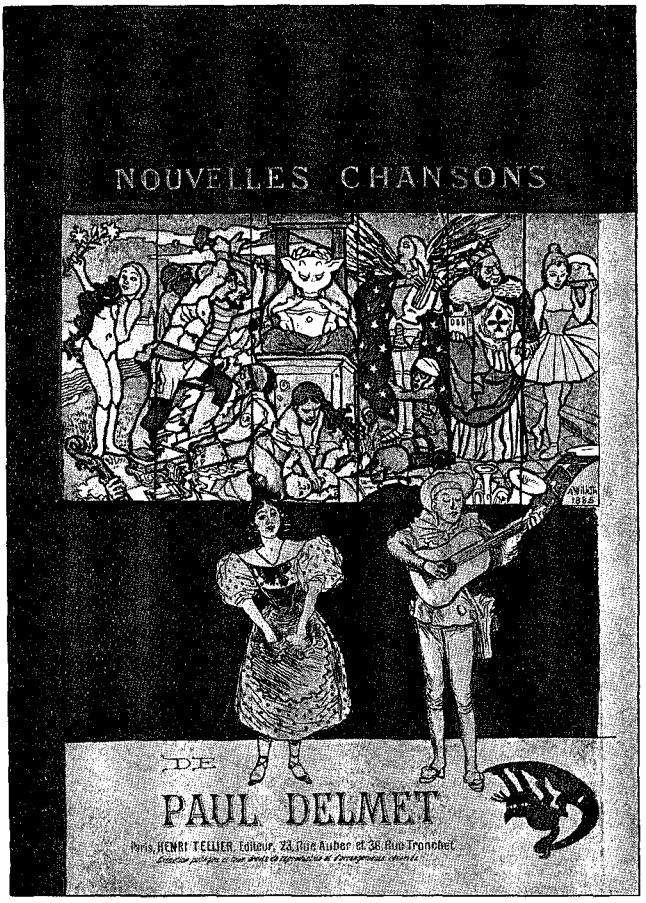

Music-book Cover.

A. Willette, del. Henri Tellier, publisher.

therefore, he almost always begins by finding some pretext to refuse a request. He has urgent work on hand for three months; he hasn't a minute to himself; in three or four months he will see, etc.; but his friend returns to the charge: "Poor so-and-so has a sick wife and children. One of your covers would make his book sell;" and Chéret surrenders on the spot, bites his mustache, makes an effort to conceal his emotion, and finally says: "Oh, well, let so-and-so come in again in a fortnight, and his cover will be done."

But with Willette, who has published some of the most brilliant and elegant book decorations, it is quite another tune! If you can wait a year or two, perhaps you shall have your cover. But don't try to get it for any offer of money, if the book and its author do not please this capricious Pierrot. If your idea has attracted him, as did Jules Jouy's "Chansons de Bataille," or the present author's "L'Art du Rire," it need not be two years, nor one year, nor even a fortnight that you must wait. Some fine day, or rather fine night, he will set himself to work, and in the morning he will bring you the drawing for the same price that Chéret charges—that is to say for 0 francs, 00 centimes. Thus the poor chiefly enjoy Chéret's favors, and the independent those of Willette; or rather the poor and the independent secure from both of them things which millionaires or academicians would beg in vain.

Georges Auriol, the third of those I named, has made a special place for

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Exhibition Poster.
J. Chéret, del.

himself by covers in which flowers, which he understands thoroughly, play the principal part in the decoration. There are very pretty covers, too, by Steinlen, Caran d'Ache, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others. And finally the Décadents and the Symbolists have made a specialty of singular covers with apparitions, cabalistic signs, symbols of mourning, or treatment in pure white, which are a mixture of subtlety and puerility —but very amusing all the same as a sign of the times.

I hardly know what to say (to finish this part of my essay) is likely to be the future of cover illustration. But one thing is notable, and that is, that already certain publishers have found an opportunity to distinguish themselves by a novelty — by returning to covers that are entirely plain! Such are the caprices of fashion! Books and women are going back to the simple *batiste* of our grandmothers—and with the same motive—coquetry!

If we turn to the covers of songs, pieces of music, and scores, and to the posters of the music publishers, we shall find a slightly different state of things. In the first place the cover-illustration of musical compositions is of much older date than that of books, and of a certain luxury and breadth. The *romanze* of the good old times—say of Louis Philippe — and the quadrilles our grandfathers danced, were almost always ornamented with lithographs (in black and white only, it is true). Some were of an audacious *naïveté*, and provoke a smile nowadays by the fidelity with which they preserve the costumes, tastes, and elegances of the period—especially their absurdities. What crinolines and alpine shepherdesses, what heart-conquering lancers, what superb gentlemen with long side-whiskers and watch-charms, what lovely sentimental beings with bands and ringlets! But there were masterpieces of romantic art,

Exhibition Poster.
T. A. Steinlen, del. Kleinmann, publisher.

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too, decorating simple *contredanses;* I need only recall the admirable lithographs by Célestin Nanteuil, which bring very high prices to-day. Many well-known artists signed (or drew without to make the covers and posters for the works of Wagner, or for scores filled with the languors of the Orient. So, too, M. Besnard began the illustration of Beaudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," set to music

Exhibition Poster.
Forain, del.

their signature) covers for songs: Daumier, Gavarni, Millet, Daubigny, Français, Ribot, and others. This decoration, therefore, is in no sense a novelty, and I should not dwell on it further, if there were not two rather important points to be noticed in connection with it.

One is, that of late years the attempt has been made to make true symphonies of music and painting, by securing a certain fitness in the choice of composer and illustrator relatively to one another. Thus Grasset, who is especially learned in old legend and archaic art, was asked by M. G. Charpentier. One publisher, M. Biardot, went farther than his fellows, and had Willette illustrate, incident by incident, and almost phrase by phrase, the score of "L'Enfant prodigue." It was a *tour de force* and a bold venture, but in spite of its success the example has not been followed, perhaps from fear of being thought merely imitative. Still it is not unusual to find short musical *fantasie* diversified by scenes and sketches; and it will always be possible to make dainty little things of this sort when a bright composer and a *spirituel* draughtsman can be brought into

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Exhibition Posters.

The upper one is drawn by Gaston Noury; the lower is drawn by E. Grasset.

collaboration. Some of the best experiments of the kind have been made by the firms of Hengel and Hartmann. Indeed, musical compositions, and especially the dramatic situations of the great operas, seem made to suggest pictures to a painter, like those with which "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" have inspired Georges Rochegrosse (published by Durand & Schoenewerk), or the "Valkyrie" Grasset. As for songs, we shall easily find among these the names of our customary illustrators, *i.e.*, Willette, Auriol, Chéret, Steinlen, etc.

The second point is that art—and real art—has for a short time past been made to do duty in setting off the repertory of songs of the most vulgar order—the repertory of the *cafés-concerts*, to call it by its right name. Is this a sign of the times, and a proof that art is growing democratic, or democracy artistic, or neither? At all events, a sign of the times. The vulgar song of the *beuglant*, the absurdity made fashionable by some variety actor with a momentary vogue, the ridiculous nuisance in which rhyme and reason are both conspicuous by their absence, or even the suggestive song, all these have nowadays the most artistic dresses, attractive masks covering deceptive faces. But there is, after all, no reason to fear too greatly this vulgarization of pictorial art; if refined painting has taken a few steps toward a meeting with the poetry of the gutter, the poetry of the *café-concert* is itself tending toward a greater refinement and a true literary note, or what promises to become so.

It would need a considerable digression to show how certain little conclaves of poets and fantastics, like the *Chat noir*, the best known of all, have played the part of intermediaries between poetry worthy of the name—the poetry of those who are at least capable of originality, rhythm, and orthography—and poetry unworthy of the name, the more or less metrical platitude which has prevailed in the Parisian music-halls. It is enough to refer to this tendency, which perhaps deserves a more detailed study. Certainly, at the rate we are going on, if Alfred de Musset and Eugène Delacroix were still alive, they would be working for the *café-concert* in a few years.

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Alfred de Musset would write songs for Yvette Guilbert, and Eugène Delacroix would make a beautiful cover for them. Lamartine himself would perhaps write a sentimental piece to be spoken and "represented" by Mme Judic, and the publisher would go fearlessly to ask M. Ingres for a cover-design. We are clearly not far from such a state of things when writers and artists—some of the most highly esteemed among them—are little by little finding their way to the music-halls, where there is success and money.

Real artistic originality in the covers of music-hall songs began through the efforts of a publisher named G. Ondet, one of whose publications was, for instance, *Les Montmartroises*, words by M. Gondezki, one of the most audacious of the *Chat noir* song-writers, and with a lithograph in color by G. de Feure, a young Montmartre painter of Dutch birth—a man of vigorous if rather morbid talent. Ondet took a large risk in making this innovation (at first in connection with covers by M. H. G. Ibels), and for awhile his songs found no sale; but he persevered (luckier than Jules Lévy, whose story I told above), and thanks to Ibels, Steinlen, and Toulouse-Lautrec, his usual illustrators, he succeeded in setting this fashion for the publication of cheap music. To be quite exact, I ought to say that even before him Bruant, the song-writer of the Outer Boulevards, had had his songs illustrated by Steinlen; but this was quite an isolated experiment.

Exhibition Poster.
G. de Feure, del. Bourgerie & Co., publishers.

There remains to be considered one final form of the poster, in its relations to artistic undertakings—that is, the poster designed for exhibitions, and especially for art exhibitions, general and individual.

The poster-mania is a comparatively new disease—an excellent disease, by the way, for it furnishes material for some rich and curious collections; and one which has brought into being a whole branch of commerce and industry far from unimportant. In former days a few posters by E. Delacroix, Nanteuil, Daumier, Gavarni, Henri Monnier, and later Manet, made up the whole of this branch of art, and these few could be kept by a print-collector in a small portfolio. Then Chéret appeared. He produced hundreds of posters that were eagerly collected, especially as they were not very easily secured. Then everybody began, not only to collect posters, but to make them; every painter was ambitious to be a Chéret—but *non licet omnibus*.

The successive stages of this commerce in posters are interesting to note. When the first works of this kind appeared upon the walls, the novelty-lovers began their campaign. How could these mural frescos be secured?

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Opera Poster for the "Valkyrie."
E. Grasset, del.

To peel them off the walls one's self, at night, seemed the simplest plan, but it was also the most dangerous. It involved the risk of being caught in the act, taken to the police station and soundly fined, to say nothing of the risk of "peeling" them badly and getting off the wall only a thing of tatters. It became necessary, then, to secure the complicity of an all-powerful personage—the bill-poster. How many great collectors, honorable and honored men, rich and well placed in life, have bowed down before His Majesty the Bill-

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poster! The paster of posters, realizing a sum which varied with the importance or the vogue of the matter in hand, came to deserve the name of the *un*-paster of posters. That was the primitive period, the stone age, of poster-collectors. The bronze age began when one or two print-sellers in the neighborhood of the quais arranged with the bill-posters for a few copies which they sold to their customers. But there were suits brought by the printers and artists, and sentences pronounced; for the courts would not admit that the interest of art gave the right to dispose in this way of merchandise which did not belong to the sellers. And thus, by severe lessons, was ushered in the golden age in which we live.

The print-sellers, driven by the growing flood of demand, finally decided that it was worth while to arrange with the proprietors of the posters themselves, that a part of each printing should be reserved for amateurs; and so the commerce in posters became a real profession, which dealers like Messrs. Kleinmann & Gagot practise on a large scale. There is in fact—and this is the captivating side of all real collecting—an actual bourse, an exchange, for posters. The philosopher may smile, but the collector will let him smile. Not only posters as such, but even (as in the case of the most valuable prints) different "states" of the poster are collected. Posters before letter, posters on common paper and paper *de luxe*, signed by the artist, or numbered in accordance with a rigidly limited numbering of copies. And why not, after all, since these lithographs have become true artistic prints? There have been, and will be again, exhibitions of posters where the names of Chéret, Grasset, Willette, Toulouse-Lautrec, Pierre Bonnard, Louis Anguetin, G. de Feure, H. G. Ibels, and others are most highly valued. These posters are sought by amateurs and individual buyers for decorating apartments, halls, etc. There is even a small trade generated by the large trade—that of the *mounter* of posters; a workman (sometimes a binder, sometimes a framer) who pastes posters on a fine cloth back with a roller at each end, like the Japanese *kakimonos*.

Perhaps it was a little beyond the reader's expectation to see this little matter of the Parisian kakimono touched upon. But it is the most curious and the least known part of the history of the artistic poster. It might be supposed that art exhibitions had furnished a pretext for the most remarkable posters of this sort, but this is not quite true. Some very commonplace posters have been made for very beautiful exhibitions. Besides, actual *posters* for art exhibitions have been comparatively rare; some painters have painted *signs* rather than posters, to be put at the door of the place where they exhibited their works. But as these were compositions of which only a single example was painted, the souvenir disappeared as soon as the exhibition itself was finished. M. Bodinier, manager of the Théâtre d'Application, otherwise called the Bodinière, where the most heterogeneous experiments in art and literature are gathered together—mixtures of talent and pretension, the whole résumé, in

Book-cover. (Front and back.)
E. Flammarion, publisher.

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fact, of that art-madness which is just now carrying away the world of fashion—M. Bodinier has a most curious collection of these improvised posters. In his place several of the most remarkable exhibitions have occurred, notably those of Chéret, Ibels. Steinlen, and others, and each of these has furnished the subject of an interesting poster, especially that of Steinlen reproduced on page 608.

Another centre of exhibition of a kind more vital and purely artistic is the gallery of the periodical *La Plume*. The Salon des Cent, as the Exhibition of *La Plume* is called, has each time called forth a very different genre of poster, from an elegant bit of *parisiennerie* like that of M. Gaston Noury, to an austere piece of work like that of Grasset, or a subtle study like that of M. G. de Feure.

Finally, it should be mentioned that some exhibitions organized at the École des Beaux-Arts have been advertised by Chéret's posters. It is rather amusing to note this, Chéret's talent being not precisely academic.

If we glance back at this little essay, we shall notice that the artists who themselves make the posters have generally served their own interests less efficiently than they have those of the manufacturers, musicians, and novelists. Painters have not the reputation of being especially modest, and yet they have had least recourse of all to the advertising quality of the poster. They are like famous cooks, who only very rarely taste their own cooking.

PLAYTHINGS

By Louise Betts Edwards

"Back to your playthings, child," my Father says;
"I cannot tell you now."
This when I come to him on long dull days,
To ask him "Why?" and "How?"
And other things that surely I should know—
"What brought me here?" and "Must I some day go?
Whither, and why?" They all perplex me so!

Ah, precious playthings, who shall hold you light?
You keep my eyes from tears,
My empty hands from trembling; this my kite,
That windward wheels and veers—
Fortune I call it, and this merry ball
Is Pleasure, and, the dearest of them all,
This Idol—broken; once I let it fall.

Then comes some careless hand and sweeps away
My toys, and while I weep,
An ache is in my heart that such as they
Had never stilled to sleep,—
Its clamorous questionings, that will not bow
To His denial, nor my silence-vow;
"I have no toys. Ah, tell me, tell me now!"

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THE ART OF LIVING

OCCUPATION

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

I

THE American young man, in the selection of a vocation, is practically cut off from two callings which are dear to his contemporaries in other civilized countries — the Army and the Navy. The possibility of war, with all its horrors and its opportunities for personal renown, is always looming up before the English, French, German, or Russian youth, who is well content to live a life of gilded martial inactivity in the hope of sooner or later winning the cross for conspicuous service, if he escapes a soldier's grave. We have endured one war, and we profoundly hope never to undergo another. Those of us who are ethically opposed to the slaughter of thousands of human beings in a single day by cannon, feel that we have geography on our side. Even the bloodthirsty are forced to acknowledge that the prospects here for a genuine contest of any kind are not favorable. Consequently, the ardor of the son and heir, who would like to be a great soldier or a sea captain, is very apt to be cooled by the representation that his days would be spent in watching Indians or cattle thieves on the Western plains, or in cruising uneventfully in the Mediterranean or the Gulf of Mexico. At all events our standing, or, more accurately speaking, sitting Army, and our Navy are so small, that the demand for generals and captains is very limited. Therefore, though we commend to our sons the prowess of Cæsar, Napoleon, Nelson, Von Moltke, and Grant, we are able to demonstrate to them, even without recourse to modern ethical arguments, that the opportunities for distinction on this side of the water are likely to be very meagre.

Also, we Americans, unlike English parents, hesitate to hold out as offerings to the Church a younger son in every large family. We have no national Church; moreover, the calling of a clergyman in this country lacks the social picturesqueness which goes far, or did go far, to reconcile the British younger son to accept the living which fell to his lot through family influence. Then again, would the American mother, like the conventional mother of the older civilizations, as represented in biography and fiction, if asked which of all vocations she would prefer to have her son adopt, reply promptly and fervidly, "the ministry?"

I put this question to my wife by way of obtaining an answer. She reflected a moment, then she said, "If one of my boys really felt called to be a clergyman, I should be a very happy woman; but I wouldn't on any account have one of them enter the ministry unless he did." This reply seems to me to express not merely the attitude of the American mother, but also the point of view from which the American young man of to-day is apt to look at the question. He no longer regards the ministry as a profession which he is free to prefer, merely because he needs to earn his daily bread; and he understands, when he becomes a clergyman, that lukewarm or merely conventional service will be utterly worthless in a community which is thirsty for inspirational suggestion, but which is soul-sick of cant and the perfervid reiteration of out-worn delusions. The consciousness that he has no closer insight into the mysteries of the universe than his fellow-men, and the fear that he may be able to solace their doubts only by skilful concealment of his own, is tending, here and all over the civilized world, to deter

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many a young man from embracing that profession, which once seemed to offer a safe and legitimate niche for any pious youth who was uncertain what he wished to do for a living. Happy he who feels so closely in touch with the infinite that he is certain of his mission to his brother-man! But is anyone more out of place than the priest who seems to know no more than we do of what we desire to know most? We demand that a poet should be heaven-born; why should we not require equivalent evidence of fitness from our spiritual advisers? And yet, on the other hand, when the conviction of fitness or mission exists, what calling is there which offers to-day more opportunities for usefulness than the ministry? The growing tendency of the Church is toward wider issues and a broader scope. Clergymen are now encouraged and expected to aid in the solution of problems of living no less than those of dying, and to lead in the discussion of matters regarding which they could not have ventured to express opinions fifty years ago without exposing themselves to the charge of being meddlesome or unclerical. The whole field of practical charity, economics, hygiene, and the relations of human beings to each other on this earth, are fast becoming the legitimate domain of the Church, and the general interest in this new phase of usefulness is serving to convince many of the clergy themselves that the existence of so many creeds, differing but slightly and unimportantly from one another, is a waste of vital force and machinery. In this age of trusts, a trust of all religious denominations for the common good of humanity would be a monopoly which could pay large dividends without fear of hostile legislation.

In this matter of the choice of a vocation, the case of the ambitious, promising young man is the one which commends itself most to our sympathies; and next to it stands that of the general utility man—the youth who has no definite tastes or talents, and who selects his life occupation from considerations other than a consciousness of fitness or of natural inclination. There are here, as elsewhere, born merchants, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, architects, engineers, inventors, and poets, who promptly follow their natural bents without suggestion and in the teeth of difficulties. But the promising young man in search of a brilliant career, and the general utility man, are perhaps the best exponents of a nation's temper and inclination.

In every civilization many promising youths and the general run of utility men are apt to turn to business, for trade seems to offer the largest return in the way of money with the least amount of special knowledge. In this new country of ours the number of young men who have selected a business career during the last fifty years, from personal inclination, has been very much greater than elsewhere, and the tone and temper of the community has swept the general utility man into mere money making almost as a matter of course. The reasons for this up to this time have been obvious: The resources and industries of a vast and comparatively sparsely settled continent have been developed in the last fifty years, and the great prizes in the shape of large fortunes resulting from the process have naturally captivated the imagination of ambitious youth. We have unjustly been styled a nation of shopkeepers; but it may in all fairness be alleged that, until the last fifteen years, we have been under the spell of the commercial and industrial spirit, and that the intellectual faculties of the nation have been mainly absorbed in the introduction and maintenance of railroads and factories, in the raising and marketing of grain, in the development of real estate enterprises, and in trading in the commodities or securities which these various undertakings have produced. The resources of the country are by no means exhausted; there are doubtless more mines to open which will make their owners superbly rich; new discoveries in the mechanical or electrical field will afford fresh opportunities to discerning men of means; and individual or combined capital will continue to reap the reward of both legitimate and over-reaching commercial acumen. But it would seem as though the day of enormous fortunes,

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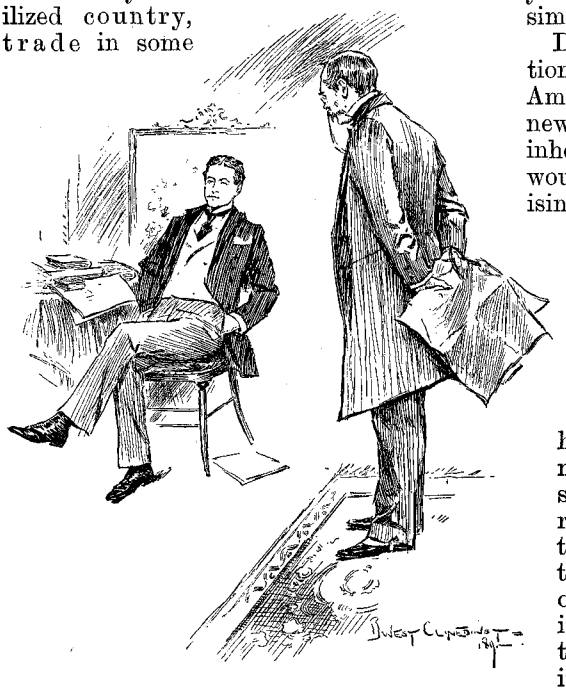
for men of average brains and luck, in this country were nearly over, and that the great pecuniary prizes of the business world would henceforth be gleaned only by extraordinary or exceptional individuals. The country is no longer sparsely settled; fierce competition speedily cuts the abnormal profit out of new enterprises which are not protected by a patent; and in order to be conspicuously successful in any branch of trade, one will have more and more need of unusual ability and untiring application.

In other words, though ours is still a new country, it will not be very long before the opportunities and conditions of a business life resemble closely those which confront young men elsewhere. As in every civilized country, trade in some



"The question of choosing an occupation."

form will necessarily engage the attention of a large portion of the population. From physical causes, a vast majority of the citizens of the United States must continue to derive their support from agriculture and the callings which large crops of cereals, cotton, and sugar make occasion for. Consequently business will always furnish occupation for a vast army of young men in every generation, and few successes will seem more enviable than those of the powerful and scrupulous banker, or the broad-minded and capable railroad president. But, on the other hand, will the well-to-do American father and mother, eager to see their promising sons make the most of themselves, continue to advise them to go into business in preference to other callings? And will the general utility man still be encouraged to regard some form of trade as the most promising outlook, for one who does not know what he wishes to do, to adopt? He who hopes to become a great banker or illustrious railway man, must remember that the streets of all our large cities teem with young men whose breasts harbor similar ambitions.

Doubtless, it was the expectation of our forefathers that our American civilization would add new occupations to the callings inherited from the old world, which would be alluring both to the promising young man and the youth without predilections, and no less valuable to society and elevating to the individual than the best of those by which men have earned their daily bread since civilization first was. As a matter of fact, we Americans have added just one, that of the modern stock-broker. To be sure, I am not including the ranchman. It did seem at one time as though we were going to add another in him—a sort of gentleman shepherd. But be it that the cattle have become too scarce or too numerous, be it that the demon of competition has planted his hoofs on the farthest prairie, one by one the brave youths who went West in search of fortune, have returned East for the last time, and abandoned the field to the cowboys and the native settler. The pioneers in this form of occupation made snug fortunes, but after them came a deluge of promising or unpromising youths who branded every animal within a radius of hun-

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dreds of miles with a letter of the alphabet. Their only living monument is the polo pony.

Our single and signal contribution to the callings of the world has been the apotheosis of the stock-broker. For the last twenty-five years, the well-to-do father and mother and their sons, in our large cities, have been under the spell of a craze for the brokerage business. The consciousness that the refinements of modern living cannot adequately be supplied in a large city to a family whose income does not approximate ten thousand dollars a year, is a cogent argument in favor of trying to grow rich rapidly, and both the promising young man and the general utility man welcomed the new calling with open arms. Impelled by the notion that here was a vocation which required no special knowledge or attainments, and very little capital, which was pleasant, gentlemanly, and not unduly confining, and which promised large returns almost in the twinkling of an eye, hundreds and thousands of young men became brokers —chiefly stock-brokers, but also cotton-brokers, note-brokers, real estate-brokers, insurance-brokers, and brokers in nearly everything. The field was undoubtedly a rich one for those who first entered it. There was a need for the broker, and he was speedily recognized as a valuable addition to the machinery of trade. Many huge fortunes were made, and we have learned to associate the word broker with the possession of large means, an imposing house on a fashionable street, and diverse docked and stylish horses. Of course, the king of all brokers has been the stock-broker, for to him was given the opportunity to buy and sell securities on his own account, though he held himself out to his customers as merely a poor thing who worked for a commission. No wonder that the young man, just out of college, listened open-mouthed to the tales of how many thousands of dollars a year so and so, who had been graduated only five years before, was making, and resolved to try his luck with the same Aladdin's lamp. Nor was it strange that the sight of men scarcely out of their teens, driving down town in fur coats, in their own equipages, with the benison of successful capitalists in their salutations, settled the question of choice for the youth who was wavering or did not know what he wished to do.

"The prospects here for a genuine contest of any kind are not favorable."

It is scarcely an extreme statement that the so-called

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aristocracy of our principal cities to-day is largely made up of men who are, or once were, stock-brokers, or who have made their millions by some of the forms of gambling which our easy-going euphemism styles modern commercial aggressive-

"Cruising uneventfully in the Mediterranean or the Gulf of Mexico."

ness. Certainly, a very considerable number of our most splendid private residences have been built out of the proceeds of successful ventures in the stock market, or the wheat pit, or by some other purely speculative operations. Many stars have shone brilliantly for a season, and then plunged precipitately from the zenith to the horizon; and much has been wisely said as to the dangers of speculation; but the fact remains that a great many vast fortunes owe their existence to the broker's office; fortunes which have been salted down, as the phrase is, and now furnish support and titillation for a leisurely, green old age, or enable the sons and daughters of the original maker to live in luxury.

Whatever the American mother may feel as to her son becoming a clergyman, there is no doubt that many a mother to-day would say "God grant that no son of mine become a stock-broker." I know stock-brokers—many indeed—who are whole-souled, noble-natured men, free from undue worldliness, and with refined instincts. But the stock-broker, as he exists in the every-day life of our community, typifies signally the gambler's yearning to gain wealth by short cuts, and the monomania which regards as pitiable those who do not possess and display the gewgaws of feverish, fashionable materialism. There are stock-brokers in all the great capitals of the world, but nowhere has the vocation swallowed up the sons of the best people to the extent that it has done here during the last thirty years. And yet, apart from the opportunity it affords to grow rich rapidly, what one good reason is there why a promising young man should decide to buy and sell stocks for a living? Indeed, not merely decide, but select, that occupation as the most desirable calling open to him? Does it tend either to ennoble the nature or enrich the mental faculties? It is one of the formal occupations made necessary by the exigencies of the business world, and as such is legitimate and may be highly respectable; but surely it does not, from the nature of the services required, deserve to rank high; and really there would seem to be almost as much occasion for conferring the accolade of social distinction on a dealer in excellent fish as on a successful stock-broker.

However, alas! it is easy enough to assign the reason why the business has been so popular. It appears that, even under the flag of our aspiring nationality, human nature is still so weak that the opportunity to grow rich quickly, when presented, is apt to over-ride all noble considerations. Foreign censors have ventured not infrequently to declare that there was never yet a race so hungry for money as we free-born Americans; and not even the pious ejaculation of one of our United States Senators, "What have we to do with abroad?" is conclusive proof that the accusation is not well founded. In fact there seems to be ample proof that we, who sneered so austerely at the

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Faubourg St. Germain and the aristocracies of the Old World, and made Fourth of July protestations of poverty and chastity, have fallen down and worshipped the golden calf merely because it was made of gold. Because it seemed to be easier to make money as stock-brokers than in any other way, men have hastened to become stock-brokers. To be sure, it may be answered that this is only human nature and the way of the world. True, perhaps; except that we started on the assumption that we were going to improve on the rest of the world, and that its human nature was not to be our human nature. Would not the Faubourg St. Germain be preferable to an aristocracy of stock-brokers?

"The whole field of practical charity."

At all events, the law of supply and demand is beginning to redeem the situation, and, if not to restore our moral credit, at least to save the rising generation from falling into the same slough. The stock-broker industry has been overstocked, and the late young capitalists in fur overcoats, with benedictory manners, wear anxious countenances under the stress of that Old World demon, excessive competition. Youth can no longer wake up in the morning and find itself the proprietor of a rattling business justifying a steam-yacht and a four-in-hand. The good old days have gone forever, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth where of late there was joy and much accumulation. There is not business enough for all the promising young men who are stock-brokers already, and the youth of promise must turn elsewhere.

II

But though the occupation of broker has become less tempting, the promising youth has not ceased to look askance at any calling which does not seem to foreshadow a fortune in a short time. He is only just beginning to appreciate that we are getting down to hard pan, so to speak, and are nearly on a level, as regards the hardships of individual progress, with our old friends the effete civilizations. He finds it difficult to rid himself of the "Arabian Nights'" notion that he has merely to clap his hands to change ten dollars into a thousand in a single year, and to transform his bachelor apartments into a palace beautiful, with a wife, yacht, and horses, before he is thirty-five. He shrinks from the idea of being obliged to take seriously into account anything less than a hundred-dollar bill, and of earning a livelihood by slow yet persistent acceptance of tens and fives. His present ruling ambition is to be a promoter; that is, to be an organizer of schemes, and to let others do the real work and attend to the disgusting details. There are a great many gentry of this kind in the field just at present. Among them is, or rather was, Lewis Pell, as I will call him for the occasion. I don't know exactly what he is doing now. But he was, until lately, a promoter.

A handsome fellow was Lewis Pell. Tall, gentlemanly, and athletic-looking, with a gracious, imposing presence and

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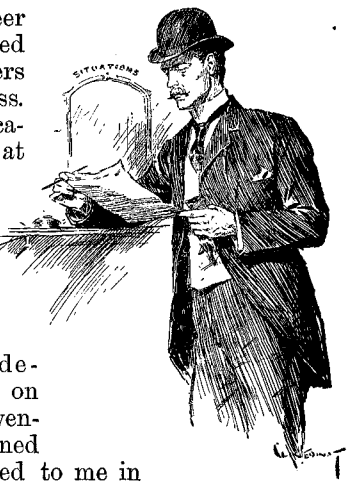
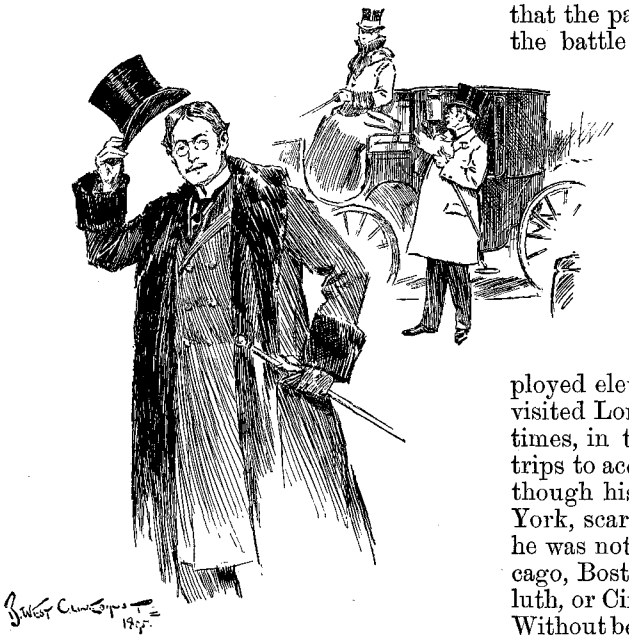
manner, which made his rather commonplace conversation seem almost wisdom. He went into a broker's office after leaving college, like many other promising young men of his time, but he was clever enough either to realize that he was a little late, or that the promoter business offered a more promising scope for his genius, for he soon disappeared from the purlieus of the Stock Exchange, and the next thing we heard of him was as the tenant of an exceedingly elaborate set of offices on the third floor of a most expensive modern monster building. Shortly after I read in the financial columns of the daily press that Mr. Lewis Pell had sold to a syndicate of bankers the first mortgage and the debenture bonds of the Light and Power Traction Company, an electrical corporation organized under the laws of the State of New Jersey. Thirty days later I saw again that he had sailed for Europe in order to interest London capital in a large enterprise, the nature of which was still withheld from the public. During the next two or three years I ran across Pell on several occasions. He seemed always to be living at the highest pressure, but the brilliancy of his career had not impaired his good manners or attractiveness. I refer to his career as brilliant at this time because both his operations and the consequent style of living which he pursued, as described by him on two different evenings when I dined with him, seemed to me in my capacity of ordinary citizen to savor of the marvellous, if not the supernatural. He frankly gave me to understand that it seemed to him a waste of time for an ambitious man to pay attention to details, and that his business was to originate vast undertakings, made possible only by large combinations of corporate or private capital. The word combination, which was frequently on his lips, seemed to be the corner-stone of his system. I gathered that the part which he sought to play in the battle of life was to breathe the breath, or the apparent breath, of existence into huge schemes, and after having given them a quick but comprehensive squeeze or two for his own pecuniary benefit, to hand them over to syndicates, or other aggregations of capitalists, for the benefit of whom they might concern. He confided to me that he employed eleven typewriters; that he had visited London seven, and Paris three times, in the last three years, on flying trips to accomplish brilliant deals; that though his head-quarters were in New York, scarcely a week passed in which he was not obliged to run over to Chicago, Boston, Washington, Denver, Duluth, or Cincinnati, as the case might be. Without being boastful as to his profits, he did not hesitate to acknowledge to me that if he should do as well in the



"The general utility man."



"With the benison of successful capitalists in their salutations."

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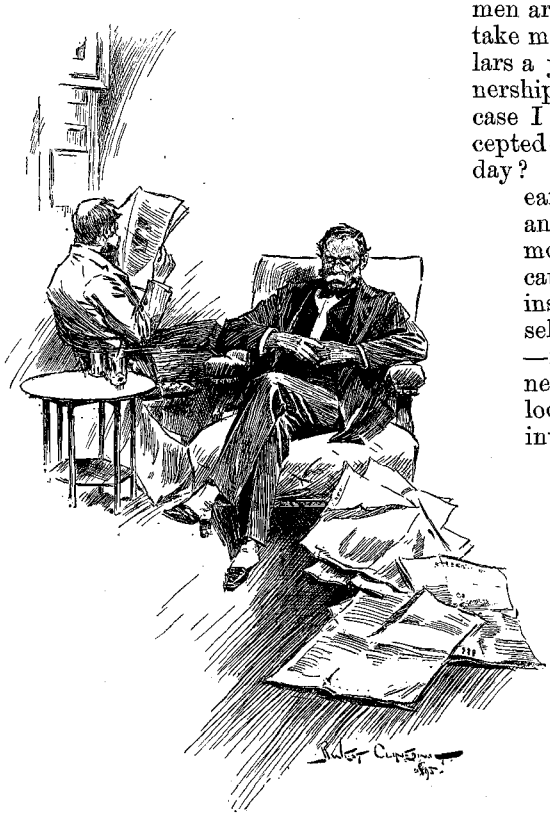
next three years as in the last, he would be able to retire from business with a million or so. Apart from this confession, his personal extravagance left no room for doubt that he must be very rich. Champagne flowed for him as Croton or Cochituate for most of us, and it was evident from his language that the hiring of special trains from



"A leisurely, green old age."

time to time was a rather less serious matter than it would be for the ordinary citizen to take a cab. The account that he gave of three separate entertainments he had tendered to syndicates—of ten, twelve, and seventeen covers respectively, at twenty dollars a cover—fairly made my mouth water and my eyes stick out, so that I felt constrained to murmur, "Your profits must certainly be very large, if you can afford that sort of thing."

Pell smiled complacently and a little condescendingly. "I could tell you of things which I have done which would make that seem a bagatelle," he answered, with engaging mystery. Then after a moment's pause he said, "Do you know, my dear fellow, that when I was graduated I came very near going into the office of a pious old uncle of mine who has been a commission merchant all his life, and is as poor as Job's turkey in spite of it all—that is, poor as men are rated nowadays. He offered to take me as a clerk at one thousand dollars a year, with the promise of a partnership before I was bald-headed in case I did well. Supposing I had accepted his offer, where should I be to-day? Grubbing at an office-desk and earning barely enough for board and lodging. I remember my dear mother took it terribly to heart because I went into a broker's office instead. By the way, between ourselves, I'm building a steam-yacht—nothing very wonderful, but a neat, comfortable craft—and I'm looking forward next summer to inviting my pious old uncle to cruise on her just to see him open his eyes."

That was three years ago, and to-day I have every reason to believe that Lewis Pell is without a dollar in the world, or rather, that every dollar which he has belongs to his creditors. I had heard before his failure was announced that he was short of money, for the reason that several enterprises with which his name was connected had been left on his hands—neither the syndicates nor the public would touch them—so his suspension was scarcely a surprise. He at present, poor fellow, is only one of an army of young men wandering dejectedly through the streets of New York or Chicago in these days of financial depression, vainly seeking for something to promote.

When the promising youth and the general utility man do get rid of the "Arabian Nights'" notion, and recognize that signal success here, in any form, is likely to become more and more difficult to attain, and will be the legitimate reward only of men of real might, of unusual abilities, originality, or daunt-

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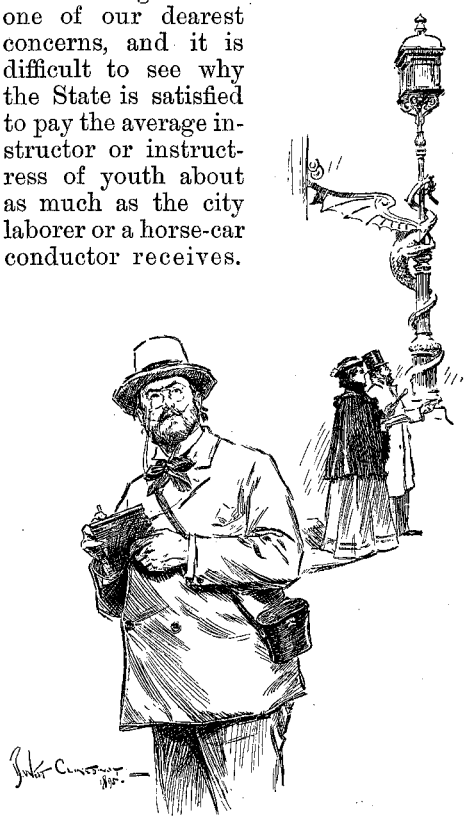
"What have we to do with abroad?"

less industry, some of the callings which have fallen, as it were, into disrepute through their lack of gambling facilities, are likely to loom up again socially. It may be, however, that modern business methods and devices have had the effect of killing for all time that highly respectable pillar of society of fifty years ago, the old-fashioned merchant, who bought and sold on his own behalf, or on commission, real cargoes of merchandise, and real consignments of cotton, wheat, and corn. The telegraph and the warehouse certificate have worked such havoc that almost everything now is bought and sold over and over again before it is grown or manufactured, and by the time it is on the market there is not a shred of profit in it for anybody but the retail dealer. It remains to be seen whether, as the speculative spirit subsides, the merchant is going to reinstate himself and regain his former prestige. It may already be said that the promising youth does not regard him with quite so much contempt as he did.

We have always professed in this country great theoretical respect for the schoolmaster, but we have been careful, as the nation waxed in material prosperity, to keep his pay down and to shove him into the social background more and more. The promising youth could not afford to spend his manhood in this wise, and we have all really been too busy making money to think very much about those who are doing the teaching. Have we not always heard it stated that our schools and colleges are second to none in the world? And if our schools, of course our schoolmasters. Therefore why bother our heads about them? It is indeed wonderful, considering the little popular interest in the subject until lately, that our schoolmasters and our college professors are so competent as they are, and that the profession has flourished on the whole in spite of indifference and superiority. How can men of the highest class be expected to devote their lives to a profession which yields little more than a pittance when one is thoroughly successful? And yet the education of our children ought to be one of our dearest concerns, and it is difficult to see why the State is satisfied to pay the average instructor or instructress of youth about as much as the city laborer or a horse-car conductor receives.



"Foreign censors have ventured not infrequently to declare that there was never yet a race so hungry for money as we free-born Americans!"

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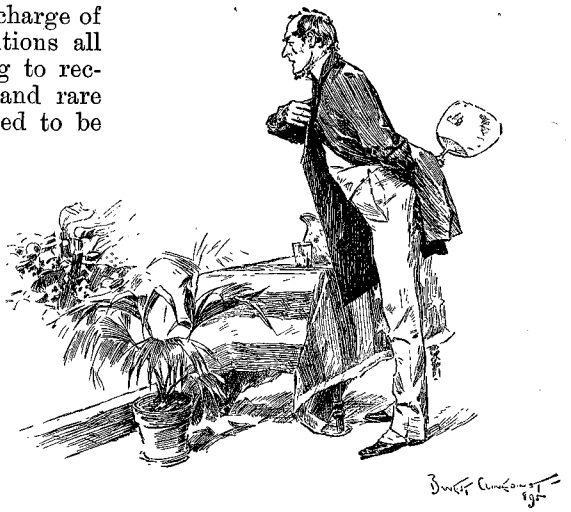

"Fourth of July protestations of poverty and chastity."

There are signs that those in charge of our large educational institutions all over the country are beginning to recognize that ripe scholarship and rare abilities as a teacher are entitled to be well recompensed pecuniarily, and that the breed of such men is likely to increase somewhat in proportion to the size and number of the prizes offered. Our college presidents and professors, those at the head of our large schools and seminaries, should receive such salaries as will enable them to live adequately. By this policy not only would our promising young men be encouraged to pursue learning, but those in the highest places would not be forced by poverty to live in comparative retirement, but could become active social figures and leaders. In any profession or calling under present social conditions only those in the foremost rank can hope to earn more than a living, varying in quality according to the degree of success and the rank of the occupation; but it is to be hoped, —and there seems some reason to believe—that the great rewards which come to those more able and industrious than their fellows will henceforth, in the process of our national evolution, be more evenly distributed, and not confined so conspicuously to gambling, speculative, or commercial successes. The leaders in the great professions of law and medicine have for some time past declined to serve the free-born community without liberal compensation, and the same community, which for half a century secretly believed that only a business man has the right to grow rich, has begun to recognize that there are even other things besides litigation and health which ought to come high. For instance, although the trained architect still meets serious and depressing competition from those ready-made experimenters in design who pronounce the first *c* in the word architect as though it were an *s*, the public is rapidly discovering that a man cannot build an attractive house without special knowledge. In the same class with the law, medicine, and architecture, and seemingly offering at present a greater scope for an ambitious young man, is engineering in all its branches. The furnaces, mines, manufactories, and the hydraulic, electrical, or other plants connected with the numerous vast mechanical business enterprises of the country are furnishing immediate occupation for hundreds of graduates of the scientific or polytechnic schools at highly respectable salaries. This field of usefulness is certain for a long time to come to offer employment and a fair livelihood to many, and large returns to those who outstrip their contemporaries. More and more is the business man, the manufacturer, and the capitalist likely to be dependent for the economical or successful development and management of undertakings on the judgment of scientific experts in his own employment or called in to advise, and it is only meet that the counsel given should be paid for handsomely.

Those who pursue literature or art in their various branches in this country, and have talents in some degree commensurate with their ambition, are now generally able to make a comfortable livelihood. Indeed the men and women in the very front rank are beginning to receive incomes which would be highly satisfactory to a leading law-

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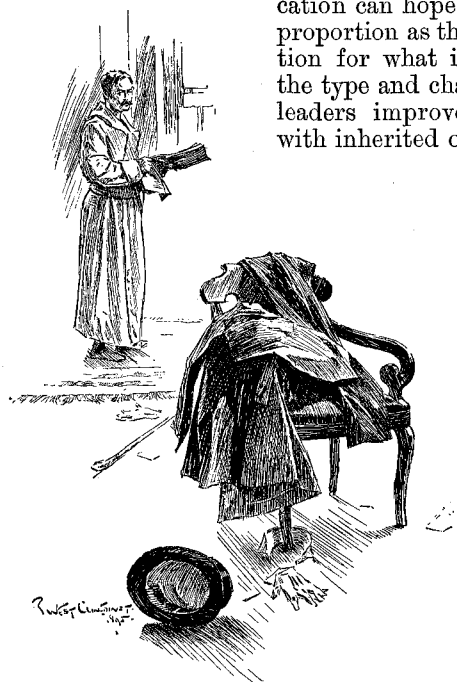
yer or physician. Of course original work in literature or art demands special ability and fitness, but the general utility man is beginning to have many opportunities presented to him in connection with what may be called the clerical work of these professions. The great magazines and publishing houses have an increasing need for trained, scholarly men, for capable critics, and discerning advisers in the field both of letter-press and illustration. Another calling which seems to promise great possibilities both of usefulness and income to those who devote themselves to it earnestly is the comparatively new profession of journalism. The reporter, with all his present horrors, is in the process of evolution; but the journalist is sure to remain the high-priest of democracy. His influence is almost certain to increase materially, but it will not increase unless he seeks to lead public thought instead of bowing to it. The newspaper, in order to flourish, must be a moulder of opinion, and to accomplish this those who control its columns must more and more be men of education, force, and high ideals. Competition will winnow here as elsewhere, but those who by ability and industry win the chief places will stand high in the community and command large pay for their services.



"His bachelor apartments."

An aristocracy of brains—that is to say, an aristocracy composed of individuals successful and prominent in their several callings—seems to be the logical sequence of our institutions under present social and industrial conditions. The only aristocracy which can exist in a democracy is one of honorable success evidenced by wealth or a handsome income, but the character of such an aristocracy will depend on the ambitions and tastes of the nation. The inevitable economic law of supply and demand governs here as elsewhere, and will govern until such a time as society may be reconstructed on an entirely new basis. Only the leaders in any vocation can hope to grow rich, but in proportion as the demands of the nation for what is best increase will the type and characteristics of these leaders improve. The doing away with inherited orders of nobility and deliberate, patented class distinctions, gives the entire field to wealth. We boast proudly that no artificial barriers confine individual social promotion; but we must remember at the same time that those old barriers meant more than the perpetuation of perfumed ladies and idle gentlemen from century to century. We are too apt to forget that the aristocracies of the old world signified in the first place a process of selection. The kings and the nobles, the lords and the barons, the knights who fought and the ladies for whom they died, were the master-spirits of their days and generations, the strong arms and the strong brains of civilized communities. They stood for force, the force of the individual who was more intelligent, more capable, and mightier in soul and body than his neighbors, and who claimed the prerogatives of superiority on that account. These master-spirits, it is true, used these prerogatives in such a manner as to crystallize society into the classes and the masses, so hopelessly for the latter that the gulf between them still is wide as an ocean, notwithstanding that present nobilities have been shorn of their power so that

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they may be said to exist chiefly by sufferance. And yet the world is still the same in that there are men more intelligent, more capable, and mightier in soul and body than their fellows. The leaders of the past won their spurs by prowess with the battle-axe and spear, by wise counsel in affairs of state, by the sheer force of their superior manhood. The gentleman and lady stood for the best blood of the world, though they so often belied it by their actions.

We, who are accustomed to applaud our civilization as the hope of the world, may well look across the water and take suggestions from the institutions of Great Britain, not with the idea of imitation, but with a view to consider the forces at work there. For nearly a century now the government, though in form a monarchy, has been substantially a constitutional republic, imbued with inherited traditions and somewhat galvanized by class distinctions, but nevertheless a constitutional republic. The nobility still exists as a sort of French roof or Eastern pagoda to give a pleasing appearance to the social edifice. The hereditary meaning of titles has been so largely negatived by the introduction of new blood—the blood of the strongest men of the period—that they have become, what they originally were, badges to distinguish the men most valuable to the State. Their abolition is merely a question of time, and many of the leaders to whom they are proffered reject them as they would a cockade or a yellow satin waistcoat. On the other hand, and here is the point of argument, the real aristocracy of England for the last hundred years has been an aristocracy of the foremost, ablest, and worthiest men of the nation, and with few exceptions the social and pecuniary rewards have been bestowed both by the State and by public appreciation on the master-spirits of the time in the best sense. Brilliant statesmanship, wisdom on the bench, the surgeon's skill, the banker's sound discernment, genius in literature and art, when signally contributed by the individual, have won him fame and fortune. It may be said, perhaps, that the pecuniary rewards of science and literature have been less conspicuous than those accorded to other successes, but that has been due to the inherent practical temperament and artistic limitations of the Englishman, and can scarcely be an argument against the contention that English society in the nineteenth century, with all its social idiosyncrasies, has really been graded on the order of merit.

"He was until lately a promoter."

The tide of democracy has set in across the water and is running strongly, and there can be no doubt that the next century is likely to work great and strange changes in the conditions of society in England as well as here. The same questions practically are presented to each nation, except that there a carefully constructed and in many respects admirable system of society is to be disintegrated. We are a new country, and we have a right to be hopeful that we are sooner or later to outstrip all civilizations. Nor is it a blemish that the astonishing development of our material resources has absorbed the energies of our best blood. But it now remains to be seen whether the standards of pure democracy, without traditions or barriers to point the way, are to justify the experiment and improve the race. The character of our aristocracy will depend on the virtues and tastes of the people, and the struggle is to be between aspiration and contentment with low ambitions. Our

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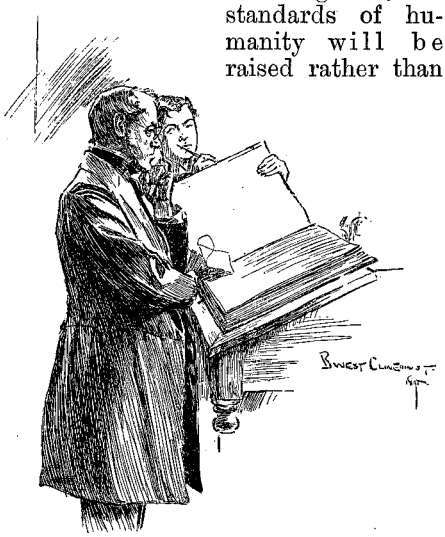
original undertaking has been made far more difficult by the infusion of the worst blood in Christendom, the lees of foreign nations; but the result of the experiment will be much more convincing because of this change in conditions. Who are to be the men of might and heroes of democracy? That will depend on the demands and aspirations of the enfranchised people. With all its imperfections, the civilization of the past has fostered the noble arts and stirred genius to immortalize itself in bronze and marble, in cathedral spires, in masterpieces of painting and literature, in untiring scholarship, in fervent labors in law, medicine, and science. Democracy must care for these things, and encourage the individual to choose worthy occupations, or society will suffer. We hope and believe that, in the long run, the standards of humanity will be raised rather than



"A pious old Uncle Jimmie."

lowered by the lifting of the flood-gates which divide the privileged classes from the mass; but it behooves us all to remember that while demand and supply must be the leading arbiters in the choice of a vocation, the responsibility of selection is left to each individual. Only by the example of individuals will society be saved from accepting the

"The Schoolmaster."

low, vulgar aims and ambitions of the mass as a desirable weal, and this is the strongest argument against the doctrines of those who would repress individuality for the alleged benefit of mankind as a whole. The past has given us many examples of the legislator who cannot be bribed, of the statesman faithful to principle, of the student who disdains to be superficial, of the gentleman who is noble in thought, and speech and action, and they stand on the roll of the world's great men. Democracy cannot afford not to continue to add to this list, and either she must steel her countenance against the cheap man and his works, or sooner or later be confounded. Was Marie Antoinette a more dangerous enemy of the people than the newspaper proprietor who acquires fortune by catering to the lowest tastes and prejudices of the public, or the self-made capitalist who argues that every man has his price, and seeks to accomplish legislation by bribery?

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INTO THE DARK

By William Winter

Out in the dark it throbs and glows—
The wide, wild sea, that no man knows!
The wind is chill, the surge is white,
And I must sail that sea to-night.

You shall not sail! the breakers roar
On many a mile of iron shore,
The waves are livid in their wrath,
And no man knows the ocean path!

I must not bide for wind or wave;
I must not heed, though tempests rave;
My course is set, my hour is known,
And I must front the dark, alone.

Your eyes are wild, your face is pale—
This is no night for ships to sail!
The hungry wind is moaning low,
The storm is up—you shall not go!

'Tis not the moaning wind you hear—
It is a sound more dread and drear,
A voice that calls across the tide,
A voice that will not be denied.

Your words are faint, your brow is cold,
Your looks grow sudden gray and old,
The lights burn dim, the casements shake—
Ah, stay a little, for my sake!

Too late! Too late! The vow you said
This many a year is cold and dead,
And through that darkness, grim and black,
I shall but follow on its track.

Remember all fair things and good,
That e'er were dreamed or understood,
For they shall all the past requite,
So you but shun the sea to-night!

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No more of dreams! Nor let there be
One tender thought of them or me—
For on the way that I must wend
I dread no harm and need no friend!

The golden shafts of sunset fall
Athwart the gray cathedral wall,
While o'er its tombs of old renown
The rose-leaves softly flutter down.

No thought of holy things can save
One relic now from Mem'ry's grave,
And be it sun, or moon, or star,
The light that falls must follow far!

I mind the ruined turrets bold,
The ivy, flushed with sunset gold,
The dew-drenched roses, in their sleep,
That seemed to smile, and yet to weep.

There'll be nor smile nor tear again;
There'll be the end of ev'ry pain;
There'll be no parting to deplore,
Nor love nor sorrow any more.

I see the sacred river's flow,
The barge in twilight drifting slow,
While o'er the daisied meadow swells
The music of the vesper bells.

It is my knell—so far away!
The night wears on—I must not stay!
My canvas strains before the gale—
My cables part, and I must sail!
. . . . . .

Loud roars the sea! The dark has come;
He does not move—his lips are dumb.
Ah! God receive, on shores of light,
The shattered ship that sails to-night!

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IMPRESSIONISTS

By Jean François Raffaëlli

IT was on a happy morning, twenty-five years ago, that I made the acquaintance of my old friend, Marcellin Desboutins, that excellent artist, whose pictures have found a welcome place in some of your private collections. I was then living on the sixth floor of a house in the rue Nôtre-Dame de Lorette, a street in the neighborhood of that famous Montmartre where so many young men, ardent in their love for all that belongs to the world of intelligence, live obscure, waiting for their day of reputation and glory. My lodging consisted of a studio the size of my hand, and two small chambers in which I could neither stand upright, nor lie down with my legs stretched out. It was a hard case, and the more so, because, up to my fourteenth year, I had received a good education, and had led the life of a child of rich parents; but fortune failed us, our affairs were completely ruined; it was necessary to go to work, and do what could be done to restore the fortunes of the family.

Meanwhile, from the height of my sixth story, through my small window, I looked down upon all Paris, the grand city, stretched below me, and as Zola has so well described it in one of his fine books, I, too, dreamed of conquering it in my turn, and of becoming, even I, young and poor and unknown, one of the intelligences of that proud city which I took in with one sweep of my eyes.

At that time, a few young men who have since then come to be not unfavorably spoken of used to meet in a small café of the Batignolles. There came Émile Zola—he then wore his hair cut close, and his beard long; Manet, whose fine ironic smile masked a charming ingenuousness and goodness of heart; Duranty, the æsthetician of the group; Fantin-Latour, Degas, Claude Monet, Desboutins, and I.

I was twenty years old at that time, but I could not go every day to the little conclave, for it was not every day that I could scrape together, without putting myself to inconvenience, the sum necessary to pay for a bock! Nevertheless, every Tuesday, the day particularly set apart for meeting, I made a point of being present—and such discussions as we had! Discussions without end; acute, ardent, passionate, ironical, violent—on every subject conceivable relating to things artistic and intellectual! Ah, what delightful evenings were those! Evenings of happiest youth, when the soul and mind are inflamed with hopes of the coming strife and the glory of the victory! Many of those young men, chosen spirits of the time, succumbed to death; others attained the wished-for goal; but, alas, the promised land grows less enchanting day by day, as the years bring it nearer!

Zola was sure of his triumph. Burning with zeal in the daily battle of life, never allowing a day to pass without accomplishing his written task, he piled up that stupendous literary monument the world knows so well.

On the other hand, our poor Manet never found in his lifetime that Glory, of which he was always dreaming behind his mask of the mocking Parisian. He loved reputation; he longed to be famous. I remember his saying to me, one day, "Listen, my dear friend; one can never feel that he is really famous, until the chance cabby says as you take your seat, 'I know! rue Blanche, No. 22. I will take you there, Monsieur Manet!'"

Manet had an exquisite nature. His noble talent had the most important influence in France. His masterpieces are shining landmarks that point out the way to a whole generation of youthful talents wandering from the true path.

I need not say that at this time the Institute was all powerful in our country, and it was made up of men who

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only looked behind them. They thought of Greece, and forgot that they were Frenchmen.

The art of Greece demands, and will forever demand, the unreserved admiration of the world. No art of any other people will ever reach a greater height. But does it follow from this that we should forever slavishly follow that art, when nothing in our life, nor in the things about us, has any resemblance to the Greeks; when our laws, our way of life, our social customs, our modes of thought and feeling are totally different from those of that great people?

We can never be truly inspired but by that which moves ourselves; we can never be sincerely moved but by the passions and feelings that stir our own souls. For a Frenchman to hesitate in his choice between Greece and France is to hesitate between Life and Death. And we, for ourselves, have chosen Life.

Manet was troubled because he did not live to see his pictures sell for what they were worth. "Would you believe," he once said to me, "that this year I, Manet, have earned no more than twelve thousand francs?"

The poor man, great artist that he was, was not willing to believe that, in our time, a true artist could not hope for a fortune until the end of his life. His large canvases, moreover, could only find a place in our museums, and our museums, as a rule, are not open to us until we are dead. In order that an artist may reasonably hope to earn some money while he is yet alive, he must produce a great number of small pictures. He may then be able to conjugate profitably the verb "To have." Thus for twenty years we have been hearing everywhere:

"I have a Corot. Thou hast a Corot. He has a Corot. We have a Corot. They all have a Corot!"

And the Corots circulate like bank-notes, because they are small, abundant, and excellent!

Life was short for Manet. While yet in full vigor he was struck by paralysis, and soon his limbs refused to support him. I seem still to see him, stretched on the bed from which he was never to rise. Yet he kept to the end that fine Parisian face of his—at once inspired, ingenuous, and subtle.

As for this word "Impressionist," I remember well the rage with which we greeted it. It was while one of our exhibitions was going on that a facetious critic wrote: "Their pictures are nothing but impressions. All these painters are nothing more than Impressionists." This pleasantry was successful, and everybody laughed at it. The first jokes at our expense are still fresh in my mind. There was a play at one of the theatres called "La Cigale;" it was the joint work of Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy. An Impressionist painter appeared on the scene with a gray canvas which he showed the public, and, down in one corner, he had painted a knife. He said the title of his picture was "A Fog that you could Cut with a Knife!—An Impressionist Picture."

Another canvas, with daubs of purple and yellow, was called "Recollections of Etretat." Then he turned it round, and said it represented a "Sunset in Egypt." He then turned the back of the canvas to the audience and told them it was a "Slave-market in Morocco," and when his fellow-actor informed him he could see nothing at all, he assured him that he had come too late; the sale was over, and the slaves had all been carried away!

Finally he took a white canvas and showed it to the people. They cried out that the canvas was empty. He replied that nothing was needed but a line. Then, drawing a straight line across the canvas from left to right, "There," he said, "you have an admirable impression of the sea in an absolute calm!"

On leaving the theatre Manet was in a great rage, and declared that we should all be crushed by this ridicule. "Yes," he cried, "we are settled for ten years to come!" Degas, on the other hand, rubbed his hands, and laughed in his beard, and assured us that "it was nothing but the same old story; every new movement began like that." And then, taking heart, we recalled how the critics had said to Delacroix, in the beginning of his career, that "he painted with a drunken

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broom!" and how Corot and Courbet and Millet had, for long years, been pelted with cruel ridicule.

At that time none of us would acknowledge the name "Impressionist." This I wish to state here, positively. It was with the design of replacing this name with another that I wrote—it is now about fifteen years ago—a book on the philosophy of art, and which I intended as an exposition of æsthetic philosophy, pointing out the true road to follow. In this essay I launched the word "characterism" as being the fit expression of what we were striving for as individuals. For, in fact, it ought also to be said that "there never was an Impressionist school." All that can be said is that there were a dozen artists or so who came together by natural affinity, who formed a little group by themselves, and whose only watchword was this: "One ought only to paint what he sees about him. He ought to have only one ideal, the ideal of the time he lives in. A man can rightly interpret only the passions, the ideals, the aspirations of his own epoch, of the world that surrounds him."

Claude Monet painted in pure color with a superb freedom. Degas was at that time all subtlety in his magnificent art, in love with the early Venetians and Florentines, and with the Japanese. Manet had an incomparable largeness of execution, Renoir a delicious color and tenderness of sentiment, Pissarro a beautiful sense of the picturesque. Mary Cassatt drew beautiful dry-points, permeated with feminine feeling. Berthe Morizot was artistic to the tips of her fingers, and Forain already had the simplicity of method of a master.

As for the moving spirit, the animating principle of each one of these young men, no comparison could be instituted. There was therefore no material for a school, properly so-called. There was nothing but the accidental union of individualities differing completely one from the other. They called us the Impressionist School just as they called our predecessors the School of 1830, although there was as much difference between Delacroix, Corot, and Millet as there was between the members of our group.

As for myself, I have abandoned my word "Characterism;" it is enough for me that the thing exists. It is enough for me that the whole artistic movement of our time is going the same road, pursuing the same end — the search for what is characteristic. Let them call us Impressionists if they wish —a name that never meant anything for anybody, and certainly never meant anything for us—but let us be Characterists; that is to say, artists who employ their intelligence and their talent in lifting up to beauty all men and all nature and thus aid in establishing upon our planet a noble equality among men, that altruism, in fact, which will be, for the highest among us as for the lowest, the source of that more perfect happiness toward which all that is noble in us forever aspires.

Impressionism has been a return to nature, a movement which has allowed to each artist the complete development of his temperament and of his individuality. And in our essentially individualistic epoch, individuality is a dominating force in art.

Impressionism is, if one may say so, a school open to all, which everyone can enter without the least lowering of his flag. It is a school where each is his own master. Impressionism represents the complete development of each artistic temperament, the study of all the aspects of nature, and an absolute liberty in the choice of the means of expression, which are for us simply means for saying what we have to say, and never an end in themselves.

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THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

By Wolcott Le Cléar Beard

A PRAIRIE of yellow sand, glaring and tremulous in the scorching Arizona sun, reached the horizon on three of the cardinal points; on the other, the south, extending to the foot of the Sierra Tucson, which showed, outlining its rugged shapes in dusky blue, many miles away.

From north to south a trail, showing from a little distance only by the absence of the sage-brush and maguey along its length, or by the clouds of dust which the little whirlwinds, wandering aimlessly about, would pick up from it, began in dim perspective, culminating in a little oasis, where, set in its vivid green, the gray adobe and glaring, unpainted frame of a settlement appeared; then running with a diminuendo movement toward the mountains, against which an occasional faint wreath of smoke would announce the coming of one of the four daily trains—a passenger and a freight in each direction—of the then newly built Southern Pacific road, where the little box of a station with its still smaller section-house stood, almost pathetic in their complete loneliness, on the arid plain.

Frog Tanks was young, scarcely a year old, its youth replete with the folly and wildness of its habitat and immaturity. It was an important place, and one which must continue to thrive; for the springs from which its name was taken flowed, clear and cool, from their four, big, sandy basins, watering the juicy grass which extended for many acres around; and so the great freight-teams, plodding along the burning road in endless procession, horses and men parching and faint from the choking clouds of alkali dust which overhung them, would halt here for a rest, sometimes of a week's duration, waiting for their return loads, while the horses revelled and waxed fat on the strong grass and abundant water, and their masters enjoyed, after a month's enforced abstinence, the dubious whiskey and seductive faro. The great treasure-wagons, too, with their numerous guards protecting the loads of bullion pigs, would pass through on their way to the station, five miles beyond, to rest awhile on their return trip. Emigrant outfits, with their lean horses, prairie schooners, and pale, jaded-looking women; ragged, weather-beaten prospectors, their entire worldly possessions loaded on one or two tiny burros, silent gamblers, swarthy Mexicans, wandering bands of Indians, and all the flotsam and jetsam of frontier humanity, attracted by the abundant supply of what is in that region the rarest luxury, water, and, incidentally, by that most desired, whiskey, helped to diversify the life of the town and leave much money there.

The trail became gravelly as it crossed the oasis, which it divided into two nearly equal parts, a broad yellow stripe across the green, and along both sides of this the bulk of the town was ranged. Two adobe stores stood nearly opposite each other near the centre of the village, and each way from them ran a row of the more popular resorts, overflowing the limits of the green island, on to the desert beyond. Of these all had a bar in front and an extension behind, generally of canvas stretched over a frame, from which, in some cases, came the click and rattle of chips and the droning voices of the dealers; in others the sound of guitars and fiddles, or, in one instance, the jangle of a much-abused piano, told where the dance-halls, with their painted sirens, held forth. Back from the street, placed in the order that best suited their owners, stood the tents or arrow-weed thatch "wickeyups" of the residence portion, interspersed here and there with drinking-shacks of the humbler sort, where fiery mescal was dispensed at a price within reach of the "greasers" who patronized them; then strong stock-

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corrals of cottonwood poles, pasture-land, and, beyond, the open desert.

It was siesta-time, and so Frog Tanks was quiet, for the daily trains were about due, and those who had not gone to meet them were, for the most part, reposing each in his own dwelling, or what answered for one, when a group of the residents were gathered under the thatched veranda of the principal saloon—the Monte Carlo—which united within itself the triple attraction of "boozing-ken," gambling-house, and dance-hall. With one exception they were all men who worked hard at their respective callings of bar-keeper, gambler, or the like, and were now, through the heat of the day, enjoying that companionable silence which comes with the cessation of continued labor. The exception was a swarthy and rather handsome man, aged some two or three and forty, of huge frame, lean and powerful, who seemed a leader among them, as, indeed, he was. This was Faro Carlo, King of Frog Tanks. Few monarchs deserved their titles as did he, for he ruled his dominions not only by his strong arm and ever-ready pistol, but by right of ownership as well. Two years before he had come, a gambler fresh from a streak of hard luck and a record of many lives, his whole fortune consisting in his weapons and the blooded mare he rode, from the cattle towns of the West, and stopped here for the night, as many had done before. The engineer's camp he had passed on his way and the row of numbered stakes which showed where the new railway was to run had revealed to him the possibilities of this green spot, and so, the necessary formalities having been gone through with, he had become the proprietor of six hundred and forty acres of what our Government is pleased to consider as desert land. It was hard living at first, but game was plenty around the springs, and when the railway was finished, as he steadily refused to sell any land, the ground-rents, together with the revenue from his store and saloon, brought a greater income than he had ever dared hope for, and now, as he sat, his chair tilted back against one of the few cottonwood-trees of which Frog Tanks could boast, his ornate dress, heavy silver-mounted pistols and spurs, and whole bearing indicated the prosperous man.

The sound of footsteps coming down the gravelly road made some of the men lazily turn their heads from where they lounged or lay on the grass. But it was only a cowboy, known to them all, returning from seeing that the bunch of cattle he had brought in that day were safe in their corrals, so they returned to their former occupation of silently fighting the flies which buzzed in swarms around them. The new-comer, with a grunt of salutation, seated himself, and extracting from the pocket of his leather chapparejos a bag of tobacco and a bundle of slips of brown paper, proceeded to roll a cigarette, bending it almost double and holding it at arm's-length, Mexican fashion, as he lighted it, saying, "I see John the Baptist's outfit is over beyond thar; has he held forth yet?" "John—who? eh? What did you say his other name was? Who's he?" said a little man, nervous and wiry, Billy Perrin by name, the town marshal and Carlo's right-hand man, roused into a momentary show of interest. "Hasn't got no other name that I ever heard. Just calls himself what I said—John the Baptist of the Second Comin'. Surely you've heard tell of him." "I have. Sunday-school. Back East. Must be an old man by now," came from under the hat which covered the face of a gambler—a faro-dealer of the Monte Carlo—who lay at full length hard by, until now apparently asleep. "That ain't no kin to this one," responded the cowboy. "I saw him when I was herding for the Crossbow outfit up Palomas way. Comes from Lord knows where—nobody else does, anyhow—an' he preached. Preached every chance he got, an' he's no slouch at it, you bet, but his prophesyin' is what licks me." "What did he prophesy about, Sammy?" asked the gambler, sitting up. "Oh, everythin', pretty near. Day o' judgment, world burnin' up, and general damnation, mostly. But that didn't cut no figger, though he could do it up slick. It was the particular ones. There was somethin' out of the run in them. You mind that carrot-topped chaw what used to fire the stamp-engine up to the

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Nigger Ben, don't you? Andy McGuirk his name was." A nod of assent and he went on. "Well, about a week ago, the Baptist had a meetin,' an' fired off his texts an' prophecies an' things to beat the cars. McGuirk was there, an' I s'pose he got tired of bein' told how dead sure he was to go to hell, for up he jumps, onto the bar'l he'd been sittin' on, an' pulls a flask out of the back-stairs pocket of his jeans an' sings out, 'Here's lookin' at ye, Johnny, an' may yez never go to a worser place than meself.' Some of them laughed—I was there—I seen it all—but the Baptist pulled his sermon up short, an' stretched out one hand toward McGuirk an' just stood there. His face was white an' pulled itself about at first, an' then got quiet and looked like he was a drowned man. There wasn't no noise for awhile, an' Mac he got down off the bar'l an' kinder sneaked the flask back into his pocket. Then John the Baptist turned loose, an' talked like someone had wound him up. I couldn't get on to all he said, but it meant that it wouldn't be long before McGuirk would cash his chips. 'The Death Angel had branded him, an' soon the leaden messenger would, at his say so, round up the blackened soul worthily placed in the vile body before him.' That's what he said. Something like that, anyhow, an' a lot more about how high the thermometer would climb where Andy would fetch up. It wasn't complimentary, no way you could fix it, but McGuirk went out like somebody'd licked him. Well, sir, all he said come true. Mac was dead leary of himself for awhile, an' then began to booze up, an' bimeby got fightin' drunk. He had it in for Hughes, who runs the faro-bank down to the Cactus Cottage, on some old grudge, an' went in there to settle it. He had the drop all right enough—had his gun drawed before he went in—but before he could shoot, Hughes nailed him with a derringer, fired through his pants. Yes, sir, laid him out cold an' stiff. First man shot there in three months. Next mornin' John's outfit had gone, nobody knew where, but I tell you he's a corker on the prophesy. I'd rather any man in the territory had it in for me than him."

The speaker stopped. His cigarette was done, and he rolled another. "That was queer," said the gambler, "but I don't see what the Angel of Death had to do with it. Angels aren't much in Jack Hughes's line unless he's changed a good deal since I saw him last. Where is this John the Baptist, as you call him, Sammy?" "I seen 'm," said Perrin, in his nervous manner. "Thin as a knife, eh? Ghosts of mules an' played-out wagon, no? Old A tent. Just enough canvas to keep holes together, ain't that it? Let's go have a look at 'em. What say, King?" Carlo nodded as he slowly arose and, stretching himself, put on his hat. "Ain't goin' to have no such foolishness as prophesyin' men to death around here," he said. "Pull on, Sam." "John the Baptist of Second Comin', eh? 'Bout time for second goin', no?" put in Perrin, cheerfully, as, led by the cowboy, they filed away from the one street along a well-worn footpath which led toward the western boundary of the oasis. Along through the groups of tents and shacks it ran, passing in its course the court-house, standing on the one little eminence of the town. Consisting, as it did, only of a board floor sheltered by a pillar-supported roof of redwood 'shakes,' the criticism of a pert young lieutenant of cavalry who had once seen it, that it "looked like a split between a Coney Island dance-hall and the Parthenon," was more or less justified, but it was the only building of its kind in many miles, and Frog Tanks pointed to it with pride. Past the corrals, now filled with wiry-looking cattle, they went, to a spot in the pasture-land, where, away from the frequented parts, a little camp was placed. At one side, crouching over a small fire, on which something was simmering in a battered tin pail, were two women, clad in scanty gowns and sun-bonnets of calico. They bore a close resemblance, one to the other, and were probably mother and daughter, but both had that gaunt and indescribably aged appearance brought by hardship and poor food. The elder wore two rings, looking strangely in contrast to her faded gown, one of plain gold; the other, guarding it, flashed, when she moved her left hand, with a brilliant stone of some kind. With its

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back to the desert stood the little tent, much as Perrin described it, and close beside it was the family wagon.

It had been a light, spring "democrat," but the springs were gone now, and the frail body rested directly on the rickety axle-trees. It was a very skeleton of a wagon, but looked all too heavy a load for the two emaciated mules, whose rope-patched harness hung over its tongue, and who were now greedily filling their lank hides with the rich grass. In front of the tent a man was pacing rapidly to and fro. He was enormously tall; his hair, long and grizzled, hung in matted locks around his lean face, mingling with the untrimmed beard which rested on his hollow chest.

Dressed only in a shirt and a pair of faded overalls, his head and feet bare, he was walking with rapid, nervous steps, muttering in an undertone, and now and then throwing out his arms in frenzied gesture. The gambler took in everything at a glance, his eye resting for a second on the two women, then turned on his heel and returned in the direction from which he had come. The rest stood, gazing for some minutes, apparently unseen by those before them; then King Carlo strode forward, followed by his henchmen.

The restless figure saw them then, and stepping quickly up to the great man, bowed, and said in a deep and not unmusical voice: "I believe I am speaking to the chief officer of this town?" It was a question, and he paused for a reply, but receiving none, went on: "I am an unworthy disciple of the Most High; the John the Baptist of the Second Coming, whose mission it is to declare unto all men the sacred message intrusted to his charge. The building I see yonder is apparently adapted for public assemblage, and I have to request the privilege of using it, during the next few evenings, for my holy work. Have I your permission?" The monarch looked at the weird form for an instant, then nodded shortly, and walked rapidly away, his satellites following.

"How's that, King; how's that? eh? Thought he'd have to git, no? Prophesyin'—gettin' men shot, eh? How's that?" Perrin trotted along beside his big patron until his ceaseless buzz broke through even the great man's habitual taciturnity, as that of a mosquito might. "Thought they looked like they needed a collection," he growled. "Now shut up."

The meeting, that evening, was largely attended. A religious affair of any kind was a novelty at Frog Tanks, and there, as elsewhere, novelties were in demand. Also there had been features of this one that differed widely from the preconceived notions of such things, and on the following morning it was a subject of discussion to the exclusion of all else. Not always favorable discussion, by any means, for those who furnished the ordinary amusements of the people, and made their living thereby, were not at all pleased by the almost total cessation of their business on account of this new evangelist and his preaching.

The congregation in front of the Monte Carlo was much larger than had been the one of the day before, and more interested. Perrin was speaking, his tone of malicious delight at the weakness of his neighbors shriller than ever.

"Scared. All you fellows, eh? Dead leary, no? Back the cards, devil got his claw on your collar. How's that? Take a drink, go to hell—don't that go?"

"If it does go, you're booked to frizzle, William, my son, if your breath don't lie," snarled a teamster, sober now for the first time in several days.

"Didn't I tell you he was a bird on the prophesy?" said Sam, the cowboy, who apparently felt something of a showman's pride in the sensation he had introduced. "He shoots off them long words as easy as takin' a drink. That collection business queered me, though. Never heard of a preacher before who kicked and wouldn't have one taken up because it would be too big."

"That's right," chirped Perrin, "what's that he said? Superfluities. That's it. Superfluities he didn't want, but grub had to go—eh? How's the rest?"

"'The contribution of a nickel, our smallest coin, from each man, would serve to relieve his necessities; more he did not want,' and then a lot more I forget. Have all you boys got a nickel

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apiece? I'll go clean up all there are in the bank, and if you want one, come to me," said the gambler.

"Yes, it's only a square deal to play his game, since he only wants a five-cent ante," said Sam; then, as the gambler went into the saloon, "Say, King, John the Baptist hit the tin horns [gamblers, more especially unfair ones] pretty hard yesterday, and some of 'em are sore about it, and say he's doin' up their business, and they're goin' to clean him out to-night. Did you hear it?"

"No," replied the monarch, thus appealed to, looking impressively at the men of that calling who stood near him, "but you can tell the galoot who said that, that if there's any cleanin' out to be done, I'll do it myself, and the man who tries any foolishness will have to carry his neck in a sling." Then with a nod to each in turn he relapsed into his former silence.

There is little twilight in those latitudes, so, though it was summer, the moonless night, its sky of dark-blue velvet studded with stars, sparkling as they never can in our more northern parallels, had already fallen, as the inhabitants of Frog Tanks, great and small, began to gather in front of the Monte Carlo. The faro-rooms were deserted and dark, and no music came from the dance-halls, many of their women having already joined those who, of a prudent turn of mind, were straggling in knots of twos and threes toward the temple of justice on the hill, in order to secure seats. Some of the bars were lighted, but few men hung over their rough boards, and little business was done. Of the crowd gathered in front, many of those who had attended the affair of the previous night were describing the scene, some with sheepish confession of having been impressed by it, others with profane bravado, to those of their neighbors who had been absent. A group of faro-dealers were growling together at one side in a low tone as to the turn affairs had taken; everywhere the meeting and its remarkable projector absorbed all attention.

"Time to get a move on," someone said, and they filed in a black string down the path; their voices, at first raised in joke and snatches of song, became more subdued as they approached the court-house, and finally, as it was reached, were silent.

A lantern hung on the door-post, burning dimly, and under it, holding a little basket in her hand, stood the elder of the two women. Into this, as he passed, each man dropped his nickel, while on the other side the younger of the pair kept silent count of each coin as it fell. Only nickels were received; if a larger piece were offered the giver would be taken aside until it could be returned or change made, and always without words, until at last some amount agreed upon seemed to have been reached, for the counter nodded to her mate and both turned and joined the entering crowd, going with them into the building. The benches, for the most part hastily made of boards laid over boxes, which occupied most of the barn-like interior, were already filled, and the crowd was lining the sides of the room. In the end farthest from the door a narrow stage had been built, and save for two chairs which stood, one on either end, was without furniture. Near its front edge, directly in the middle, stood John the Baptist, upright, though with bowed head, his long arms hanging by his sides. Two huge tin torches, their staffs nailed against the front of the platform, rose a yard above it, their light falling strongly over the nearer rows of seats, on the foremost of which sat King Carlo, with his marshal, Sam, the cowboy, and the gambler beside him. All were uncovered save the latter, who wore his broad sombrero pulled over his eyes, as if to shield the face beneath from observation, or possibly from the yellow glare, which, as the only light in the hall, showed the notables in the forward part less and less distinctly, as though in the order of their standing, until, toward the rear, all merged into one indistinguishable mass of motionless humanity. The two women now approached, and placing the basket on the stage at the feet of their leader, seated themselves in the chairs at its corners; then the shuffle of feet gradually ceased, and the congregation was silent: there were no more to come. A minute

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passed ; then two ; but the form before them gave no sign in its impassive stillness. The silence became oppressive, and an uneasy motion stirred the crowd, then subsided, leaving them still, as before. Another minute, and suddenly the long, thin arms were raised in a gesture of inspiration, or madness, and the disciple began his message. With a certain incoherent eloquence, but in clean-cut sentences and incisive periods, the rich voice echoed through the bare room in passionate warning and appeal. Whatever the fact may have been, the gaunt figure, his thin body trembling with the pressure of his own earnestness, lacked no faith in the divine origin of his mission, and his truth backed his eloquence well in its influence on the men to whom he spoke.

For some time—how long they neither knew nor thought—this went on ; then his tone changed to one of savage denunciation. Denunciation of the community, of its customs and thoughts, of its pleasures and lawlessness, of—"You, and all of you, who wear weapons by your sides, whose daily life is one of drunkenness and blasphemy and unholy thought, you who, through your filthy passions, have sunk to a level even below that of the wretched women who minister to them. You, lower than the lowest, who hold those cesspools of corruption where, by godless lust of play or drink or dance, you drag still further down souls already steeped in mire. You, to whom the most fearful human conceptions of the punishments of the world now so near at hand would not, were they multiplied ten thousand fold, serve to purge from your blackened souls the stains of the sins which you daily commit."

The speaker paused and stood erect ; his face, which had before been twitching with excitement, grew calm. The silence, save for the cry of a coyote on the desert without, and the muffled sobs of a woman in the audience, was unbroken for some minutes ; then the preacher began once more :

"My mission is nearly ended. He by whom I was sent hath promised that soon, my labor done, I shall be relieved. When, I cannot tell. But I am ready. If the perdition to which, unchanged, you have condemned yourselves——"

Crack ! from the back of the room, the flash of a pistol-shot lighted, for an instant, the darkness there. The prophet stood with arms outstretched, as he had spoken his last word, then swayed slightly and fell headlong from the platform to the floor below, and lay motionless.

Hardly had the echo of the report died away, when the four men on the nearest bench had sprung to their feet, and stood facing the crowd with drawn weapons. The benches furthest back seemed in confusion, and through the congregation there was a movement as if to rise. Then the King spoke. "Set down !" he roared. The crowd hesitated for a moment, but the quartette standing there with ready pistols was an ill one to face, and it obeyed, its harsh voices rising in curses and remonstrance. "Shut up !" Silence ensued, and the gambler spoke in a low tone, rapidly, to his chief. "You'll want to find whose six-shooter has been fired. He'll try to get out, probably. I'll hold the outside. Lend me another gun." Carlo nodded toward his left-hand holster, which still held its pistol, and drawing this the gambler passed quickly down the aisle and disappeared in the darkness outside, while Perrin, wrenching from its fastenings one of the torches, ran to the other end of the room and fixed it there, so that no one should take at a disavantage the men who stood in front.

It was all in a few seconds. One of the women, rolling her shawl into a pillow, had laid on it the preacher's head, and now knelt silently by, while the other fumbled at the throat of his shirt, on the breast of which a red spot broadened and grew deeper ; but nothing could help him now, for John the Baptist's work was ended.

The search for the murderer was a rigid one and was carried far into the night, but to no avail ; each weapon examined showed no signs of recent use, and those who had knowledge of the guilty one kept their secret well. Long before it was finished, the two women, silently refusing all offers of assistance, had placed their dead in the old wagon

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and driven away, eastward, over the trackless desert, carrying with them, in the old tin pail which formed their table-service, a canvas shot-bag, containing the results of a goodly collection, taken and concealed there by the gambler; a collection of which nickels formed no part.

At last the fruitless search was over for the night, and Frog Tanks slept. It had nothing else to do, in fact, except to talk, but dry conversation did not flourish there, and the bars, by royal edict, had been closed. For some hours had their slumber lasted, for there was an unaccustomed coolness in the air, and it was nearly morning when a faint rumble of thunder sounded from time to time, and then ceased, as a damp breeze sung over the oasis. Thick clouds gathered rapidly, obscuring the stars, and making the darkness still blacker, until a fierce flash of lightning lit up the scene in unearthly blue, followed by a crackling roll directly overhead. Frog Tanks sat up in its blankets and listened, while the lightning played almost without intermission, and the roar was as though the last trump was indeed sounding. The gambler in his cot across the doorless portal of the Monte Carlo was awakened, and joined by Perrin from his bunk behind the bar, they pushed the bed aside, and stood looking into the alternate blackness and brilliance outside.

"Hark!" said Perrin, suddenly, "what's that, eh? Wait till the row stops. There—hear it?"

Between the peals came a sound as of a horse galloping madly. At each intermission it was louder, and at length seemed abreast of them, when a flash showed, as if in an instantaneous photograph, Nita, Carlo's favorite mare, with head held low and flattened ears, running for the open prairie as if for her life, while on her back, hatless, half-clothed, and without his boots, the reins flying loose as his hands were trying to buckle the cartridge-belt and holsters around his waist, sat the King, his face distorted in an agony of fear. The picture disappeared, and the hoof-beats were growing fainter, when the rain crashed down, its liquid sheets blotting everything else from sight and hearing. The gambler chuckled, but Perrin's language was unequal to the expression of the emotions raised in his breast, and he returned to his bed without speaking.

The next morning broke brightly, as three hundred and sixty mornings of the year do in Arizona.

There was a crispness in the air, for the sun had not yet risen high enough to turn the moisture into the parboiling steam which it would do, later, when the marshal and the gambler wended their way toward the adobe cottage which served as a royal residence.

Under the thatched veranda their sovereign was seated as they arrived, his damp belt and holsters stretched in the sun before him, and busily engaged in cleaning one of his silver-mounted pistols.

A group of men stood or lounged about, who, as Perrin drew near, exchanged glances. There had been other witnesses of the previous night's royal progress.

"Mornin', King," was the little man's greeting. "Saw ye last night. Skippin' the Day of Judgment, eh? Thought she'd arriv' on schedule time, no? How's that?"

Carlo's face was not pleasant. "I warn't takin' no chances," he growled.

This was delightful. Such a chance did not often occur, and the remarks took a sarcastic turn. For some time the baited monarch made no reply, but wiping carefully the weapon he held, he inserted the great forty-five cartridges into their chambers, carefully, one by one. Then snapping the gate shut, he balanced the "gun" carelessly in his hand, as, looking around at his tormentors, he observed, "I guess we'll drap the subject"—and the subject was "drapped."

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THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XVII

RECORDS A SHADOW-CONTEST CLOSE ON THE FOREGOING

KIT INES cocked an eye at Madge, in the midst of the congratulations and pæans pumping his arms. And he had been little mauled, he could present a face to her, expecting a wreath of smiles for the victor.

What are we to think of the constrained young woman, who, when he lay beaten, drove him off the field and was all tenderness and devotion? She bobbed her head, hardly more than a trifle pleased, one might say. Just like females. They're riddles, not worth spelling. "Then, drunk I'll get to-night, my pretty dear!" the man muttered, soured by her inopportune staidness, as an opponent's bruising could never have rendered him.

She smiled a lively beam in answer to the Earl: "Oh, yes, I'm glad. It's your doing, my lord." Him it was that she thanked, and for the moment prized most. The female riddle is hard to read, because it is compounded of sensations, and they rouse and appeal to the similar cockatrices in us, which either hiss back or coil upon themselves. She admired Kit Ines for his valor: she hated that ruinous and besotting drink. It flung skeletons of a married couple on the wall of the future. Nevertheless her love had been all maternal to him when he lay chastised and disgraced on account of his vice. Pity had done it. Pity not being stirred, her admiration of the hero declared victorious, whose fortunes in uncertainty had stopped the beating of her heart, was eclipsed by gratitude toward his preserver, and a sentiment eclipsed becomes temporarily coldish, against our wish and our efforts, in a way to astonish; making her think that she cannot hold two sentiments at a time; when it is but the fact that she is unable to keep the two equally warm.

Carinthia said to her: "He is brave."

"Oh, yes, he's brave," Madge assented.

Lord Brailstone, flourishing his whip, cried out: "At Canleys to-night?"

The Earl nodded: "I shall be there."

"You too, Chummy?" came from Abrane.

"To see you dance," Potts rejoined, and mumbled: "But will he dance? Old Braney's down on his luck; he's a specimen of a fellow emptier and not lighter. And won't be till supper-time. But, I say, Fleet, how the deuce?—funny sort of proceeding!—You haven't introduced me."

"The lady bears my name, Mr. Chumley Potts."

With a bow to the lady's profile and a mention of a glimpse at Baden, Potts ejaculated: "It happened this morning?"

"You allude to the marriage? It happened this morning."

"How do I get to Canleys?"

"I drive you. Another team from the Esslemont stables is waiting at the Royal."

"You stay at Canleys?"

"No."

"No? Oh! Funny, upon my word. Though I don't know why not—except that people . . ."

"Count your winnings, Chummy."

Fleetwood remarked to his bride: "Our friend has the habit of soliloquizing in company. I forgot to tell you of an appointment of mine at a place called Canleys, about twenty miles or more from here. I gave my word, so I keep it. The landlady at the inn, Mrs. Rundles, motherly kind of woman; she will be attentive. They don't cook badly, for an English inn, I have heard. Madge here will act as your lady's-maid for the time. You will find her serviceable; she's a bruiser's lass and something above it. Ines informed me, Madge,

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you were going to friends of yours at the Wells. You will stay at the Royal and wait on this lady, who bears my name. You understand? A girl I can trust for courage if the article is in request," he resumed to his bride; and talked generally of the inn and the management of it, and its favored position outside the village and contiguous to the river, upon which it subsisted.

Carinthia had heard. She was more than ever the stunned young woman she had been since her mounting of the coach, between the village church and Lekkatts.

She said not a word. Why would she? her object was won. Give her that, and a woman's tongue will consent to rest. The dreaded weapon rests also when she is kept spinning by the whip. She gives out a pleasant hum, too. Her complexion must be pronounced dull in repose. A bride on her travels with an aspect of wet chalk rather helps to scare mankind from marriage: which may be good or bad; but she reflects a sicklier hue on the captured Chessman calling her his own. Let her shine in privacy.

Fleetwood drew up at the Royal Sovereign, whereof the reigning monarch, in blue uniform on the signboard, curtseyed to his equally windy subjects; and a small congregation of the aged, and some cripples and infants, greeted the patron of old England's manfullest display, cheering at news of the fight, brought them by many little runners.

"Your box has been conveyed to your room," he said to his bride.

She bowed. This time she descended the coach by the aid of a ladder.

Ines, victorious in battle, had scant notice from his love. "Yes, I'm glad," and she passed him to follow her newly constituted mistress. His pride was dashed, all the foam of the first draw on the top of him blown off, as he figuratively explained the cause of his gloom to the Earl. "I drink and I gets a licking—that girl nurses and cossets me. I don't drink and I whops my man—she shows me her back. Ain't it encouragement, my Lord?"

"You ought to know them by this time, you dolt," returned his patron, and complimented him on his bearing in the fight. "You shall have your two hundred, and something will be added. Hold handy here till I mount. I start in ten minutes."

Whether to speak a polite adieu to the bride, whose absurd position she had brought on her own head, was debated for half a minute. He considered that the wet chalk-quarry of a beauty had at all events the merit of not being a creature to make scenes. He went up to the sitting-room. If she was not there, he would leave his excuses.

She was there, and seated; neither crying, nor smiling; nor pointedly serious in any way, not conventionally at her ease either. And so clearly was he impressed by her transparency in simplicity of expression, that he took without a spurn at it the picture of a woman half drained of her blood, veiling the wound. And a young woman, a stranger to suffering: perhaps—as the creatures do—looking for the usual flummery tenderness, what they call happiness; wondering at the absence of it and the shifty ghost of a husband she has got by floundering into the bog known as Marriage. She would have it, and here she was.

He entered the situation and was possessed by the shivering delicacy of it. Surface emotions were not seen on her. She might be a creature with a soul. Here and there the thing has been found in women. It is priceless when found, and she could not be acting. One might swear the creature had no power to act.

She spoke without offence, the simplest of words, affected no solicitudes, put on no gilt smiles, wore no reproaches: spoke to him as if so it happened—he had necessarily a journey to perform. One could see all the while big drops falling from the wound within. One could hear it in her voice. Imagine a crack of the string at the bow's deep stress. Or imagine the bow paralyzed at the moment of the deepest sounding. And yet the voice did not waver. She had now the richness of tone carrying on a music through silence.

Well, then, at least, he had not been the utterly duped fool he thought him-

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self since the consent was pledged to wed her.

More, she had beauty—of its kind. Or splendor or grandeur, was the term for it. But it bore no name. None of her qualities—if they were qualities—had a name. She stood with a dignity that the word did not express. She endured meekly, when there was no meekness. Pain breathed out of her, and not a sign of pain was visible. She had, under his present observation of her, beauty, with the lines of her face breaking in revolt from beauty—or requiring a superterrestrial illumination to show the harmony. He, as he now saw, had erred grossly in supposing her insensitive, and therefore slow of a woman's understanding. She drew the breath of pain through the lips: red lips and well cut. Her brown eyes were tearless, not alluring, or beseeching or repelling; they did not look much like the skies opening high aloof on a wreck of storm. Her reddish hair—chestnut, if you will—let fall a skein over one of the rugged brows, and softened the ruggedness by making it wilder, as if a great bird winging across a shoulder of the mountain ridges. Conceived of the mountains, built in their image, the face partook alternately of mountain terror or splendor; wholly, he remembered, of the splendor when her blood ran warm. No longer the chalk-quarry face, its paleness now was that of night Alps beneath a moon chasing the shadows.

She might be casting her spells again.

"You remember I told you," he said, "I have given my word—I don't break it—to be at a ball. Your uncle was urgent to have the ceremony over. These clashes occur. The people here—I have spoken of that: people of good repute for attention to guests. I am uncertain of the time. . . . We have all to learn to wait. So then, good-by till we meet."

He was experiencing a novel nip of torment, of just the degree which takes a partial appeasement from the inflicting of it, and calls up a loathed compassion. She might have been in his arms for a step, though she would not have been the better loved.

He was allowed his escape, bearing with him enough of husband to execrate another enslaving pledge of his word, that begat a frenzy to wreak some caresses on the creature's intolerably haunting image. Of course, he could not return to her. How would she receive him? There was no salt in the thought of it. She was too submissive.

However, there would be fun with Chummy Potts on the drive to Canleys; fun with Rufus Abrane and Mrs. Cowper Quillett; and with the Countess Livia, smothered, smuggling, fighting for life with the title of Dowager. A desire for unbridled fun had hold of him: any amount of it, to excess in any direction. And through this cloud, as a dry tongue after much wine craves water, glimpses of his tramp's walk with a fellow-tramp on a different road, enjoying strangely healthy vagabond sensations and vast ideas, brought the vagrant philosopher refreshfully to his mind: chiefly for the reason that while in Woodseer's company he had hardly suffered a stroke of pain from the thought of Henrietta. She was now a married woman, he was a married man—by the register. Stronger proof of the maddest of worlds could not be furnished.

Sane in so mad a world, a man is your flabby citizen among outlaws, good for plucking. Fun, at any cost, is the one object worth a shot in such a world. And the fun is not to stop. If it does, we are likely to be got hold of, and lugged away to the altar—the terminus. That foul disaster has happened, through our having temporarily yielded to a fit of the dumps and treated a mad world's lunatic issue with some seriousness. But fun shall be had with the aid of His Highness below. The madder the world, the madder the fun. And the mixing in it of another element, which it has to beguile us, romance, is not at all bad cookery. Poetic romance is delusion—a tale of a corsair—a poet's brain, a bottle of gin, and a theatrical wardrobe. Comic romance is about us everywhere, alive for the tapping.

A daughter of the Old Buccaneer should participate in it by right of birth; she would expect it in order to feel herself perfectly at home. Then, be sure she finds an English tongue and prattles away as merrily as she does when her old scapegrace of a father is the theme.

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Son-in-law to him! But the path of wisdom runs to the line of facts, and to have wild fun and romance on this pantomime path, instead of kicking to break away from it, we follow things conceived by the genius of the occasion, for the delectation of the fair Countess of Fleetwood and the Earl, her delighted husband, quite in the spirit of the Old Buccaneer, father of the bride.

Carinthia sat beside the fire, seeing nothing in the room or on the road. Up in her bed-chamber, the girl Madge was at her window. She saw Lord Fleetwood standing alone, laughing, it seemed, at some thought; he threw up his head. Was it a newly married man leaving his bride and laughing? The bride was a dear lady, fit for better than to be driven to look on at a prize-fight —a terrible scene to a lady. She was left solitary; and this her wedding-day! The Earl had said it, he had said she bore his name, spoke of coming from the altar, and the lady had blushed to hear herself called Miss. The pressure of her hand warm with Madge: her situation roused the fervid latent sisterhood in the breast of women.

Before he mounted the coach, Lord Fleetwood talked to Kit Ines. The girl ran downstairs to bid her lover good-by and show him she really rejoiced in his victory. Kit came to her saying: "Given my word of honor I won't make a beast of myself to-night. Got to watch over you and your lady."

Lord Fleetwood started his fresh team, casting no glance at the windows of the room where his bride was. He and the gentleman on the coach were laughing.

His leaving of his young bride to herself this day was classed among the murky flashes which distinguished the deeds of noblemen. But his laughter on leaving her stamped it a cruelty; of the kind that plain mortals, who can be monsters, commit. Madge conceived a pretext for going into the presence of her mistress, whose attitude was the same as when she first sat in the chair. The lady smiled and said: "He is not hurt much?" She thought for them about her.

The girl's heart of sympathy thumped, and her hero became a very minute object. He had spoken previously of the making or not making of a beast of himself, without inflicting a picture of the beast. His words took shape now; and in consequence a little self-pity began to move. It stirred to swell the great wave of pity for the lady, that was in her bosom. "Oh, he!" she said, and extinguished the thought of him; and at once her underlip was shivering, her eyes filled and poured.

Carinthia rose anxiously. The girl dropped at her feet. "You have been so good to me to-day, my lady! so good to me to-day! I can't help it—I don't often; just for this moment; I've been excited. Oh, he's well, he will do; he's nothing. You say, 'Poor child!' But I'm not; it's only excitement. I do long to serve you the best I can."

She stood up in obedience and had the arms of her young mistress pressing her. Tears also were streaming from Carinthia's eyes. Heartily she thanked the girl for the excuse to cry.

They were two women. On the road to Canleys, the coach conveying men spouted with the lusty anecdote, relieved of the interdict of a tyrannical sex.

CHAPTER XVIII

DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY

CONTENTION begets contention in a land of the pirate races. Gigs were at high rival speed along the road from the battle-field to London. They were the electrical wires of the time for an expectant population bursting to have report of so thundering an event as the encounter of two champion Light Weights, nursed and backed by a pair of gallant young noblemen, pick of the whole row of coronets above. London panted gaping, and the gigs flew with the meat to fill it.

Chumley Potts offered Ambrose Mallard fair odds that the neat little trap of the chief sporting journal, which had a reputation to maintain, would be over one or other of the bridges crossing Thames the first. Mallard had been struck by the neat little trap of an impudent new and lower-priced journal,

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which had a reputation to gain. He took the proffered odds, on the cry as of a cracker splitting. Enormous difficulties, in regard to the testimony and the verifications were discussed; they were overcome. Potts was ready for any amount of trouble; Mallard the same. There was clearly a race. There would consequently be a record. Visits to the offices of those papers, perhaps half a day at the south end of London or Westminster bridge, examining witnesses, corner shopmen, watermen, and the like, would or should satisfactorily establish the disputed point.

Fleetwood had his fun; insomuch that he laughed himself into a sentiment of humaneness toward the couple of donkeys, and forgot his contempt of them. Their gamblings and their bets increased his number of dependents; and imbeciles were preferable to dolts or the dry gilt figures of the circle he had to move in. Matter for some astonishment had been furnished to the latter this day; and would cause an icy Signor stare and rather an angry Signora flutter. A characteristic of that upper circle, as he knew it, is, that the good are dull, the vicious very bad. They had nothing to please him but manners. Elsewhere this land is a land of no manners. Take it and make the most of it, then, for its quality of brute honesty; which is found to flourish best in the British prize-ring.

His irony landed him there. It struck the country a ringing blow. But it struck an almost effacing one at the life of the young nobleman of boundless wealth, whose highest renown was the being a patron of prize-fighters. Husband of the daughter of the Old Buccaneer as well—perchance as a result. That philosopher tramp named her "beautiful Gorgon." She has no beauty; and as for Gorgon, the creature has a look of timid softness in waiting behind her rocky eyes. A barbaric damsel beginning to nibble at civilization, is nearer the mark; and ought she to be discouraged?

Fleetwood's wrath with his position warned him against the dupery of any such alcove thoughts. For his wrath revenged him, and he feared the being stripped of it, lest a certain fund of his own softness, that he knew of, though few did, should pull him to the creature's feet. She belonged to him indeed, so he might put her to the trial of whether she had a heart and personal charm, without the ceremony of wooing—which, in his case, tempted to the feeling desperately earnest and becoming enslaved. He speculated upon her eyelids and lips, and her voice, when melting, as women do in their different ways; here and there with an execrable, perhaps pardonable art; one or two divinely. The vision drew him to a headlong plunge and swim of the amorous mind occupying a minute, filling an era. He corrected the feebleness and at the same time threw a practical coachman's glance on peculiarities of the road requiring some knowledge of it, if traversed backward at a whipping pace on a moonless night.

He did not phrase it, that a talk with the fellow Woodseer of his mountains and his forests, and nature, philosophy, poetry, would have been particularly healthy for him, almost as good as the good counsel he needed and solicited none to give him. It swept among his ruminations while he pricked Potts and Mallard to supply his craving for satanical fare.

Gower Woodseer, the mention of whom is a dejection to the venerable source of our story, was then in the act of emerging from the eastward into the southward of the line of Canterbury's pilgrims when they set forth to worship, on his homeward course, after a walk of two days out of Dover. He descended London's Borough, having exactly twopence halfpenny for refreshment, following a term of prudent starvation, at the end of the walk. It is not a district seductive to the wayfarer's appetite; as, for example, one may find the Jew's fry of fish in oil, inspiriting the Shoreditch region, to be. Nourishment is afforded, according to the laws of England's genius in the arts of refection, at uninviting shops, to the necessitated stomach. A penn'orth of crum of bread, assisted on its laborious passage by a penn'orth of the rinsings of beer, left the natural philosopher a ha'penny for dessert at the stall of an apple-woman, where he withstood an inclination to-

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ward the juicy fruit and chose nuts. They extend a meal, as a grimace broadens the countenance, illusorily; but they help to cheat an emptiness in time, where it is nearly as offensive to our sensations as within us; and that prolonged occupation of the jaws goes a length to persuade us we are filling. All the better if the substance is indigestible. Tramps of the philosophical order, who are the practically sagacious, prefer tough grain for the teeth. Woodseer's munching of his nuts awakened to fond imagination the picture of his father's dinner, seen one day and little envied; a small slice of cold boiled mutton-flesh in a crescent of white fat, with a lump of dry bread beside the plate.

Thus he returned to the only home he had, not disheartened, and bearing scenes that outvied London's print-shops for polychrome splendor, an exultation to recall. His condition, moreover, threw his father's life and work into color; the lean Whitechapel house of the minister among the poor; the joy in the saving of souls, if he could persuade himself that such good labor advanced; and at the fall of light, the pastime task of bootmaking—a desirable occupation for a thinker. Thought flies best when the hands are easily busy. Cobblers have excursive minds. Their occasional rap at the pegs diversifies the stitchings, and is often happily timed to settle an internal argument. Seek in a village for information concerning the village or the state of mankind, you will be less disappointed at the cobbler's than elsewhere, it has been said.

As Gower had anticipated, with lively feelings of pleasure, Mr. Woodseer was at the wonted corner of his back-room, on the stool between two tallow candle-flames, leather-scented strongly, when the wanderer stood before him, in the image of a ball that has done with circling about a stable point.

"Back?" the minister sang out at once, and his wrinkles gleamed.

Their hands grasped.

"Hungry, sir, rather."

"To be sure you are. One can read it on your boots. Mrs. Jones will spread you a table. How many miles to-day? Show the soles. They tell a tale of wear."

They had worn to resemble the half-dozen thin-edged layers of still upper cloud round the peep of coming sky.

"About forty odd to-day, sir. They've done their hundreds of miles and have now come to dock. I'll ask Mrs. Jones to bring me a plate here."

Gower went to the housekeeper in the kitchen. His father's front-door was unfastened by day; she had not set eyes on him yet, and Mr. Woodseer murmured: "Now she's got the boy. There's clasping and kissing. He's all wild Wales to her."

The plate of meat was brought by Mary Jones with Gower beside her, and a sniffle of her happiness audible. She would not, although invited to stay and burning to hear Gower, wait in the room where father and son had to talk together after a separation, long to love's counting. She was a Welshwoman of the pure blood, therefore delicately mannered by nature.

"Yes, dear lad, tobacco helps you on to the marrow of your story, and I too will blow the cloud," said Mr. Woodseer, when the plate was pushed aside and the pipe appeared.

So Gower's recital of his wanderings began, more puffs than speech at the commencement. He was alternately picturesque and sententious, until he reached Baden; there he became involved, from thinking of a revelation of beauty in woman.

Mr. Woodseer rapped the leather on his block.

"A place where they have started public gambling, I am told."

"We must look into all the corners of the world to know it, sir, and the world has to be riddled, or it riddles us."

"Ah! Did you ever tell a lie, Gower Woodseer?"

"I played."

"You played. The Lord be thanked you have kept your straight tongue! The Lord can always enter a heart of truth. Sin cannot dwell with it. But you played for gain, and that was a licensed thieving; and that was a backsliding; and there will have to be a climbing up. And what that means,

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your hold on truth will learn. Touch sin and you accommodate yourself to its vileness. Ay, you love nature. Nature is not anchorage for vessels like men. If you loved the Book, you would float in harbor. You played. I do trust you lost."

"You have your wish, sir."

"To have won their money, Gower: rather starve."

"I did."

"Your reason for playing, poor lad?"

"The reason eludes reason."

"Not in you."

"Sight of the tables; an itch to try them—one's self as well; a notion that the losers were playing wrong. In fine, a bit of a whirl of a medley of atoms; I can't explain it further."

"Ah! The tippler's fumes in his head! Spotty business, Gower Woodseer. 'Lead us not into temptation' is worldly wisdom in addition to heavenly."

After listening to an extended homily, with a general assent and tobacco's phlegm, Gower replied to his father's, "You starved manfully?" nodding, "From Baden to Nancy. An Alsatian cottager at times helped me along, milk and bread."

"Wholesome for body and for soul."

"Entering Nancy, I subscribed to the dictum of our first fathers, which dogs would deliver, if they could speak: that there is no driver like stomach; and I went head-on to the College, saw the principal: plea of urgency. No engagement possible, to teach either French or English. But he was inquisitive touching the urgency. That was my chance. The French are humane when they are not suspicious of you. They are generous, if you put a light to their minds. As I was dealing with a scholarly one, I made use of such ornamental literary skill as I possessed, to prove urgency. He supplied me with bread, fruit, and wine. In the end he procured me pupils. I lodged over a baker's shop. I had good walks; I learnt something of forestry there—a taking study. When I had saved enough to tramp it home, I said my adieux to that good friend and tramped away, entering London with about the same amount in small coin as when I entered Nancy. A manner of exactly hitting the mark, that some would not find so satisfactory as it is to me."

The minister sighed. "There comes in the 'philosophy,' I suppose. When will you understand that this 'philosophy' is only the passive of a religious faith? It seems to suit you gentlemen of the road while you are young. Work among the Whitechapel poor. It would be a way for discovering the shallows of your 'philosophy' earlier."

Gower asked him: "Going badly here, sir?"

"Murders, robberies, misusage of women, and misconduct of women—Drink, in short: about the same amount. Drink is their Death's river, rolling them on helpless as corpses, on to—may they find mercy. I and a few stand—it's in the tide we stand here—to stop them, pluck them out, make life a bit sweet to them before the poor bodies go beneath. But come: all's not dark, we have our gleams. I speak distressed by one of our girls: a good girl, I believe, and the wilfullest that ever had command of her legs. A well-favored girl! You'll laugh, she has given her heart to a prize-fighter. Well, you can say she might have chosen worse. He drinks, she hates it: she loves the man and hates his vice. He swears amendment; is hiccuping at night; fights a match on the morrow, and gets beaten out of formation. No matter: whenever, wherever, that man goes to his fight, that girl follows to nurse him after it. He's her hero. Women will have one, and it's their lottery. You read of such things; here we have it alive and walking. I am led to think they're an honest couple. They come of established families. Her mother was out of Caermarthen; died under my ministration, saintly, forgiving the drunkard. You may remember the greengrocer, Tobias Winch? He passed away in shrieks for one drop. I had to pitch my voice to the top notes to get hearing for the hymn. He was a reverent man, with the craving, by fits. That should have been a lesson to Madge."

"A little girl at the greengrocer's hard by? She sold me apples; rather pretty," said Gower.

"A fine grown girl now—Madge

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Winch; a comely wench she is. It breaks her sister Sarah's heart. They both manage the little shop; they make it prosper in a small way; enough, and what need they more? Then Christopher Ines has on one of his matches. Madge drives her cart out, if it's near town. She's off down into Kent to-day by coach, Sarah tells me. A great nobleman patronizes Christopher; a Lord Fleetwood, a lord of wealth. And he must be thoughtful for these people; he sent Sarah word that Christopher should not touch drink. You may remember a butcher Ines in the street next to us. Christopher was a wild lad, always at 'best man' with every boy he met; went to sea—ran away. He returned a pugilist. The girl will be nursing him now. I have spoken to her of him; and I trust to her; but I mourn her attachment to the man who drinks."

"The lord's name?" said Gower.

"Lord Fleetword, Sarah named him. And so it pleases him to spend his money."

"He has other tastes. I know something of him, sir. He promises to be a patron of literature as well. His mother was a South Wales woman."

"Could he be persuaded to publish a grand edition of the Triads?" Mr. Woodseer said at once.

"No man more likely."

"If you see him, suggest it."

"Very little chance of my meeting him again. But those Triads! They're in our blood. They spring to tie knots in the head. They push me to condense my thoughts to a tight ball. They were good for primitive times; but they—or the trick of the mind engendered by them—trip my steps along the lines of composition. I produce pellets instead of flowing sheets. It'll come right. At present I'm so bent to pick and perfect, polish my phrase, that I lose my survey. As a consequence, my vocabulary falters."

"Ah," Mr. Woodseer breathed and smote. "This literature is to be your profession for the means of living?"

"Nothing else. And I'm so low down in the market way of it, that I could not count on twenty pounds per annum. Fifty would give me standing, an independent fifty."

"To whom are you crying, Gower?"

"Not to gamble, you may be sure."

"You have a home."

"Good work of the head wants an easy conscience. I've too much of you in me for a comfortable pensioner."

"Or is it not, that you have been living the gentleman out there, with just a holiday title to it?"

Gower was hit by his father's thrust. "I shall feel myself a pieman's chuckpenny as long as I'm unproductive, now I've come back and have to own to a home," he said.

Tea brought in by Mrs. Mary Jones rather brightened him, until he considered that the enlivenment was due to a purchase by money, of which he was incapable, and he rejected it, like an honorable man. Simultaneously, the state of depression threw critic shades on a prized sentence or two among his recent confections. It was rejected for the best of reasons and the most discomforting: because it racked our English; signifying, that he had not yet learned the right use of his weapons.

He was in this wrestle, under a placid demeanor, for several days, hearing the shouts of Whitechapel Kit's victory, and hearing of Sarah Winch's anxiety on account of her sister Madge; unaffected by sounds of joy or grief, in his effort to produce a supple English, with Baden's Madonna for sole illumination of his darkness. To her, to the illimitable gold mist of perspective, and the innumerable images the thought of her painted for him, he owed the life which withdrew him from contemplation of himself in a very disturbing stagnant pool of the wastes; wherein often will strenuous youth grown faint, behold a face beneath a scroll inscribed *Impostor*. All whose aim was high have spied into that pool, and have seen the face. His glorious lady would not let it haunt him.

The spell she cast had likewise power to raise him clean out of a neighborhood hinting Erebus to the young man with thirst for air, solitudes, and color. Scarce imaginable as she was, she reigned here, in the idea of her, more fixedly than where she had been visible; as it were, by right of her being celestially removed from the dismal

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place. He was at the same time not sensible to his father's contented ministrations among these homes of squalor; they pricked the curiosity, which was in the youthful philosopher a form of admiration. For his father, like all Welshmen, loved the mountains. Yet here he lived, exhorting, ministering, aiding, supported up to high good cheer by some, it seemed, superhuman backbone of uprightness—his religious faith? Well, if so, the thing might be studied. But things of the frozen senses, lean and hueless things, were as repellent to Gower's imagination as his father's dishes to an epicure. What he envied was the worthy old man's heart of feeling for others; his feeling at present for the girl Sarah Winch and her sister Madge, who had not been heard of since she started for the fight. Mr. Woodseer had written to her relatives at the Wells, receiving no consolatory answer.

He was relieved at last; and still a little perplexed. Madge had returned, he informed Gower. She was well, she was well in health; he had her assurances that she was not excited about herself.

"She has brought a lady with her, a great lady to lodge with her. She has brought the Countess of Fleetwood to lodge with her."

Gower heard those words from his father; and his father repeated them. To the prostrate worshipper of the Countess of Fleetwood, they were a blow on the head; madness had set in here, was his first recovering thought, or else a miracle has come to pass. Or was it a sham Countess of Fleetwood imposing upon the girl? His father was to go and see the great lady, at the greengrocer's shop; at her request, according to Madge. Conjectures shot their perishing tracks across a darkness that deepened and made shipwreck of philosophy. Was it the very Countess of Fleetwood penitent for her dalliance with the gambling passion, in feminine need of pastor's aid, having had report from Madge of this good shepherd? His father expressed a certain surprise; his countenance was mild. He considered it a merely strange occurrence.

Perhaps, in a crisis, a minister of religion is better armed than a philosopher. Gower would not own that, but he acknowledged the evidences, and owned to envy; especially when he accompanied his father to the greengrocer's shop and Mr. Woodseer undisturbedly said:

"Here is the place." The small stuffed shop appeared to Gower portentously cavernous and waveringly illumined.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GIRL MADGE

CUSTOMERS were at the counter of the shop, and these rational figures, together with the piles of cabbages, the sacks of potatoes, the pale small oranges here and there, the dominant smell of red herrings, denied the lurking of an angelical presence behind them.

Sarah Winch and a boy served at the counter. Sarah led the Mr. Woodseers into a corner knocked off the shop and called a room. Below the top bars of a wizened grate was a chilly fire. London's light came piecemeal through a smut-streaked window. If the wonderful was to occur, this was the place to heighten it.

"My son may be an intruder," Mr. Woodseer said. "He is acquainted with a Lord Fleetwood. . . ."

"Madge will know, sir," replied Sarah, and she sent up a shrill cry for Madge from the foot of the stairs.

The girl ran down swiftly. She entered listening to Sarah, looking at Gower; to whom, after a bob and pained smile where reverence was owing, she said, "Can you tell me, sir, please, where we can find Lord Fleetwood now?"

Gower was unable to tell. Madge turned to Mr. Woodseer, saying, soon after: "Oh, she won't mind; she'll be glad, if he knows Lord Fleetwood. I'll fetch her."

The moments were of the palpitating order for Gower, although his commonsense lectured the wildest of hearts for expecting such a possibility as the presence of his lofty lady here.

And, of course, common-sense proved to be right: the lady was quite another. But she struck on a sleeping day of his

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travels. Her face was not one to be forgotten, and to judge by her tremble of a smile, she remembered him instantly.

They were soon conversing, each helping to paint the scene of the place where they had met.

"Lord Fleetwood has married me," she said.

Gower bent his head; all stood silent.

"May I?" said Madge to her. "It is Lord Fleetwood's wedded wife, sir. He drove her from her uncle's, on her wedding-day, the day of a prize-fight, where I was; he told me to wait on his lady at an inn there, as I've done and will. He drove away that evening, and he hasn't" — the girl's black eyebrows worked: "I've not seen him since. He's a great nobleman, yes. He left his lady at the inn, expenses paid. He left her with no money. She stayed on till her heart was breaking. She has come to London to find him. She had to walk part of the way. She has only a change of linen we brought in a parcel. She's a stranger to England; she knows nobody in London. She had no place to come to but this poor hole of ours she's so good as let welcome her. We can't do better, and it's no use to be ashamed. She's not a lady to scorn poor people."

The girl's voice hummed through Gower.

He said: "Lord Fleetwood may not be in London," and chafed at himself for such a quaver.

"It's his house we want, sir. He has not been at his house in Kent. We want his London house."

"My dear lady," said Mr. Woodseer; "it might be as well to communicate the state of things to your family without delay. My son will call at any address you name; or if it is a country address, I can write the items, with my assurances of your safety under my charge, in my house, which I beg you to make your home. My housekeeper is known to Sarah and Madge for an excellent Christian woman."

Carinthia replied: "You are kind to me, sir. I am grateful. I have an uncle; I would not disturb my uncle; he is inventing guns and he wishes peace. It is my husband I have come to find. He did not leave me in anger."

She colored. With a dimple of tenderness at one cheek, looking from Sarah to Madge, she said: "I would not leave my friends, they are sisters to me."

Sarah, at these words, caught up her apron. Madge did no more than breathe deep and fast.

An unoccupied, cold parlor in Mr. Woodseer's house, that would be heated for a guest, urged him to repeat his invitation, but he took the check from Gower, who suggested the doubt of Mary Jones being so good an attendant upon Lady Fleetwood as Madge. "And Madge has to help in the shop at times."

Madge nodded, and looked into the eyes of her mistress, which sanctioned her saying: "She will like it best here, she is my lady and I understand her best. My lady gives no trouble; she is hardy, she's not like other ladies. I and Sarah sleep together in the room next. I can hear anything she wants. She takes us as if she was used to it."

Sarah had to go to serve a customer. Madge made pretence of pricking her ears and followed into the shop.

"Your first visit to London is in ugly weather, Lady Fleetwood," said Gower.

"It is my first," she answered.

How the marriage came about, how the separation, could not be asked and was not related.

"Our district is not all London, my dear lady," said Mr. Woodseer. "Good hearts are here, as elsewhere, and as many, if one looks behind the dirt. I have found it since I labored among them, now twenty years. Unwashed human nature, though it is natural to us to wash, is the most human, we find."

Gower questioned the naturalness of human nature's desire to wash; and they wrangled good-humoredly; Carinthia's eyes dwelling on them each in turn; until Mr. Woodseer, pursuing the theme started by him, interested her, spoke of consolations derived from his labors here, in exchange for the loss of his mountains. Her face lightened.

"You love the mountains?"

"I am a son of the mountains."

"Ah, I love them! Father called me a daughter of the mountains. I was born in the mountains. I was leaving the mountains on the day, I think it

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was yesterday, when I met this gentleman who is your son."

"A glorious day it was!" Gower exclaimed.

"It was a day of great glory for me," said Carinthia. "Your foot did not pain you for long?"

"The length of two pipes. You were with your brother."

"With my brother. My brother has married a most beautiful lady. He is now travelling his happy time — my Chillon!"

There came a radiance on her undereyelids. There was no weeping.

Struck by the contrast between the two simultaneous honeymoons, and a vision of the high-spirited mountain-girl, seen in this place a young bride seeking her husband, Gower Woodseer could have performed that unphilosophical part. He had to shake himself. She seemed really a soaring bird brought down by the fowler.

Lord Fleetwood's manner of abandoning her was the mystery.

Gower stood waiting for her initiative when the minister interposed: "There are books, books of our titled people—the peers, books of the Peerage. They would supply address. My son will discover where to examine them. He will find the address. Most of the great noblemen have a London house."

"My husband has a house in London," Carinthia said.

"I know him, to some degree," said Gower.

She remarked: "I have heard that you do."

Her lips were shut as to any hint at his treatment of her.

Gower went into the shop to speak with Madge. The girl was talking in the business tone to customers; she finished her commission hurriedly and joined him on the pavement by the doorstep. Her voice was like the change of the swing of a door from street to temple.

"You've seen how brave she is, sir. She has things to bear. Never cries, never frets. Her marriage-day—leastways. . . . I can't, no girl can tell. A great nobleman, yes. She waited, believing in him; she does. She has not spoken to me of what she's had to bear. I don't know, I guess; I'm sure I'm right — and him a man! Girls learn to know men, call them gentlemen or sweeps. She thinks she has only to meet him to persuade him she's fit to be loved by him. She thinks of love. Would he—our tongues are tied except among ourselves, to a sister. Leaves her by herself, with only me, after—it knocks me dumb! Many a man commits a murder wouldn't do that. She could force him to—no, it isn't a house she wants, she wants him. He's her husband, Mr. Woodseer. You will do what you can to help; I judge by your father. I and Sarah 'll slave for her to be comfortable as we can make her; we can't give her what she's used to. I shall count the hours."

"You sold me apples when your head was just above the counter," said Gower.

"Did I?—you won't lose time, sir?" she rejoined. "Her box is down at the beastly inn in Kent. Kind people, I dare say; their bill was paid any extent, they said. She walked to his big house Esslemont, for news of him. And I'm not a snivelling wench either; but she speaks of him a way to make a girl drink her tears, if they ain't to be let fall."

"But you had a victory down there," Gower hinted congratulations.

"Ah," said she.

"Christopher Ines is all right now?"

"I've as good as lost my good name for Kit Ines, Mr. Woodseer."

"Not with my dad, Madge."

"The minister reads us at the heart. Shall we hear the street of his house in London before night?"

"I may be late."

"I'll be up, any hour, for a rap at the shutters. I want to take her to the house early next morning. She won't mind the distance. She lies in bed, her eyes shut or open, never sleeping, hears any mouse. It should not go on, if we can do a thing to help."

"I'm off," said Gower, unwontedly vexed at his empty pocket, that could not offer the means for conveyance to a couple of young women.

The dark-browed girl sent her straight eyes at him. They pushed him to hasten. On second thoughts, he

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stopped and hailed her; he moved to confirm an impression of this girl's features.

His mind was directed to the business burning behind them, honestly enough, as soon as he had them in sight again.

"I ought to have the address of some of her people, in case," he said.

"She won't go to her uncle, I'm sure of that," said Madge. "He's a lord and can't be worried. It's her husband to find first."

"If he's to be found! He's a lord, too. Has she no other relatives or friends?"

"She loves her brother. He's an officer. He's away on honeymoon. There's an admiral down Hampshire way, a place I've been near and seen. I'd not have you go to any of them, sir, without trying all we can do to find Lord Fleetwood. It's Admiral Fakenham she speaks of; she's fond of him. She's not minded to bother any of her friends about herself."

"I shall see you to-night," said Gower, and set his face westward, remembering that his father had named Caermarthen as her mother's birthplace. Only a Welsh girl would be so quick and all in it, with a voice intimating a heated cauldron under her mouth. None but a Welsh-blooded girl, risking her good name to follow and nurse the man she considered a hero, would carry her head to look virgin eyes as she did. One could swear to them, Gower thought. Contact with her spirited him out of his mooniness.

At the second of the aristocratic clubs of London's West, into which he stepped like an easy member, the hall-porter did not examine his clothing from German hat to boots, and gave him Lord Fleetwood's town address. He could tell Madge at night by the door of the shuttered shop, that Lord Fleetwood had gone down to Wales.

"It means her having to wait," she said. "The minister has been to the coach office, to order up her box from that inn. He did it in his name; they can't refuse; no money's owing. She must have a change. Sally has fifteen pounds locked up in case of need."

Sally's capacity and economy fetched penniless philosopher a slap.

"You've taken to this lady," he said.

"She held my hand while Kit Ines was at his work; and I was new to her, and a prize-fighter's lass, they call me: upon the top of that nobleman's coach, where he made me sit, behind her, to see the fight; and she his wedded lady that morning. A queer groom. He may keep Kit Ines from drink, he's one of you men, and rides over anything in his way. I can't speak about it; I could swear it before a judge, from what I know. Those Rundles at that inn don't hear anything it suits him to do. All the people down in those parts are slaves to him. And I thought he was a real St. George before—yes, ready I was to kiss the ground his feet crossed. If you could, it's Chinningfold near where Admiral Fakenham lives, down Hampshire way. Her friends ought to hear what's happened to her. They'll find her in a queer place. She might go to the minister's. I believe she's happier with us girls."

Gower pledged his word to start for Chinningfold early as the light next day. He liked the girl the better, in an amicable fashion, now that his nerves had got free of the transient spell of her kettle tone, the hardly varied one note of a heart boiling with sisterly devotion to a misused stranger of her sex; and, after the way of his race, imagination sprang up in him at the heels of the quieted senses, releasing him from the personal and physical to grasp the general situation and place the protagonist foremost.

He thought of Carinthia, with full vision of her. Some wrong had been done, or some violation of the right, to guess from the girl Madge's molten words in avoidance of the very words. It implied—though it might be but one of Love's shrewder discords—such suspected traitorous dealing of a man with their sister woman as makes the world of women all woman toward her. They can be that, and their being so illuminated their hidden sentiments in relation to the mastering male whom they uphold.

But our uninformed philosopher was merely picking up scraps of sheddings outside the dark wood of the mystery they were to him, and playing imagination upon them. This primary element

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of his nature soon enthroned his chosen lady above their tangled obscurities. Beneath her tranquil beams, with the rapture of the knowledge that her name on earth was Livia, he threaded East London's thoroughfares, on a morning when day and night were made one by fog, to journey down to Chillingfold by coach, in the service of the younger Countess of Fleetwood, whose right to the title he did not doubt, though it directed surprise movements at his understanding from time to time.

CHAPTER XX

STUDIES IN FOG—GOUT—AN OLD SEAMAN—A LOVELY SERPENT—AND THE MORAL EFFECTS THAT MAY COME OF A BORROWED SHIRT.

MONEY of his father's enabled Gower to take the coach; and studies in fog, from the specked brown to the woolly white and the dripping torn, were proposed to the traveller, whose preference of Nature's face did not arrest his observation of her domino and petticoats; across which blank sheets he curiously read backward, that he journeyed by the aid of his father's hard-earned, ungrudged piece of gold. Without it he would have been useless in this case of need. The philosopher could starve with equanimity, and be the stronger. But one had, it seemed here clearly, to put on harness and trudge along a line, if the unhappy were to have one's help. Gradual experiences of his business among his fellows were teaching an exercised mind to learn in regions where minds unexercised were doctorial giants beside it.

The study of gout was offered at Chinningfold. Admiral Fakenham's butler refused at first to take a name to his master. Gower persisted, stating the business of his mission; and in spite of the very suspicious, glib, good English spoken by a man wearing such a hat and suit, the butler was induced to consult Mrs. Carthew.

She sprang up alarmed. After having seen the young lady happily married and off with the lordly young husband, the arrival of a messenger from the bride gave a stir the wrong way to her flowing recollections; the scenes and incidents she had smothered under her love of the comfortable stood forth appallingly. The messenger, the butler said, was no gentleman. She inspected Gower and heard him speak. An anomaly had come to the house; for he had the language of a gentleman, the appearance of a nondescript; he looked indifferent, he spoke sympathetically; and he was frank as soon as the butler was out of hearing. In return for the compliment she invited him to her sitting-room. The story of the young Countess, whom she had seen driven away by her husband from the church on a coach and four, as being now destitute, praying to see her friends, in the Whitechapel of London — the noted haunt of thieves and outcasts, bankrupts and the abandoned—set her asking, for the first time, who was the man with dreadful countenance inside the coach? A previously disregarded horror of a man. She went trembling to the Admiral, though his health was delicate, his temper excitable. It was, she considered, an occasion for braving the doctor's interdict.

Gower was presently summoned to the chamber where Admiral Fakenham reclined on cushions in an edifice of an arm-chair. He told a plain tale. Its effect was to straighten the Admiral's back and enlarge in gray glass a pair of sea-blue eyes. And, "What's that? Whitechapel?" the Admiral exclaimed, at high pitch far above his understanding. The particulars were repeated; whereupon the sick-room shook with, "Greengrocer?" He stunned himself with another of the monstrous points in his pet girl's honeymoon: "A prize-fight?"

To refresh a saving incredulity he took a closer view of the messenger. Gower's habiliments were those of the "queer fish," the Admiral saw. But the meeting at Carlsruhe was recalled to him, and there was a worthy effort to remember it. "Prize-fight! Greengrocer! Whitechapel!" he rang the changes rather more moderately till, swelling and purpling, he cried: "Where's the husband?"

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There was the emissary's question likewise.

"If I could have found him, sir, I should not have troubled you."

"Disappeared? Plays the man of his word, then plays the madman! Prize-fight the first day of her honeymoon? Good Lord! Leaves her at the inn?"

"She was left."

"When was she left?"

"As soon as the fight was over—as far as I understand."

The Admiral showered briny masculine comments on that bridegroom.

"Her brother's travelling somewhere in the Pyrenees—married my daughter. She has an uncle, a hermit." He became pale. "I must do it. The rascal insults us all. Flings her off the day he married her. It's a slap in the face to all of us. You are acquainted with the lady, sir. Would you call her a red-haired girl?"

"Red-gold of the ballads; chestnut-brown, with threads of fire."

"She has the eyes for a man to swear by. I feel the loss of her, I can tell you. She was wine and no penalty to me. Is she much broken under it?—if I'm to credit . . . I suppose I must. It floors me."

Admiral Baldwin's frosty stare returned on him. Gower caught an image of it, as comparable, without much straining, to an Arctic region smitten by the beams.

"Nothing breaks her courage," he said.

"To be sure, my poor dear. Who could have guessed, when she left my house, she was on her way to a prize-fight, and a greengrocer's in Whitechapel. But the dog's not mad, though his bite's bad; he's an eccentric mongrel. He wants the whip; ought to have had it regularly from his first breeching. He shall whistle for her when he repents; and he will, mark me. This gout here will be having a snap at the vitals if I don't start to-night. Oblige me, half a minute."

The Admiral stretched his hand for an arm to give support, stood, and dropped into the chair, signifying a fit of giddiness in the word "Head."

Before the stupor had passed Mrs. Carthew entered, anxious lest the admittance of a messenger of evil to her invalid should have been an error of judgment. The butler had argued it with her. She belonged to the list of persons appointed to cut life's thread when it strains, their general kindness being so liable to misdirection.

Gower left the room and went into the garden. He had never seen a death; and the Admiral's peculiar pallor intimated events proper to days of cold mist and a dripping stillness. How we go, was the question among his problems:—if we are to go, his youthful frame insistingly added.

The fog down a wet laurel walk contracted his mind with the chilling of his blood, and he felt that he would have to see the thing if he was to believe in it. Of course he believed, but life throbbed rebelliously, and a picture of a desk near a lively fire-grate, books and pen and paper, and a piece of writing to be approved of by the Hesper of ladies, held ground with a pathetic heroism against the inevitable. He got his wits to the front by walking faster; and then thought of the young Countess and the friend she might be about to lose. She could number her friends on her fingers. Admiral Fakenham's exclamations of the name of the place where she now was conveyed an inky idea of the fall she had undergone. Counting her absent brother, with himself, his father, and the two Whitechapel girls, it certainly was an unexampled fall, to say of her, that they and those two girls had become by the twist of circumstances the most serviceable of her friends.

Her husband was the unriddled riddle we have in the wealthy young lord: burning to possess, and making tatters of all he grasped, the moment it was his own. Glints of the devilish had shot from him at the gaming-tables: fine haunts for the study of our lower man. He could be magnificent in generosity; he had little humaneness. He coveted beauty in woman hungrily, and seemed to be born hostile to them; or so Gower judged by the light of the later evidence on unconsidered antecedent observations of him. Why marry her, to cast her off instantly? The crude phi-

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losopher asked it as helplessly as the Admiral. And further, what did the girl Madge mean by the drop of her voice to a hum of enforced endurance under injury, like the furnace behind an iron door? Older men would have understood, as he was unaware; he might have guessed, only he had the habit of scattering meditation upon the game of hawk and fowl.

Dame Gossip boils. Her one idea of animation is to have her *dramatis personæ* in violent motion, always the biggest foremost; and indeed that is the way to make them credible, for the wind they raise and the succession of collisions. Their fault is that they do not instruct; so the breath is out of them before they are put aside; for the uninstructive are the humanly deficient: they remain with us like the tolerated old aristocracy, which may neither vote nor govern, and is but socially seductive. Her heroes and heroines prove her an estimable soul. But if their joints are stiffened by our short probings, for the common nature of them, they are a pensioner puppetry. Moreover, the deuteragonist may at times tell us more of them than circumstances at furious heat will help them to reveal. The Dame will have him only as an index-post. Hence her endless ejaculations anent the mystery of Life, the inscrutability of character: in a plain world, in the midst of such readable people. That is the heavy sighing which follows gulps of brandy; the sighing mouth, the shaking pate. A succession of collisions has that effect on her and us. Moreover, the Romance which entreats the full-grown mature to listen with the gape of early youth again will teach an advancing young *nous* to despise its bloody attitude and tinsel buttons. Young *nous* is not cynical without the very good reason for it which it derives from the prolonged exhibition of the nursery dollies knocking their noses upon one another and queaking ventrically by contrivance. To preserve Romance (we exchange a sky for a ceiling if we let it go) we must be inside the heads of our people as well as the heart, more than shaking the kaleidoscope of spectacles, in days of a growing activity of the head.

Gower Woodseer could not know that he was drawn on to fortune and the sight of his Hesper by Admiral Fakenham's order that the visitor was to stay at his house until he should be able to quit his bed and journey with him to London, doctor or no doctor. The doctor would not hear of it. The Admiral threatened it every night for the morning, every morning for the night; and Gower had to submit to postponements balefully affecting his linen. Remonstrance was not to be thought of, for at a mere show of reluctance the courtly Admiral flushed, frowned, and beat the bed where he lay, a gouty volcano. Gower's one shirt was passing through the various complexions, and had approached the Nubian on its way to negro. His natural candor checked the downward course. He mentioned to Mrs. Carthew with incidental gravity, on a morning at breakfast, that this article of his attire was "beginning to resemble London snow." She was amused: she promised him a change more resembling country snow.

"It will save me from buttoning so high up," he said, as he thanked her.

She then remembered the daily increase of stiffness in his figure; and a reflection upon his patient waiting, and simpleness, and lexicographer speech to expose his minor needs, touched her unused sense of honor on the side where it is tender in women, from being motherly.

In consequence, she spoke of him with a pleading warmth to the Countess Livia, who had come down hurriedly to see the Admiral "concerning an absurd but annoying rumor running over London." Gower was out for a walk. He knew of the affair, Mrs. Carthew said, for an introduction to her excuses of his clothing.

"But I know the man," said Livia. "Lord Fleetwood picked him up somewhere, and brought him to us. Clever. Why is he here?"

"He is here, sent to the Admiral, as I understand, my lady."

"Sent by whom?"

Having but a weak vocabulary to defend a delicate position, Mrs. Carthew stuttered into evasions, after the way of ill-armed persons; and naming her-

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self a stranger to the circumstances, she feebly suggested that the Admiral ought not to be disturbed before the doctor's next visit; Mr. Woodseer had been allowed to sit by his bed yesterday only for ten minutes, to divert him with his talk. She protected in this wretched manner the poor gentleman she sacrificed, and emitted such a smell of secrecy that Livia wrote three words on her card, for it to be taken to Admiral Baldwin at once. Mrs. Carthew supplicated faintly; she was unheeded.

The Countess of Fleetwood mounted the stairs—to descend them with the knowledge of her being the Dowager Countess of Fleetwood! Henrietta had spoken of the Countess of Fleetwood's hatred of the title of Dowager. But when Lady Fleetwood had the fact from the Admiral, would she forbear to excite him? If she repudiated it, she would provoke him to fire "one of his broadsides," as they said in the family, to assert it; and that might exhaust him; and there was peril in that. And who was guilty? Mrs. Carthew confessed her guilt, asking how it could have been avoided. She made appeal to Gower on his return, transfixing him.

Not only is he no philosopher who has an idol, he has to learn that he cannot think rationally; his due sense of weight and measure is lost, the choice of his thoughts as well. He was in the house with his devoutly simple, worshipped, pearl of women, and his whole mind fell to work without ado upon the extravagant height of the Admiral's shirt-collar cutting his ears. The very beating of his heart was perplexed to know whether it was for rapture or annoyance. As a result he was but histrionically master of himself when the Countess Livia or the nimbus of the lady appeared in the room.

She received his bow; she directed Mrs. Carthew to have the doctor summoned immediately. The remorseful woman flew.

"Admiral Fakenham is very ill, Mr. Woodseer. He has had distracting news. Oh, no, the messenger is not blamed. You are Lord Fleetwood's friend and will not allow him to be prejudged. He will be in town shortly. I know him well, you know him; and could you hear him accused of cruelty—and to a woman? He is the soul of chivalry. So, in his way, is the Admiral. If he were only more patient. Let us wait for Lord Fleetwood's version. I am certain it will satisfy me. The Admiral wishes you to step up to him. Be very quiet; you will be; consent to everything. I was unaware of his condition: the things I heard were incredible. I hope the doctor will not delay. Now go. Beg to retire soon."

Livia spoke under her breath; she had fears.

Admiral Baldwin lay in his bed, submitting to a nurse-woman; sign of extreme exhaustion. He plucked strength from the sight of Gower, and bundled the woman out of the room, muttering: "Kill myself? Not half so quick as they'd do it. I can't rest for that Whitechapel of yours. Please, fetch pen and paper: it's a letter."

The letter began "Dear Lady Arpington."

The dictation of it came in starts. At one moment it seemed as if life's ending shook the curtains on our stage and were about to lift. An old friend in the reader of the letter would need no excuse for its jerky brevity. It said that his pet girl, Miss Kirby, was married to the Earl of Fleetwood in the first week of last month, and was now to be found at a shop, No. 45 Longways, Whitechapel; that the writer was ill, unable to stir; that he would be in London within eight-and-forty hours at farthest. He begged Lady Arpington to send down to the place, and have the young Countess fetched to her, and keep her until he came.

Admiral Baldwin sat up to sign the letter.

"Yes, and write, 'miracles happen when the devil's abroad'—done it!" he said, sinking back. "Now seal, you'll find wax—the ring at my watch-chain."

He sighed, as it were the sound of his very last; he lay like a sleeper twitched by a dream. There had been a scene with Livia. The dictating of the letter took his remainder of strength out of him.

Gower called in the nurse, and went downstairs. He wanted the address of Lady Arpington's town-house.

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"You have a letter for her?" said Livia, and held her hand for it in a way not to be withstood.

"There's no superscription," he remarked.

"I will see to that, Mr. Woodseer."

"I fancy I am bound, Lady Fleetwood."

"By no means." She touched his arm. "You are Lord Fleetwood's friend."

A slight convulsion of the frame struck the Admiral's shirt-collar at his ears; it virtually prostrated him under the foot of a lady so benign in overlooking the spectacle he presented. Still, he considered; he had wits alive enough just to perceive a duty.

"The letter was entrusted to me, Lady Fleetwood."

"You are afraid to entrust it to the post?"

"I was thinking of delivering it myself in town."

"You will entrust it to me?"

"Anything on earth of my own."

"The treasure would be valued. This you confide to my care."

"It is important."

"No."

"Indeed it is."

"Say that it is, then. It is quite safe with me. It may be important that it should not be delivered. Are you not Lord Fleetwood's friend? Lady Arpington is not so very, very prominent in the list with you and me. Besides I don't think she has come to town yet. She generally sees out the end of the hunting season. Leave the letter to me; it shall go. You, with your keen observation, missing nothing, have seen that my uncle has not his whole judgment at present. There are two sides to a case. Lord Fleetwood's friend will know that it would be unfair to offer him up to his enemies while he is absent. Things going favorably here, I drive back to town to-morrow, and I hope you will accept a seat in my carriage."

He delivered his courtliest; he was riding on a cloud. They talked of Baden. His honorable surrender of her defeated purse was a subject for gentle humor with her, venturesome compliment with him. He spoke well; and though his hands were clean of Sir Meeson Corby's reproach of them, the caricature of presentable men blushed absurdly and seemed uneasy in his monstrous collar. The touching of him again would not be required to set him pacing to her steps. His hang of the head testified to the unerring stamp of a likeness Captain Abrane could affix with a stroke; he looked the fiddler over his bow, playing wonderfully to conceal the crack of a string. The merit of being one of her army of admirers was accorded to him. The letter to Lady Arpington was retained.

Gower deferred the further mention of the letter until a visit to the Admiral's chamber should furnish an excuse; and he had to wait for it. Admiral Baldwin's condition was becoming ominous. He sent messages downstairs by the doctor, forbidding his guests' departure until they two could make the journey together next day. The tortured and blissful young man, stripped of his borrowed philosopher's cloak, hung conscience-ridden in this delicious bower, which was perceptibly an ante-chamber of the vaults, offering him the study he thirsted for, shrank from, and mixed with his cup of amorous worship.

(To be continued.)

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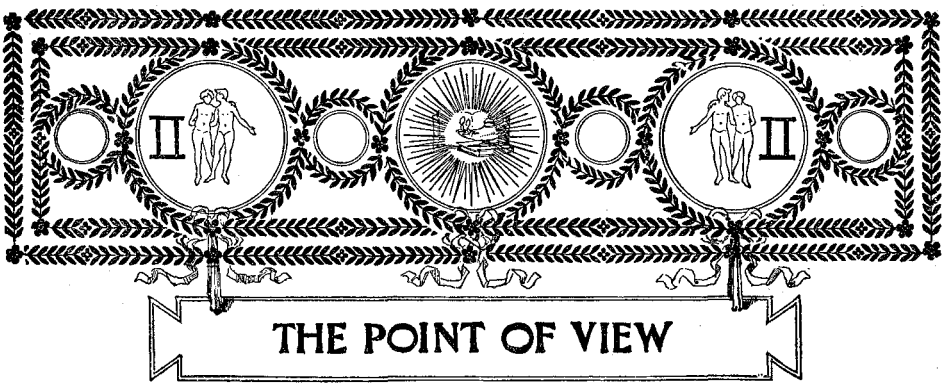

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE decay of letter-writing, properly so called, is a fact that is noted sometimes with a vague, half-sentimental regret, more generally with indifference. We all have the reasons for it at our tongues' end. Telephone and telegraph, the high pressure of the strained modern life, so effectually divorced from leisure, have made natural, inevitable, the practical cessation of the personal, painstaking, heart-to-heart mode of communication. The newspaper press has borne its share—a vast share—in the result. In the days when people were more cut off from information of neighboring communities than now they are from news of the petty insurrections of savage tribes at the world's end, to write long, gossipy letters was to discharge a social function of the highest importance. There are at present methods more expeditious of maintaining an organic circulation throughout the different parts of the body social, and letters have, from that point of view, lost all value, almost all reason for being.

But there is another point of view from which the writing of letters may be regarded, and were it taken into account, which it appears not to be, we might reasonably look upon the decline of the habit less indifferently; we should see that this decline involves consequences, or tends to, that might be considered serious enough to arrest attention. Everyone knows, of course, that the actual number of letters passing through the mails of every civilized country is greater rather than less, year by year. But everyone also feels that these letters are no longer letters, in the true sense, at all. They are amplified telegrams, bald and bare statements of fact; and they have the loose and disjointed and careless phraseology of the telegraphic message. That sense of the fit expression, the graceful concept; that feeling for the lucid and connected exposition of the ideas, for the balance of the parts, of a letter, for its composition, in short—the very term is pre-Adamite to the end-of-the-century ear—that used to preoccupy the best letter-writers of another generation, have gone from our present-day scribblers of hasty notes, as though such musty things had never been. The only people who "compose" their letters now are cultivated old ladies. Their college-bred granddaughters, intellectually armed and professionally equipped, exhibit productions in that line, of which, for the most part, it might be said, as Henry James remarked of the notes of invitation of the London society woman, that they have nothing in common with the epistolary art but the postage-stamp.

It is the care for the expression, then, for good writing, that makes the letter a letter really. Educated people are neglecting that means which the letter offers of keeping themselves in touch with these matters more and more, but what are they putting in the letter's place? Let us take the case of women, in whose hands this epistolary art has heretofore reached its highest perfection. The up-to-date woman has her debating societies, in which she learns to express her thoughts orally in an orderly way; and she has club-meetings, at which she reads papers of her own writing. But the number of women who

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partake of these exercises is at best restricted, while the writing of friendly letters comes naturally into the life of the most home-keeping body ; and, furthermore, debating societies and club-meetings train women to accuracy and facility of expression in what may be called technical departments, in certain specialized branches of thought, but have less effect in disciplining the mind to exactitude, grace, and refinement in the rendering of those simple, every-day ideas and sentiments that make up the atmosphere in which civilized men and women breathe. It is not easy to put the thing into words, but every educated person feels that the manner in which these ideas and sentiments are handled, the point of view from which they are approached, are the tests of the cultivation of the individual. No amount of intellectuality and brilliancy in special lines compensates for a lack of the right tone there.

It is well worth observing that the peoples among whom the social instincts are ripest prove by their practice that they hold much writing, and scrupulous writing, to be the surest means of securing for the mind *this particular attitude*. Any person whose education has been had in the continental countries of Europe, knows how much greater is the importance there given, from the earliest age, to all the details of writing. More care is bestowed on composition in foreign schools than in American ; and the care begins with the beginning, its foundations are laid in primary instruction. The custom of making the pupil write all lessons, and study them from the copy-book instead of the text-book, which prevails in so many quarters, aims also to turn the pen into as spontaneous an instrument for the translation of thought as the spoken word. As a result, there is rarely to be found a Frenchman, an Italian, even though his education in the "higher branches" be quite rudimentary, who does not write his language with correctness and finish, and with an ingrained notion of how fittingly to treat a simple theme.

It may be held that such an accomplishment is not, after all, of the greatest value. But behind it there is an instinct, deep-seated in the race, that a widespread habit of careless writing affects very directly the thinking of a people. And this one cannot but believe to be the case. It takes no intellect to put plain facts into honest, self-respecting phrases. But it takes self-restraint and attentiveness, and these lead in time to a disciplined and coherent way of looking at life. And, therefore, it comes to one sometimes that the disuse of the old code, which made it a part of a polite education to write a "good letter," which made it a grace and an attraction in an individual that he or she should be able to indite long and clever and epigrammatic and even—save the mark !—descriptive epistles to friends and acquaintances, is a happening to be deplored. To have a correspondence, and to do one's duty by it, was a current education for everyone in the old days. Let us drop the old fashion quite, and cultivate style upon the unexacting surface of the telegram-blank alone, and we shall be the losers, perhaps, in ways that are grave, though they may not meet the eye.

COLONEL NED MALTBY has a half interest in a new son, and finds himself much embarrassed. When the calm blue eyes of the new infant are upon him he has the uncomfortable sensation of being found out. He does not know what he has done, but he is sure that whatever it is, the baby knows it. When he gets out of range of the baby's eye, it turns its head to follow him. He has gone over his past silently in the night to think what it is that the baby has found out about him. Suppose that the doctrine of reincarnation is true, and the baby has been one of his own cronies in some previous state of existence. Who knows but that together they have done Thebes in company, and browsed around Baalbec by night ? In that case, he thinks, what right has the baby to look at him in that manner ? Just wait until he gets him in trousers and see.

Colonel Ned is fond of speculating on such puzzling subjects as reincarnation, and the curious things the scientific men are always turning up. Being a man of

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leisure, the effort to harness the latest theory and make it useful is to him what banking and pile-driving are to other men —a serious occupation. At present he is busy with the experiments some scientific men are carrying on with the fire-fly. These, if they are successful, Colonel Ned is confident will reduce the cost of living, of public expenditures, and make notable changes in domestic life. Everyone knows that food taken into the body after supplying nourishment is converted into heat. In the electrical eel this process is so varied that instead of heat electricity is produced. In the fire-fly, on the contrary, the result, again varied, is light. Thus it appears that these various energies—heat, light, electricity—are but different manifestations of the one cause, and consequently ought to be readily transformed the one into the other.

Now how this is to be done is what the scientific gentlemen are trying to find out. The fire-fly has, of course, a special organ for his electric light, as the eel has for his electric action. But chemists have discovered that certain fats containing sulphur and phosphorus, burned at a low temperature, will produce light. This necessary slow combustion the human body furnishes. The inference seems clear that the only thing remaining is to furnish the human with the phosphoric and sulphuretted fat in some form that can be utilized.

When this is done, says Colonel Ned, every man may be his own lantern. It is not probable, he continues, that the formula of this light-making food will be given to the public when it is discovered, but he foresees that it will be put into some easily portable form. Lozenges or pills he thinks most probable, which if they are distasteful, can be sugar-coated. Most probably the formula will be secured by a company of scientific men and capitalists. However, the cost of the lozenges or pills will be slight, as the gentlemen admit that "nature produces this cheapest light at one-four-hundredth part of the cost of the energy expended in a candle-flame, at but an insignificant fraction of the cost of the electric light, or the most economical light that has been devised."

It can readily be imagined, says Colonel Ned, warming with the subject, what a revolution will take place in our habits and manner of living when these lozenges or pills are once on the market. There will be need of neither gas nor electric light in the streets, for a man need only swallow a lozenge and light himself along. In the darkest night he can find his own keyhole, and light his way upstairs. A woman going into a closet or dark storeroom will first take a pill and illuminate herself; she may then freely venture among her clothes without danger of fire.

The spectacle of a family seated about reading or playing games, each by his own light; the beauty of a dance of human fire-flies; the splendor of an illuminated assemblage, and the picturesqueness of lighted pedestrians, and doubtless of horses shining by night, will appeal to everyone's imagination. In political campaigns, Colonel Ned foresees that every man will be his own torch-light, and night pageants will be well worth standing on the street corners to see. For such occasions the great Human Dynamo Illuminating Company will of course furnish special rates.

If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is such a benefactor of mankind as tradition affirms, what shall we say of the man who contrives that three blades of grass shall be used to do the work that might be done by one? A very proper fraction of a benefactor must such a person appear in the consideration of any righteous economist, notwithstanding any service he may do to any special class of traders or producers by increasing the market for hay.

It is hard to see how the fame of that clever and successful artist, the late Charles Frederic Worth, can be relieved of whatever detriment is involved in the admission that in the activities which gained him his reputation he was a fractional benefactor of this sort. He was pre-eminent among all his contemporaries as a designer of fashions in women's clothes. In so far as he devised beautiful gowns which adorned and

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beautified the women who wore them he did well. But the beautification of women is only a small part of the business of the inventor of fashions. What he relies upon for his pecuniary success is the artful cultivation of the human, and especially the feminine, passion for change. If women were allowed to wear their clothes as long as they were wearable, as men and snakes do, thrift would have a much better chance to develop and do its work, than is consistent with the pecuniary interests of trade. The condition of servitude to which the arbiters of fashion have reduced womankind throughout nearly all of Christendom is a thing that it mortifies the spirit to remark. My cousin Anthony was speaking of it not long ago. He said he was riding in a street-car one cold night in March with Mrs. Anthony, when he observed that her outside garment seemed inadequately warm. "For the first time it occurred to me," he said, "that I did not remember to have seen my wife in a fur coat since the winter began. But I knew that she had such coats in some variety, so I questioned her about it. Do you believe that she told me that none of her fur coats had either sleeve-room enough to admit the sleeves of her present dresses or skirts of sufficient length to meet the requirements of the reigning mode? So she had been compelled to put away all of her furs in camphor, to lie until the fashions should come around, and meanwhile she went clad in such an inexpensive and insufficient top-garment as hard times permitted her to provide."

Mrs. Anthony is a very sensible woman who would not discard a warm and handsome jacket because of any mere whim. The force that constrains her to leave her furs in the attic and go out on a cold day in a cloth coat must be a force of compelling quality, and effectual to regulate the behavior of a lamentably large percentage of the Christian women of the time.

If only fashion had died with Worth we might mourn for him with a better-spared-a-better-man resignation; but his accomplices have survived him. Fashion will tyrannize over sorrowing households as absolutely as ever; shivering matrons will continue to leave their last year's fur coats at home, the march of the modes will go triumphantly forward, and penury and disease will straggle in its wake.

One of the saddest thoughts that connects itself with the westernizing of the Japanese is that the ladies of the Flowery Empire seem fated to follow their sisters under Fashion's yoke. For centuries the form of their dress has been practically the same, and not even the poorest and most neglected Japanese woman has known the anguish that comes of being out of style. Poor things; the Parisian serpent has already slipped into their paradise, and they quiver and glow at his fascinating suggestions just as our mother Eve did in the year one.

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THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

From painting by Deschamps—(through the courtesy of Charles Reynolds, Esq.).

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